May 6, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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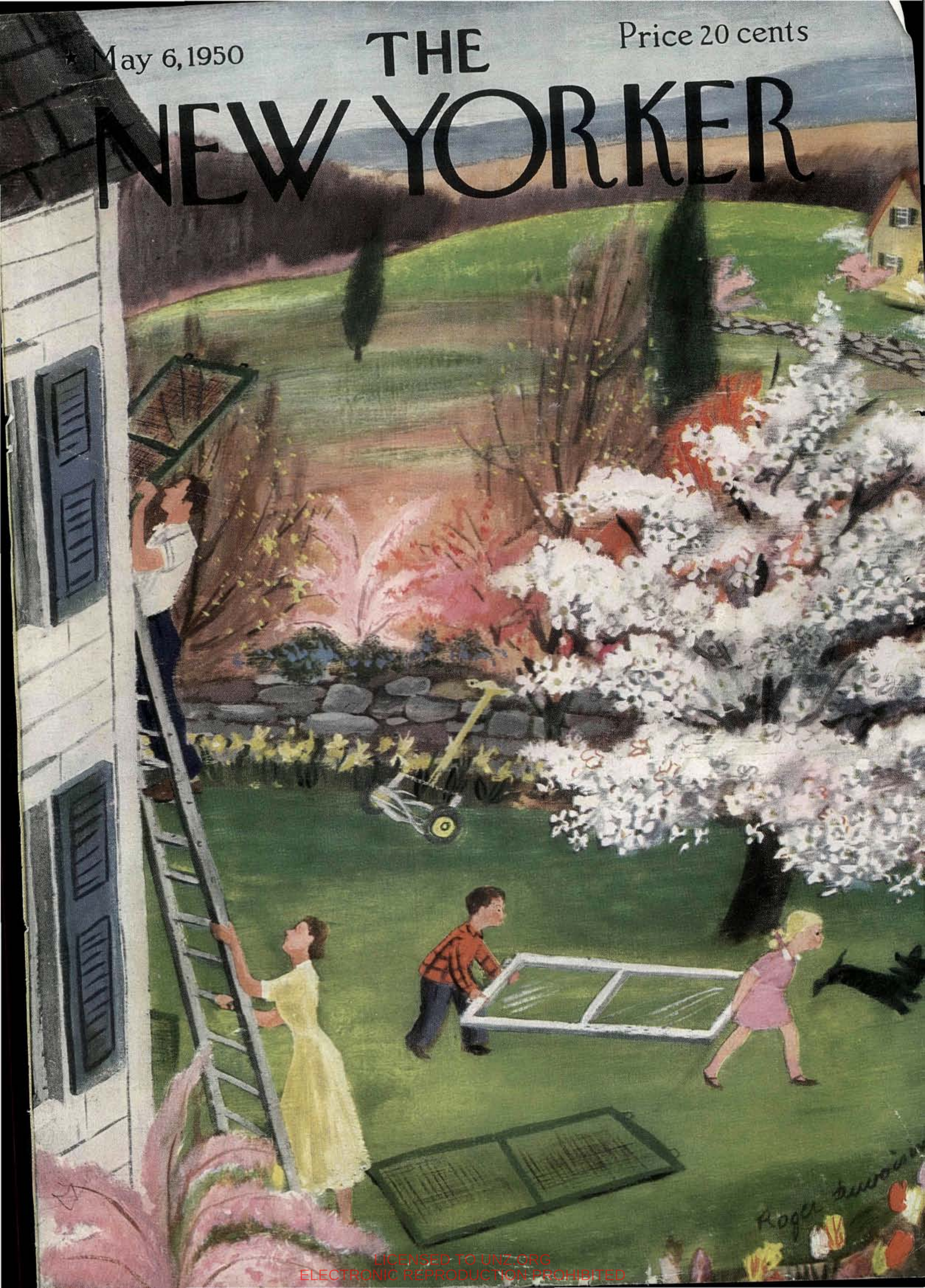
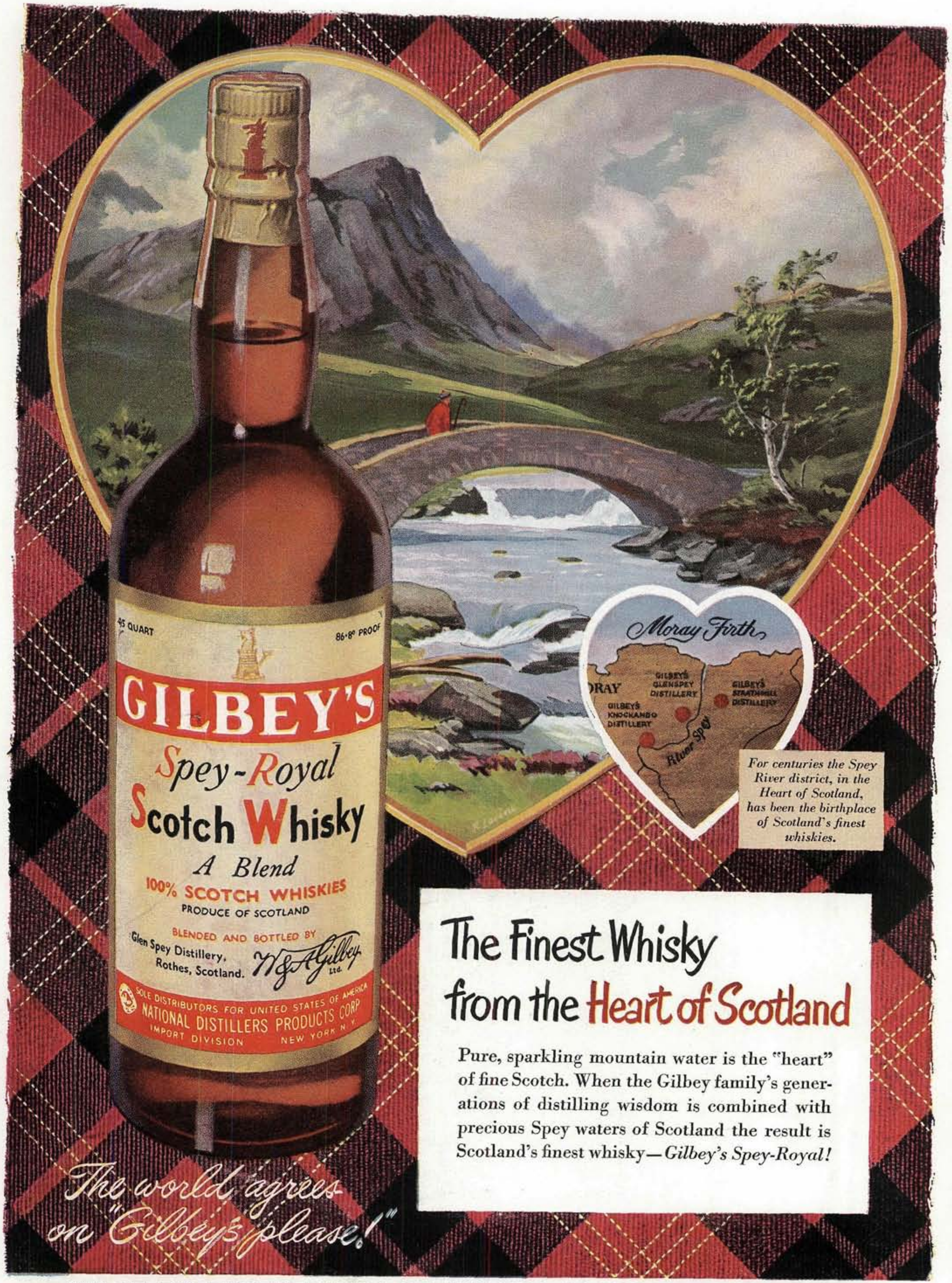

Roger Duvoisi



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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As You Like It—In spite of Katharine Hepburn's shapely and vivacious Rosalind and an extremely handsome Theatre Guild production, this comedy remains one of the most exasperating in the English language. William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity in the upper classes. Among the others whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Tom Helmore, Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. The fine English cast includes Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best foreign play of the year. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play that has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

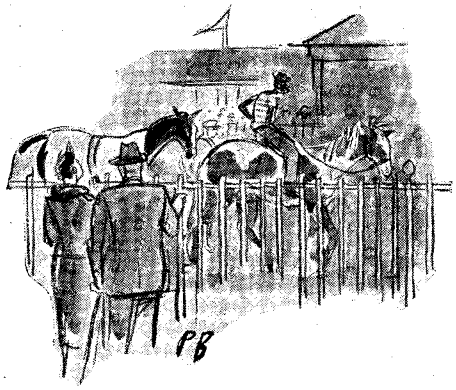
The Devil's Disciple—The encounter between Dick Dudgeon (Maurice Evans) and General Burgoyne (Dennis King) is one of the great high-comedy scenes in the theatre, but otherwise this revival of Shaw's 1897 play seems to show its years. With Marsha Hunt and Victor Jory. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I Know My Love—A play, dealing with half a century of matrimony in Boston, that is an ideal vehicle for the Lunts, if not terribly interesting on any other ground. S. N. Behrman rewrote it from the French, and the cast also includes Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, and Katharine Bard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, May 7.)

The Innocents—William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" presents this minor classic as a simple ghost story rather than a psychological study, but it is still reasonably alarming. Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two gifted children named Iris Mann and David Cole are the mortal members of the cast, as distinguished from the spooks, and they are all good. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally compelling play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. Voted the best American play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

The Velvet Glove—Grace George is as gentle and glowing as ever in this rather frail comedy about an ideological conflict in a Catholic college. Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams support her very satisfactorily. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and impressive in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. With Gene Lockhart, who will be replaced by Albert Dekker starting Monday, May 8. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—This rendering of that old comedy about bundling called "The Pursuit of Happiness" is cheerful and lively, though perhaps a little silly in spots. Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian did the revised book, Morton Gould wrote the music, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and Pearl Bailey, who is unquestionably a very great woman. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehandedly by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and an exciting work of art. The plot tells of the frantic efforts of the wife of a fugitive of a police state to rejoin her husband across the border. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for best musical of the year. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne is responsible for the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Great to Be Alive!—Eight ghosts, three murders, and two love affairs are among the features of this eventful, and often quite entertaining, piece. Walter Bullock and Sylvia Regan wrote the book, Abraham Ellstein supplied the music, and the cast includes Valerie Bettis, Vivienne Segal, Stuart Erwin, and Bambi Linn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by the late Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to admirers of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur as the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook; Marcia Henderson is Wendy; and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life,* politics, and the State of Texas,

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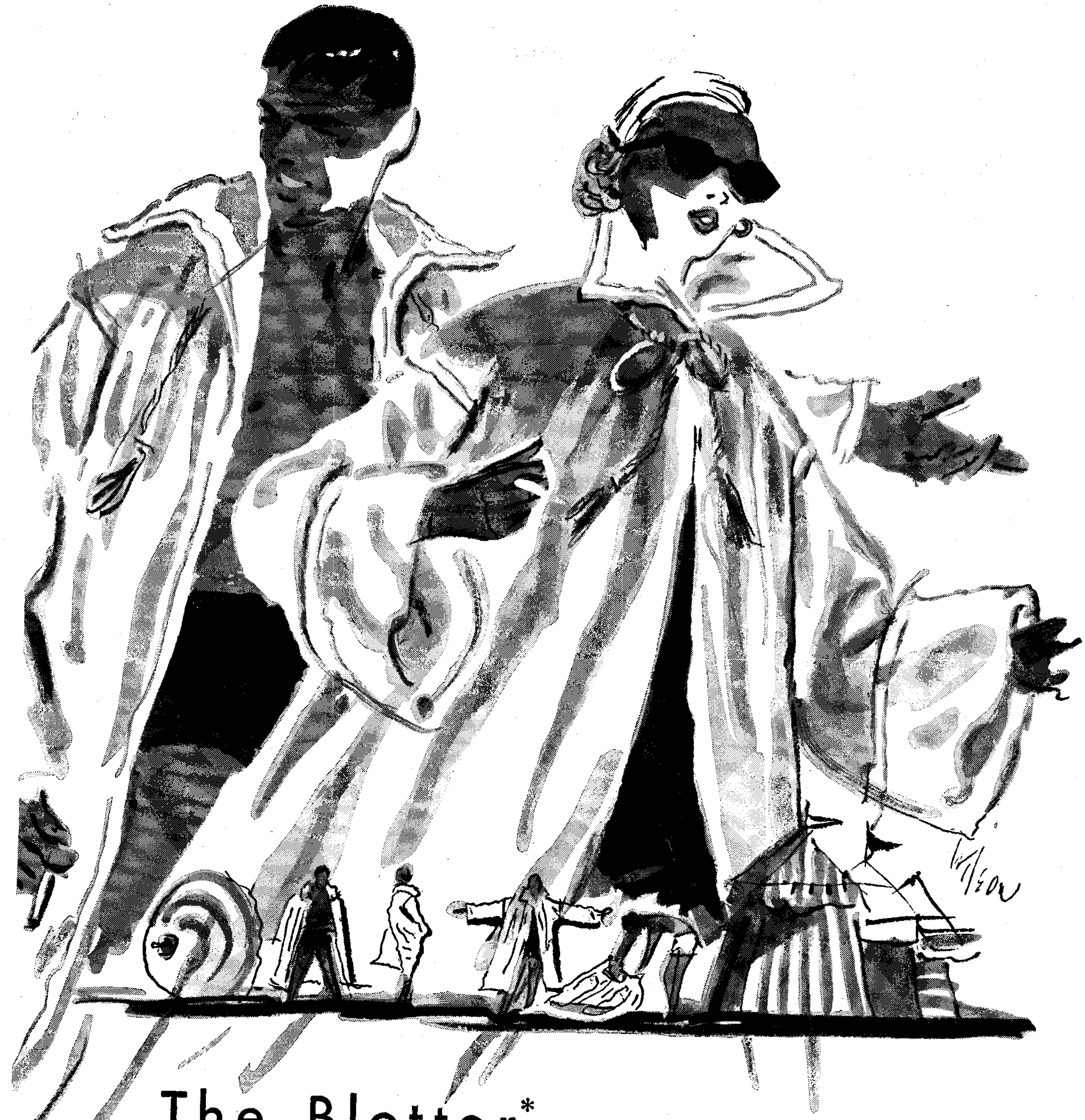

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often effective, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Mary Hatcher, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below their standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No less than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with—sure, you know. Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Liar—A musical by Alfred Drake and Edward Eager, with a score by John Mundy, based on the comedy by Goldoni. William Eythe, Melville Cooper, and Paula Laurence head a cast directed by Norris Houghton. Produced by Dorothy Willard and Thomas Hammond. Opens Thursday, May 11. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, May 4: "Billy the Kid," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Designs with Strings," "Undertow," "Jeux," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 6: "Romeo and Juliet," "Pas de Quatre," and "Princess Aurora." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 6: "Swan Lake," "Nimbus," "Caprichos," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 7: "Les Patineurs," "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Deux," and "Nimbus." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 7: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 9: "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Nimbus." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 10: "Interplay," "Billy the Kid," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 11: "Designs with Strings," "Fall River Legend," "Caprichos," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 12: "Theme and Variations," "Caprichos," "Pillar of Fire," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 13: "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 13: "Romeo and Juliet," "Jeux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Interplay." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company, presenting "Veracruzana," "Afrique," "Flaming Youth," and other dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 20.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—And now goodbye again to Felix Adler, to the Flying Concellos, to Unus, to Mrs. Gargantua—to one, to all. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

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Brigadoon—A return engagement of the musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Phil Hanna and Virginia Oswald. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday, May 4, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Through Wednesday, May 10,* William Scotti's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band play for dancing in the Trianon Room, except Sunday. The Garden, subterranean but summery-looking, opens next night. Jules Lande's band will be on hand.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra, except on Sundays, at dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails and after dinner "under the clock." No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Errol Garner does some interesting things with his grand piano, and Ida James and Harry Belafonté sing tunes with a fair amount of jump. On Thursday, May 11, Nellie Lutcher and Ray Heatherton take over. Dance music by J. C. Heard's slightly overwrought band. The perennial Cliff Jackson plays piano during the interludes.

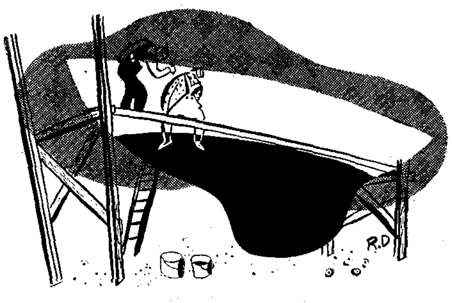
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Vaudeville is back at the Copa, but it's in the hands of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, which is a considerable help. Other paraphernalia, too—the most bewitching of which is the line of girls. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A long and energetic old-time strutters' ball, involving such skilled Early Americana as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The palace guard standing the night watches at its favorite palace. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Through its portals pass some of the most beautiful evening dresses in the world. The bands of Bernie Dolen and Artie Arturos unleash a continuous flow of dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Myrus, a pretty smart mental magician, along with Betty Jane Watson and Jerry Austen, who sing boy-and-girl songs quite acceptably. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band turn out dance music. On Sundays, there is a dinner show only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises in the Café Pierre for cocktail dancing every afternoon, and also during dinner and supper.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Evelyn Knight, far more delectable than some of the songs and accompaniment she is given, and Beatrice Kraft's subtly comic parody of Oriental dancing. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Jan Engels' orchestra imparts a *vin-rosé* atmosphere to the Oval Room at dinnertime, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's men substitute. . . . ¶ The Palm Court echoes mildly to Mr. Sandler's pleasant cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either place.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Through Saturday, May 6, Rudy Vallée telling a rambling life story that could be called "And *Then* I Sang . . ." interspersed with some of his old songs and some older jokes. On Monday, May 8, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra check in. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, a statuesque bit of upholstery, is in the Maisonette at dinner and supper, singing a set of wayward ballads. Les Crosley, at the piano, is her right-hand musician. Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, a patrol of Lester Lanin's coming-out-party music-makers and a group of Jan Brunesco's gypsies for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Don Abney plays piano in the Café from seven to one, except on Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—If your problems are little ones, you're more than likely to find them dancing their young hearts out here almost any evening. Downstairs, every night, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, more dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Johnnie Johnston, one of the most effective members of the 4-H Club brigade, does a good, straightforward song recital to Ellis Larkin's piano background. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Wednesday, May 10, at supper in the Wedgwood Room, Morton Downey, in whose songs you can often sniff the Ould Sod. Eddy Duchin's dance music at dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. Next night, Jane Pickens moves onstage and Emil Coleman assumes Mr. Duchin's duties. On Sundays, no show, and the Borr band works until ten only. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, and Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, in the shadow of the Drake's famous greenwood tree, plays those famous Walter chords on his Steinway at cocktails and dinner and again after the theatre. On Sundays, Graham Forbes fills in. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out. Closed Sundays. . . . **café trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Out in the bar, Page Morton plays piano at cocktail time, and he and Harry Taylor alternate there all evening. In the dining room, there is now a supper show—Anny Kapitani, a multilingual nightingale, and a trio headed

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Fery Sarkozi, the eminent cymbalon man. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music, after nine-thirty, for a frenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): After ten-thirty, the Allan Logan Trio starts work in this knowing reminder of the mostly merry twenties. Harold Sandler plays table-hopping violin from dinnertime on. Dining to piano music on Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Two new humorists, Walling and McHugh, are operating here. In the background, the piano of those old reliables—Hazel Webster and the team of Harold Fonville and Bob Downey. On Tuesday, May 9, Hank Fort, inventor of "Put Your Shoes On, Lucy," makes her début. Rudolph Valentino movies Sunday nights; amateurs Mondays.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of sunburst décor. Closed Sundays.... **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): One of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet work practically all night in this sumptuous drawing room. Closed Mondays.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine.... **SHELBURNE LOUNGE**, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall looks in after "South Pacific" to sing, Louise Howard mimics the genus American songstress with malice aforethought, and Lucille and Eddie Roberts do their mind-reading act. Cy Coleman plays impassioned but absorbing piano. Closed Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot Bar, doing the ballads that bright young men like Alec Wilder and Bart Howard think up for her. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **L'AIGLON**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): From eight o'clock on, except Mondays, the amiable Louis Hawkins distributes approximately equal quantities of piano, Southern hospitality, and local gossip in the little second-floor Empress Room.... **PERROQUET ROOM**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): After dinner, Kitty Crawford (through Friday, May 5) and Norene Tate chirrup cheerfully or lovelornly, as the spirit moves them, and the faultless Ellis Larkin, a hard-working musician these nights, does his pianoforte improvisations from eight-thirty on. Closed Mondays.... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Documentary proof that corn grew thick and high in Grandfather's day. It is interlarded with old movies, old songs, old singing waiters, old sawdust, and old etc. Paul Killiam peppers this mélange with jokes. Closed Mondays.... **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): A relaxed restaurant wherein Laurie Brewis and Isaac Royal, at their twin pianos, provide the food of love after nine. Around ten-thirty, Jimmy Daniels and Babe Hines start singing in no uncertain terms. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, weekdays at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., is at the keyboard; from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack perform their subtle piano nocturnes for the theatrical profession.... ¶ In the back room, Charles Trenet, the French elf, who seems much more at home in this small arena. Eadie and Rack accompany him and do some sparkling bits themselves; the handsome Nancy Andrews sings let's-play-house ditties; Irene Williams sings beautiful sad ones. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guests are added to the proceedings.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Another of Julius Monk's light-hearted pageants, involving the precocious Ronnie Graham's songs about the pursuit of slap-happiness, Kirkwood and Goodman's frenzied fantasies, the odd music-hall ballads of Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, and the group-singing of four very young Canadians called the Four Lads. Norman Paris, that infant prodigy, puts his trio through some captivating paces, too. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A festive seminar in folk music, done to a turn by the Weavers, a collection of balladeers and instrumentalists headed by Pete Seeger and graced by a vivacious girl named Ronnie Gilbert. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Carl Lynch's jovial guitar. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison turns loose his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Also around are Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton rattles off some splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, dishing out those old riverboat shuffles. On Sunday, May 7, Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, takes over. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Through Monday, May 8, Sidney Bechet and cohorts, including Vic Dickerson on trombone and Ken Kersey on piano, make the sort of music for which this store front is celebrated. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): The King Cole Trio, riding on the crest of "Lush Life." Count Basie's band and Dinah Washington are also alive and kicking. Closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Lennie Tristano's quintet (Mr. T.'s Surrealist pianism is its salient point), plus Lester Young's quintet, Bud Powell, and a couple of new young songbirds.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday saturnalias. On May 5, Oran Page and his posse (Benny Morton, Buster Bailey, and James P. Johnson) will try to cut the rug from under Wild Bill Davison and his mob (Jimmy Archey, Edmond Hall, and Joe Sullivan).... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (May 5), Wilbur de Paris, Big Chief Russell Moore, Gene Sedric, and Herb Ward are expected. Dancing.... **STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Ray Anthony, through Saturday, May 6; on Monday, May 8, Shep Fields' band arrives for a week's stay. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

MARY OGDEN ABBOTT—Dramatically done ink-and-wash drawings of the mountains and mesas of the West. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their eighth annual exhibition, comprising some five hundred works in all mediums. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; Tuesdays, 7:30 to 10; through May 17.)

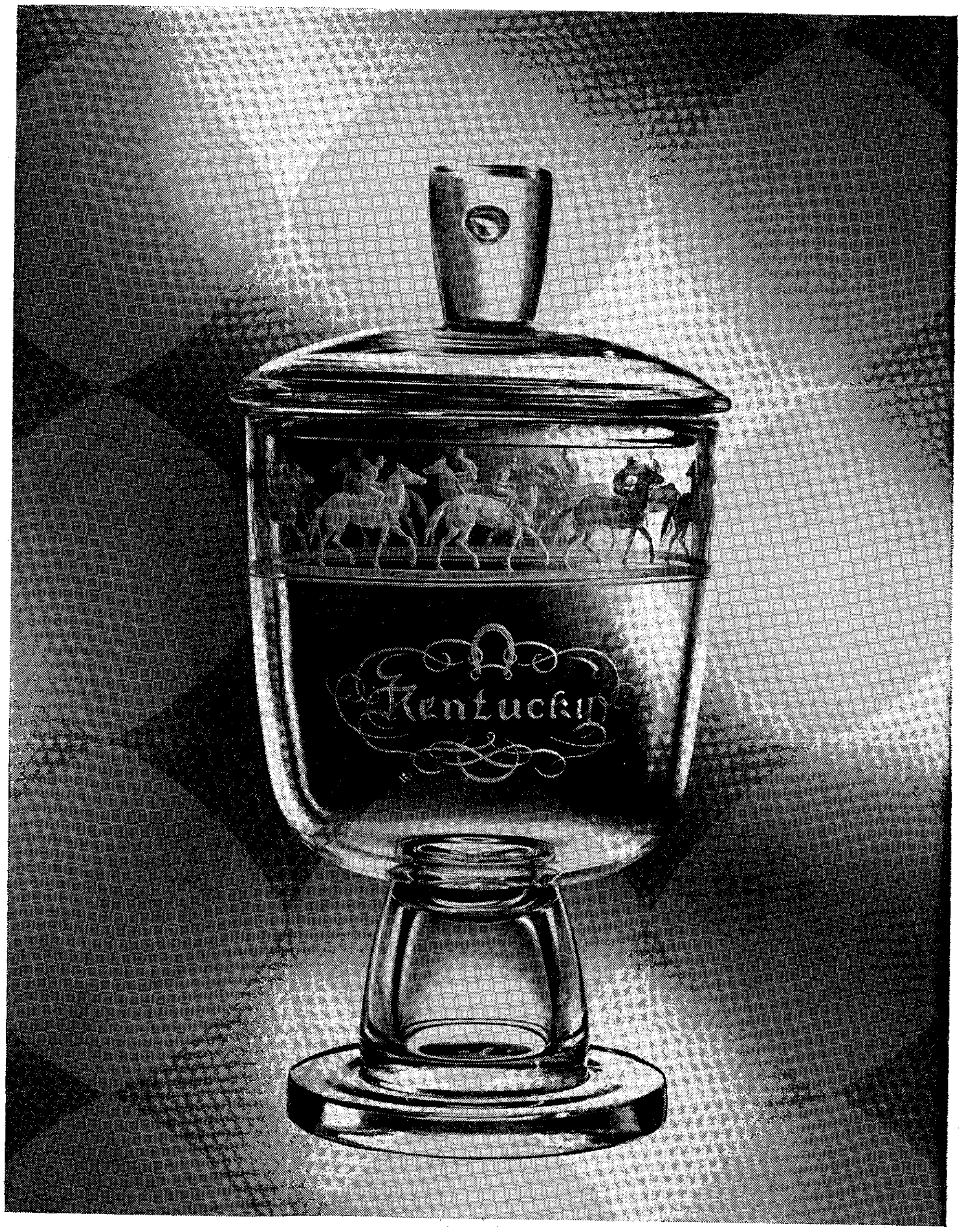
ARNOLD BLANCH—A minor retrospective, his first showing here in five years, chronicling his evolution from a rather turbulent Surrealist style to his present, more sedate one. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 6.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—A new set of water colors, embodying his fanciful interpretations of the sights and sounds of the countryside. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through May 10.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Ink drawings, aptly applying an almost Chinese sinuosity of line to the scenery of the Rocky Mountains. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

WILLIAM CONGDON—Pleasantly evocative reminiscences, partly abstract in manner, of Mexico, Italy, and, nearer home, Connecticut. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

ANGELO DI BENEDETTO—Highly stylized, smoothly



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

handled small paintings, many of them having to do with Colorado miners and their lives. Also, some lively and skillful ceramics by Lee Porzio. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through May 13.)

EUROPEAN—Paintings by Matta, Magritte, Ernst, Miró, and other modern European masters. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 20.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, including Eakins and Ryder of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Elliott Orr of the twentieth; through May 26. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Six younger French artists, in an exhibit called "Advancing French Art;" through May 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils and other works by this gallery's group of artists, all done this year, in a collection designed to complement a recent similar showing of 1940 works; through May 13. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through May 31. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil and Chaim Soutine; through May 31. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings—selected by Meyer Schapiro and Clement Greenberg—by American artists, most of them under thirty; through May 15. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll, Hobson Pittman, and Guy Pene du Bois; through May 13. . . . **PERSPECTIVES**, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other artists, in moments of whimsey. Weekdays, noon to 6; through May 20. . . . **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: A guest show of drawings by such non-gallery members as Avery, Beckmann, Feininger, and Grosz. Weekdays, noon to 6; through May 13.

HANANIAH HARARI—Abstractions, solidly conceived, if at times a bit loosely handled. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

SAMUEL KOCH—Recent oils by a modern primitive who does landscapes with great natural delicacy. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; and Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through May 5.)

GASTON LACHAISE—A collection of drawings that, though few in number, include some interesting pieces. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

JOHN MARIN—A small but important retrospective of oils, among them a batch of early pieces, painted around 1903, that have never before been exhibited. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through May 6.)

LEO MICHELSON—Studies of Paris and Venice, pleasantly painted in pale, rather wistful colors. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 13.)

MIRKO—Abstract sculptures and other works, intricate in design and very effective, by an Italian artist as yet little known in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

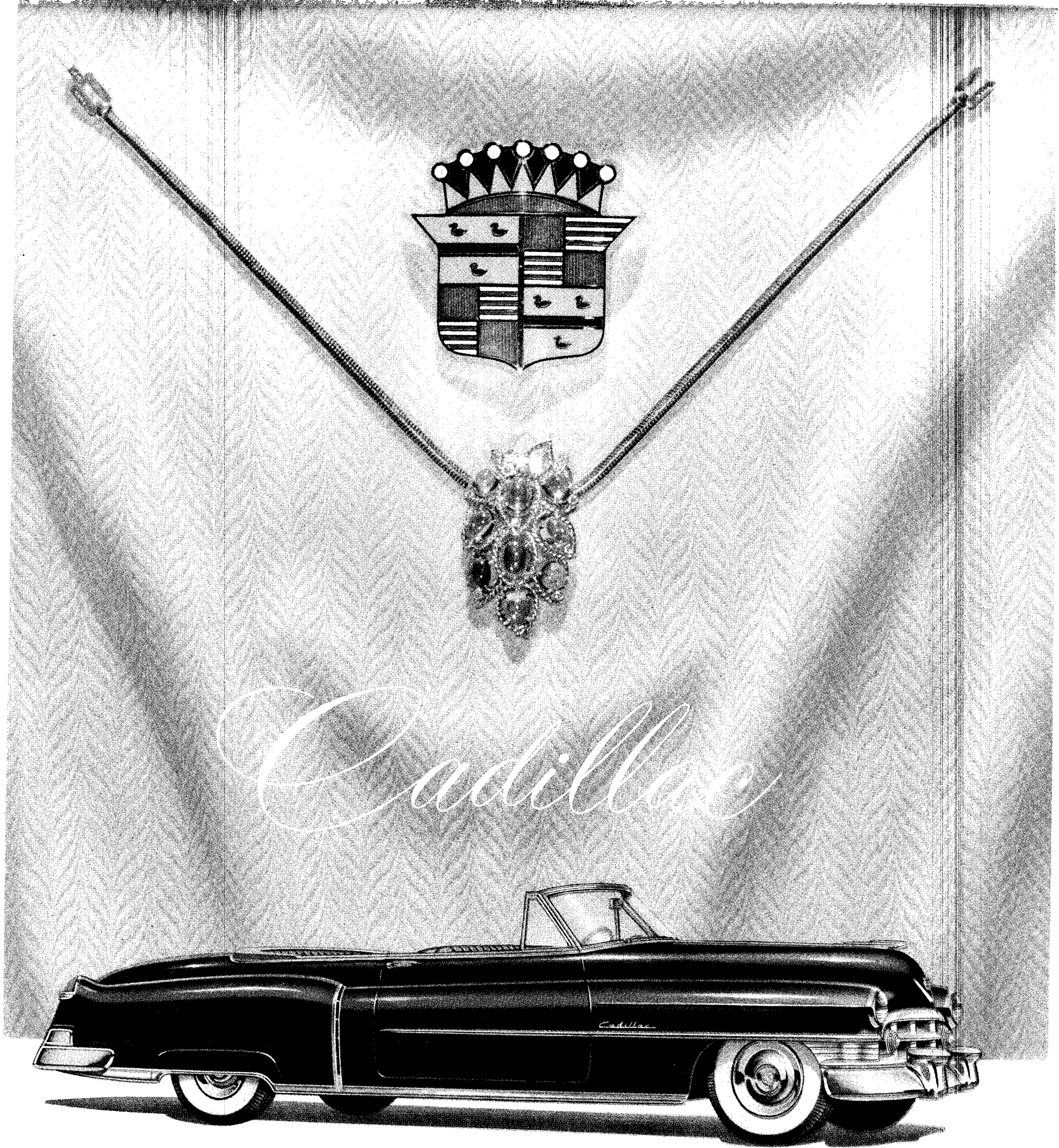
MODERN FRENCH—The third part of this gallery's annual show of paintings by members of the Paris school. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 27.)

MOHOLY-NAGY—Water colors and collages, painted between 1918 and 1946, by the late Hungarian abstractionist. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through May 19.)

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS—Around fifty examples by Tiepolo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ruysdael, Van Dyck, and others. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St.; through May 5.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Drawings of waterfronts, railroad yards, and other subjects, each combining pen-and-ink, wash, charcoal, pencil, and other black-and-white mediums. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

DAVID SMITH—New abstract sculptures, vividly symbolic, in his first one-man exhibition in



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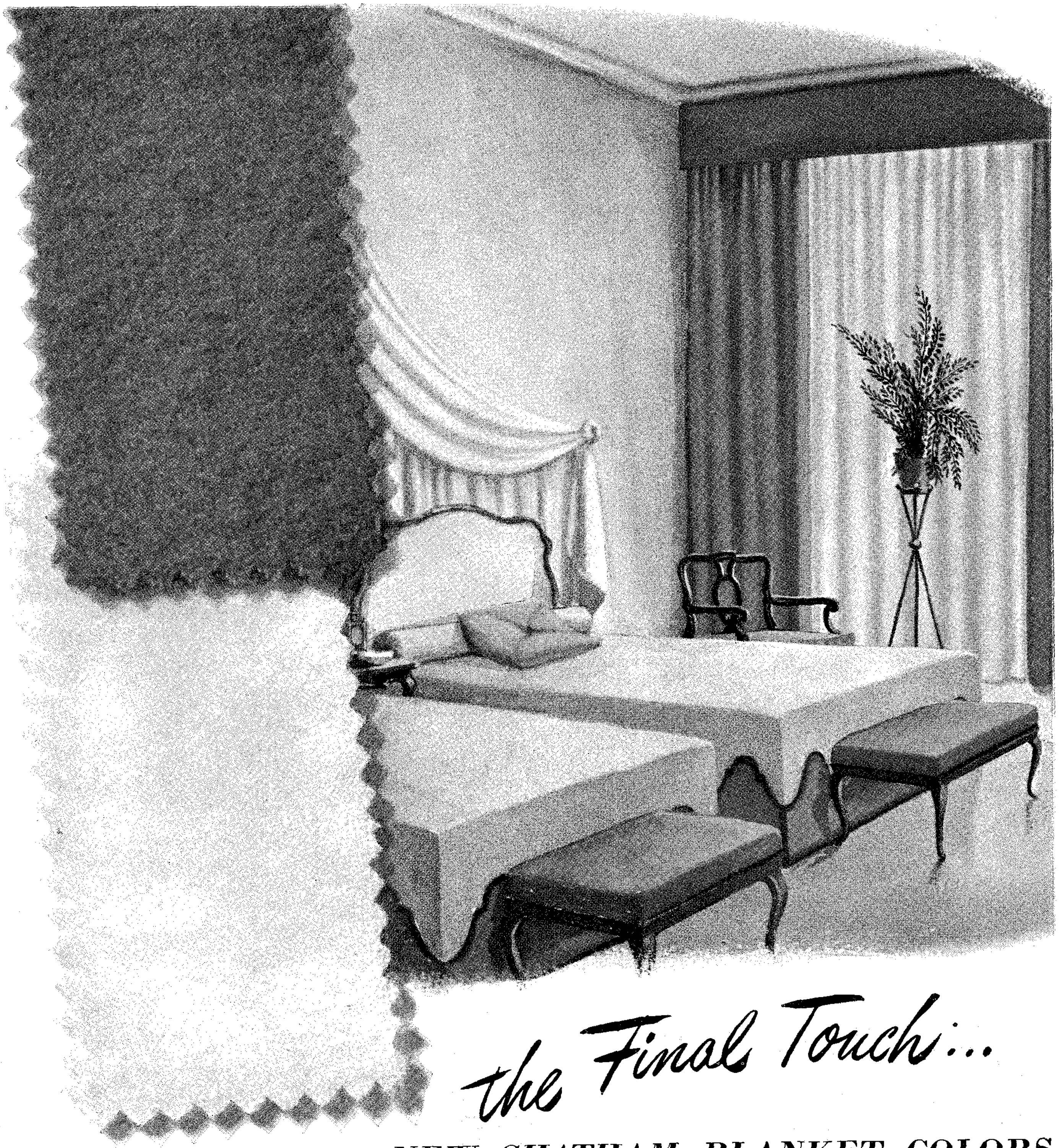

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three years. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

Clyfford Still—Large and somewhat overblown abstractions of the Northwest, which are best when they catch the wind-swept spaciousness of that region. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

Katharine Sturgis—Water colors, drawings, and monotypes of Vermont and Massachusetts, in her first solo show here in six years. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

Rufino Tamayo—New paintings, sombre in color and dramatic in movement, in this Mexican artist's intensely personal style. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

William Thon—Paintings of Italy, representing an agreeable combination of classical subjects and a darkly romantic manner. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through May 6.)

Twentieth-Century Tapestries—Strikingly colorful tapestries designed by contemporary French artists, among them Jean Lurçat and Jean Picart le Doux, and woven on the looms of Aubusson. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through May 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **buchholz**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paul Klee; through May 27. . . . **delius**, 116 E. 57th St.: Twenty paintings, from Duccio to Dali; through May 27. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Wifredo Lam; through May 20. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: Frederick Childs; through May 13. . . . **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French; through May 27.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's fourth exhibition of prints, an annual event that has already become recognized as one of the ranking surveys of contemporary American work in this field. . . . ¶ Paintings by the nineteenth-century American John F. Peto, best known for his *trompe l'œil* still-lifes. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; both through May 21.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, as well as woodcuts by Ilya Schor that depict the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through May 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21.) . . . ¶ Twentieth-century glass designs from America and Europe, with pieces by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited showing of works by the late American water-colorist Charles Demuth. . . . ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The current group show includes work by Albers, Scarlett, Xceron, and Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through May 31.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Whitney's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, a compact and lively showing. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 28.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Carnegie Pops—Thursday, May 4: Alfredo Antonini conducting a Latin-American pro-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gram, with Nestor Chayres, tenor, and Carla and Fernando, Spanish dancers. . . . ¶ Friday, May 5: Igor Buketoff conducting an all-Gershwin program, with June McMechen, soprano; William Warfield, baritone; and John Knight, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 6: Enrico Leide conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Samuel Sorin, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, May 8: Enrico Leide conducting, with Paul Makovsky, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 9: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of music by Victor Herbert and Edward MacDowell, with Grace Castagnetta, piano; Claire Gagnier, soprano; and Harold Borden, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 10: Franco Autori conducting, with Oscar Shumsky, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 11: Enrico Leide conducting, with Marie Powers, contralto. . . . ¶ Friday, May 12: Frederick Fennell conducting an all-Viennese program, with Edna Phillips, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 13: Frederick Fennell conducting, with Stan Freeman and Cy Walter, duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 31.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Herbert Dittler conducting. For the benefit of the Columbia College Scholarship Fund. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 2081.)

VIVALDI FESTIVAL—The Little Orchestra Society, directed by Thomas Scherman, with the Collegiate Chorale, Louis Kaufman, violin, and other soloists. The second of two all-Vivaldi programs. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 9, at 8:30.)

BRANSCOMBE CHORAL—Gena Branscombe directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Hugh Ross directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:40.)

PAULIST CHORISTERS—Father Foley directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, May 4, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, May 5, at 2:30, and Saturday, May 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Sunday, May 7, at 2:05, and Monday, May 8, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 9, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 10-11, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 13, at 2. Before the Saturday game, a team of Yankee immortals, among them Wally Pipp, Waite Hoyt, Bob Meusel, and Red Ruffing, will wheeze through a couple of innings against a contingent of National League old-timers, including Rogers Hornsby, Dizzy Dean, and Bill Terry. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Saturday, May 13, at 2.

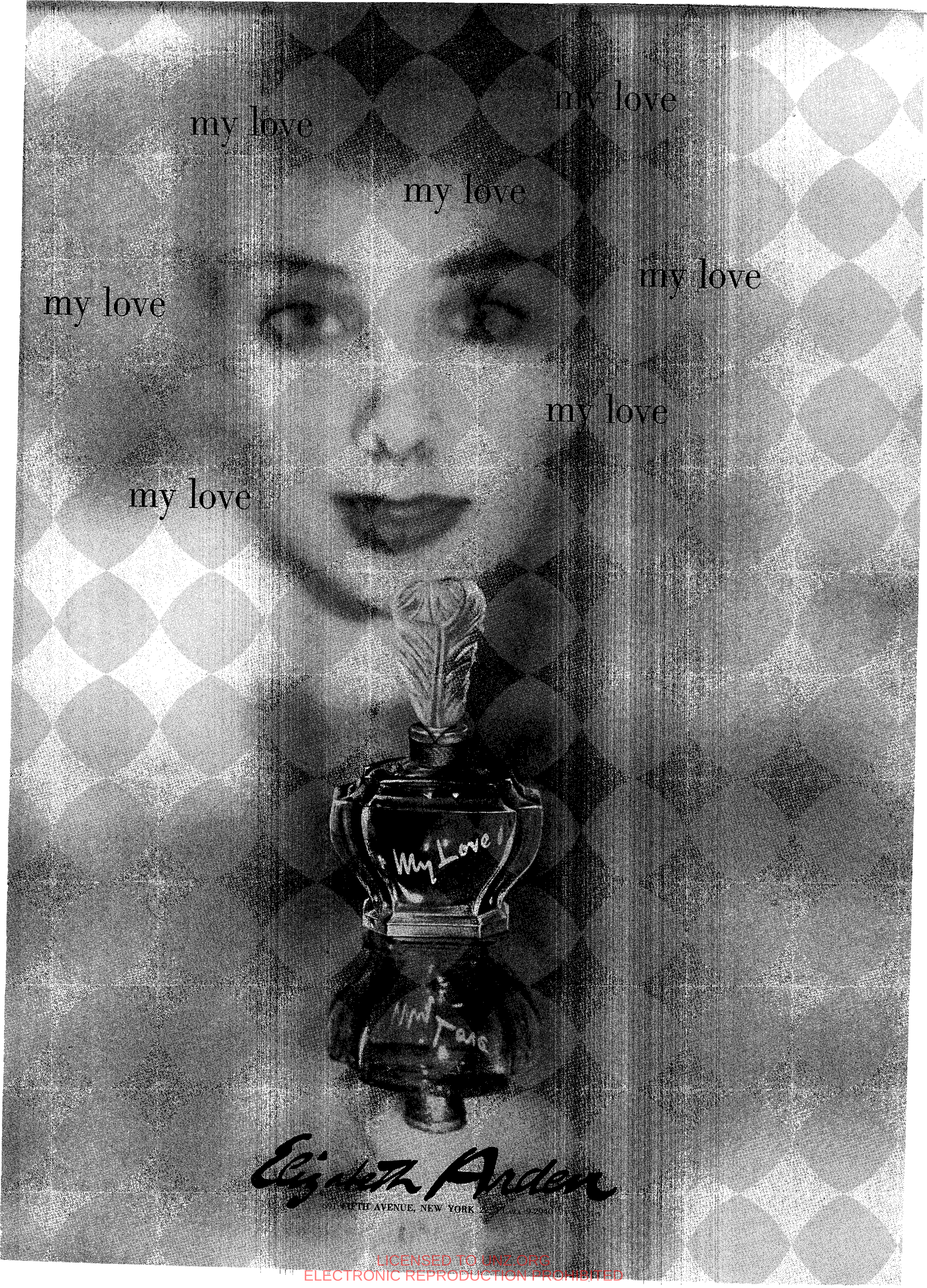
BOXING—Charley Fusari vs. Paddy Young, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Rowe Cup Regatta, for the Eastern Athletic Rowing Colleges Championship. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 13.)

HORSE SHOW—Sugartown Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 6.)

HUNT RACING—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 13.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA**: Daily at 1:15; through Friday, May 5. The Youthful, Friday, May 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track daily between 11:10 and 1.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N. J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10:30.) . . . **PIMLICO-HAVRE DE GRACE**, at Pimlico: Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 2:15; through Saturday, May 27. The Dixie Handicap, Saturday, May 13. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6. (A train will leave Penn Station for Louisville at 6:05 P.M.,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday, May 4.) . . . **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15, Saturday, May 6, through Saturday, June 10. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, May 6; the Acorn, Wednesday, May 10; and the Withers, Saturday, May 13. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

TRACK—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association, outdoor championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 13.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 12, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 13, at 9; and Sunday, May 14, at 10.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, May 20. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

YOUNG THESPIANS' CLUB—"Comics for Carter," a musical comedy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays, May 6 and 13, at 3. For tickets, call AT 9-8028.)

CLOWNS—Tip and Top, in a program of juggling, magic, and storytelling, along with four puppet films. For the benefit of the Community Nursery School. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, May 13, at 11.)

TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES—Saturday, May 6, at 11 and 3: "Fire Boy," based on a Pueblo Indian legend. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 13, at 11 and 3: "Mozart and the Blackamoor" and "The Frog Prince." (Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

PIED PIPER CARNIVAL—Marionettes, a pet show, pony rides, and a fishpond, plus other attractions. (North Lawn, Barnard College, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 6, from 1 to 5.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—About twenty kinds of domestic or tame animals, most of which may be fed and petted by the small fry. Among them are a sweet-scented skunk and a village of mice, as well as a talking crow. (Bronx Park. Weather permitting: Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 10:30 to 6. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

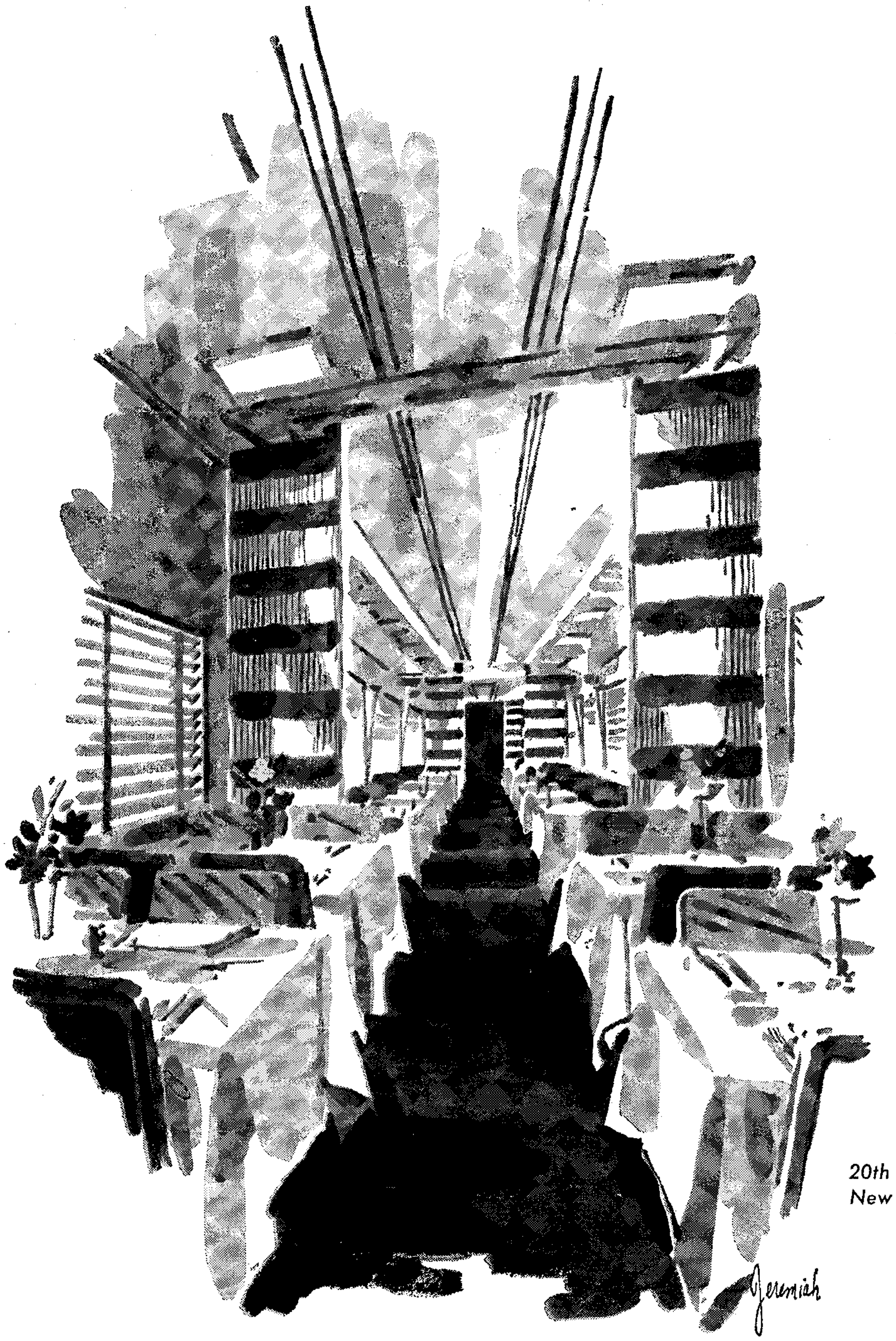
MOVIES—Features, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH EXHIBIT—About a hundred items pertaining to the English poet, among them manuscripts, autograph letters, first editions, and a Max Beerbohm cartoon. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Room 318. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9-10, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display the first day will be those of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Bernard, 234 E. 61st St.; Mr. and Mrs. William Rodman Fay, 176 E. 64th St.; Mr. Hal Phyfe, 980 Madison Ave.; and the Messrs. Sidney and Arthur Diamond, 180 E. 78th St. On the second day, the gardens will be those of Brigadier General and Mrs. John Williams Morgan, 39 W. 11th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Gugler and Mr. Cornelius Callahan, 134 E. 40th St.; Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall, 35 Beekman Place; and Mr. and Mrs. Madison Horton Lewis, 12 E. 73rd St. (For information about tickets, call CI 6-0057.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of flowers from Pan-American countries, plus five thousand tulips raised from bulbs sent from Holland. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Wed-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nesday through Sunday, May 10-14, from 10 until twilight.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English and American furniture and decorations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, owned by the late Reginald Lindsey Sweet and others. (Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6, each day at 2.) . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century landscapes and genre paintings, as well as paintings by Gainsborough, Turner, and other eighteenth-century artists, property of Samuel Friedenberg and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, May 4, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, May 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gothic and Renaissance furniture and objects of art, from the collections of the late Henry R. Ickelheimer and others, together with Renaissance bronze medals and plaquettes, owned by the Pierpont Morgan Library. (Exhibition, Saturday, May 6, and Monday and Tuesday, May 8-9, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Wednesday, May 10, at 1:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The show for the month of May is "Our Battle-Scarred Earth," which deals with the ravages of meteors and comets. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

AUTO RACE—Indianapolis Speedway race, Tuesday, May 30.

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** May 14 and 30, and June 1-11. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** May 16-21, May 23-28, and June 13-18. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** May 14-25, May 30, and June 13-18.

CREW—Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 20.)

DOG SHOWS—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 20.) . . . ¶ Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. May 27.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. sectional qualifying rounds for the Open Championship. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, and Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. May 25.) . . . ¶ Goodall Round Robin Invitation Tournament. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. June 15-18.)

HORSE SHOWS—Brookville Horse Show. (Brookville, N.Y. May 21.) . . . ¶ Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 24-27 and 29-30.) . . . ¶ Rombout Hunt Horse Show. (Poughkeepsie. May 27.) . . . ¶ June Fête Horse and Pony Show. (Huntingdon Valley, Pa. June 3.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 9-10.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Horse Show. (Greenwich, Conn. June 10-11.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 20.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Race Meeting. (Harrison, N.Y. May 27.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon, May 28.

POLO—Every Sunday afternoon at Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase, N.Y., starting May 21.

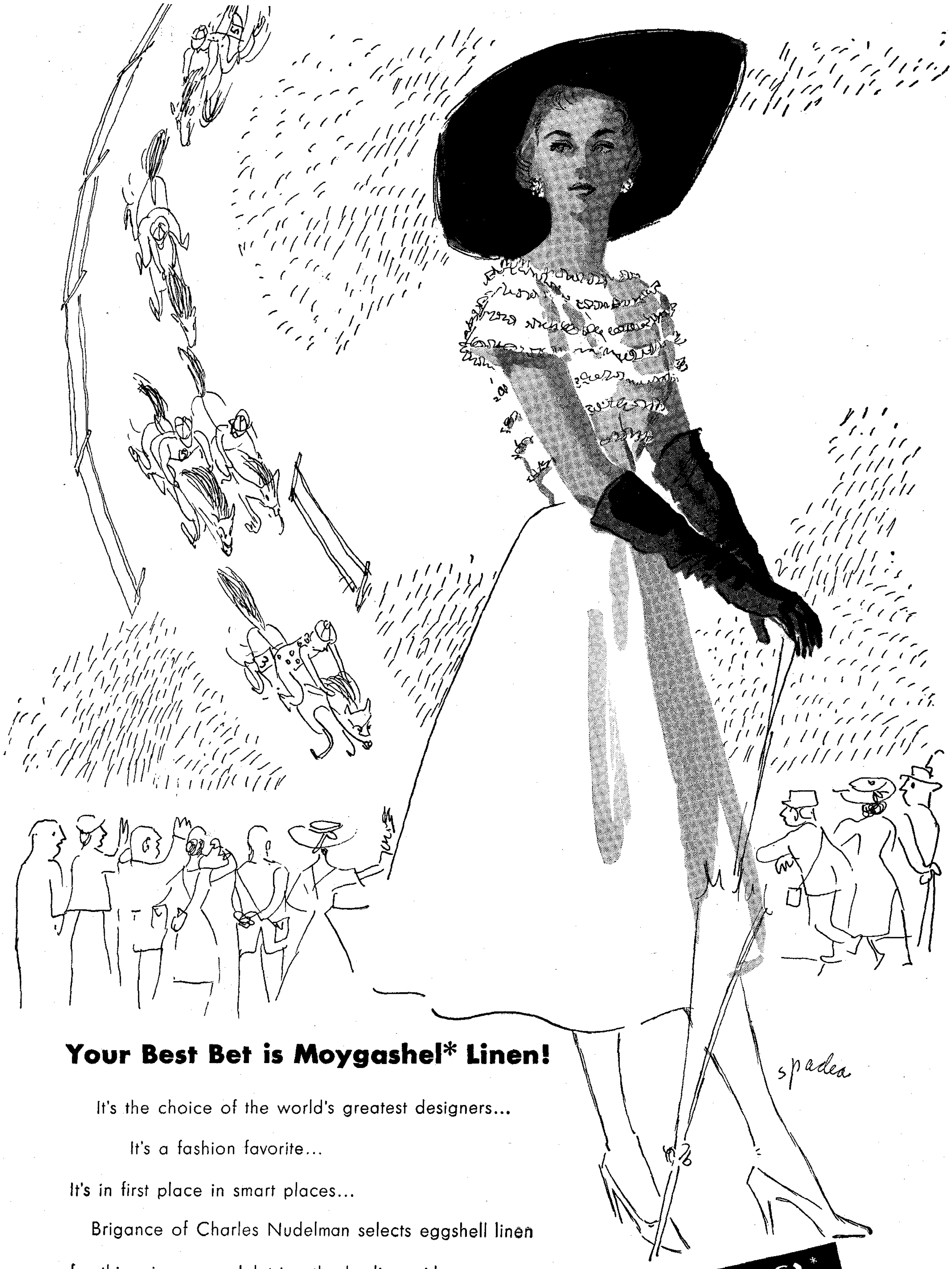
RACING—At Epsom Downs, England: The Derby, May 27. . . . ¶ Woodbine Park, Toronto: The King's Plate, May 27. . . . ¶ Belmont Park: The Belmont, June 10. . . . ¶ Aqueduct, starting June 12. . . . ¶ Ascot, England: The Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 13-16.

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A.A. Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. May 26-27.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, starting May 22.

MUSIC—San Carlo Opera Company, at the Center Theatre, May 17-30. . . . ¶ Columbia University's Annual Festival of Contemporary American Music, May 18-21. . . . ¶ J. S. Bach Commemorative Festival, under the direction of Pablo Casals, at Prades, France, June 1-20. . . . ¶ Central Park Mall Concerts, starting June 16. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, starting June 19.

OTHER DATES—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 19-June 11. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 20. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Tuesday, May 30.



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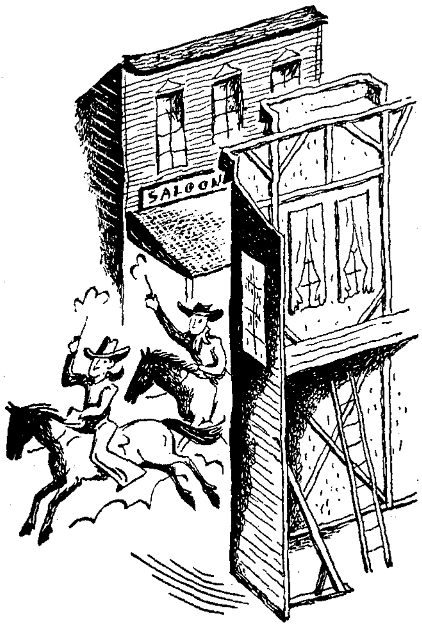
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Astonished Heart—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. Good stuff when the author, who also participates as an actor in this English film, isn't being too solemn about it all. With Celia Johnson and Margaret Leighton. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; May 9-10.)

The Bicycle Thief—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian picture, made by Vittorio de Sica, that ranks with the best ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas, supported by a cast made up mostly of legitimate Air Force personnel, demonstrating how the Russians were frustrated in their attempts to blockade Berlin. A fair enough picture when it sticks to actual shots of the Air Force in action, but one that grows rather dismal when it goes in for some foolish romantic doings strongly reminiscent of the usual Hollywood stuff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Cinderella—Disney's interpretation of the popular fairy tale. Fine for the children. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through May 6. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 6 (tentative). . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 5-6. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; May 5-8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; May 7-8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 10.)

The Fallen Idol—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Sir Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Fame Is the Spur—An enlightening and entertaining British film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, Bernard Miles, and Hugh Burden. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 4.)

The Golden Twenties—The good old lunatic days, in a documentary prepared by the editors of "The March of Time." (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Run for Your Money—Alec Guinness in an English film concerned with the adventures of a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A spotty affair, but Mr. Guinness, of "The Cocktail Party" fame, is worth seeing. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Samson and Delilah—Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature in a preposterous version of the Bible tale, kneaded into shape by the spectacular Cecil B. DeMille. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through May 9.)

Sands of Iwo Jima—John Wayne and other amphibious types charging the beaches of the South Pacific. Frequently exciting, despite occasionally inflated dialogue and some absurd romantic sequences. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through May 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; May 9-10.)

The Third Man—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Tight Little Island—An extremely funny English picture about Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. Wet or dry, the cast, led by Basil Radford, is wonderful. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through May 5.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin registering an excellent performance as a Frenchman whose charm overwhelms a handsome mother and her growing daughter. Isa Miranda and Vera Talchi are superb as the ladies involved. A French-Italian production. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

When Willie Comes Marching Home—Dan Dailey being quite amusing as a would-be hero in the Second World War who can't manage, for quite a spell, to get anywhere near the fighting fronts. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through May 5. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 6-8.)

REVIVALS

Back Street (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; May 4. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 7-9.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Farrebique (1948)—A study of French farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 8.)

The Fugitive (1947)—The troubles of a priest badgered by an anti-clerical Central American government. Henry Fonda and Dolores Del Rio. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 7-8.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—The life and times of a crooked politician. With Brian Donlevy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 5.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; May 7-9.)

Quartet (1949)—Four of Somerset Maugham's short stories pasted up together in an English film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 6-9. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting May 10.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 7: An excerpt from an early sound film made in Germany, "Zwei Herzen im Drei Viertel Takt" (1930). Also "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . ¶ Starting May 8: "The Blue Angel" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GOLDEN TWENTIES.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through May 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo; and "Scampolo" (in Italian), revival.
From May 8: To be announced.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through May 10: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Border Street" (in Polish).

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"No Man of Her Own," Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE BIG LIFT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
May 4: "Destination, Tokyo," revival, Cary Grant, John Garfield; and "God Is My Co-Pilot," revival, Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey.
From May 5: "Colt .45," Randolph Scott.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

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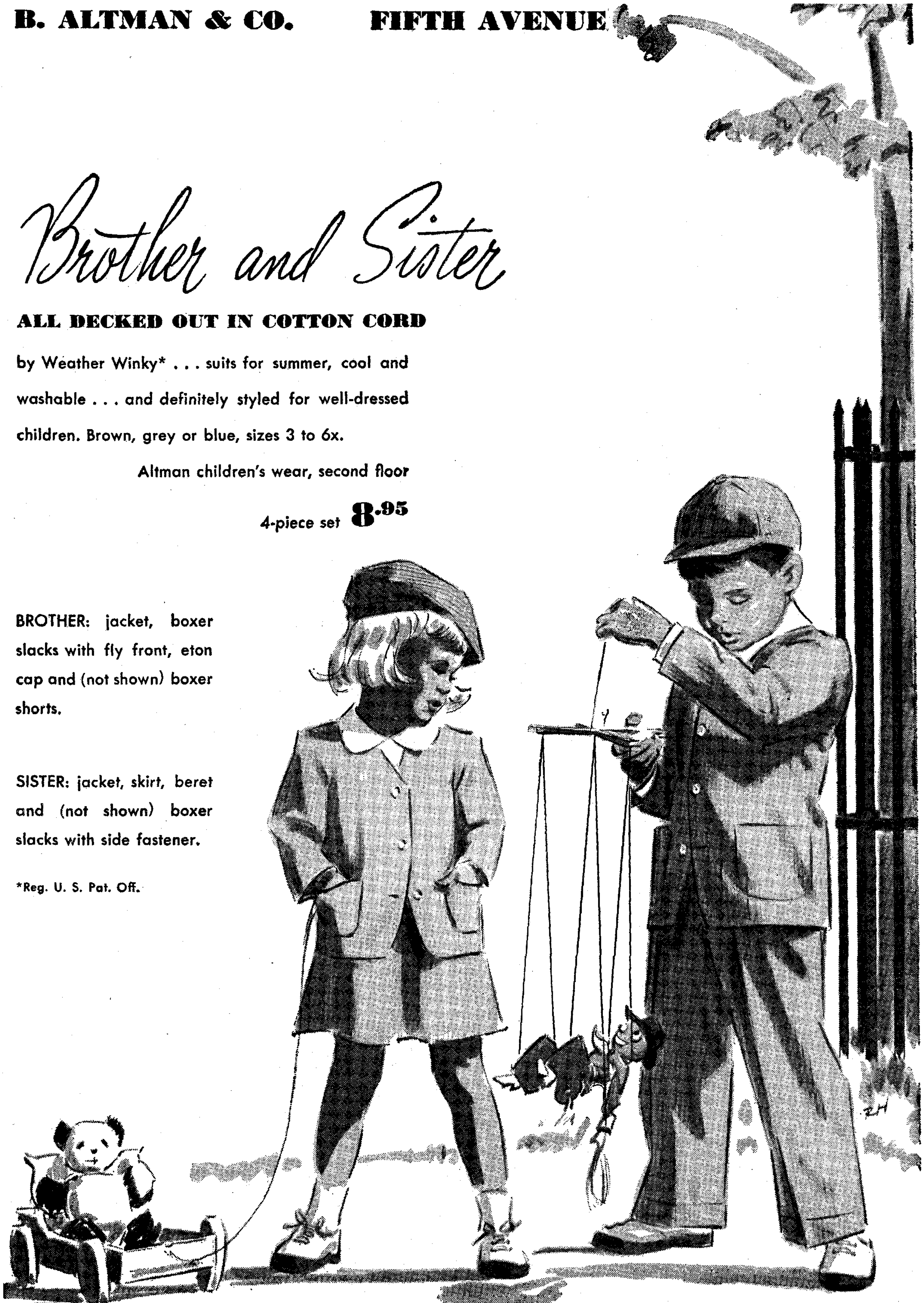

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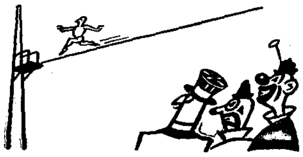
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE been advised that a riveter on one of the construction jobs around town wears a hearing aid during working hours.

OUR trip to Madison Square Garden last week was disturbing. The circus, we discovered, has fallen victim to two contemporary diseases—the Tie-In and the Speedup. We found that the clowns had discarded their fine old collapsing automobile and their triumphant fire engine and were riding around instead in a 1950 Buick sedan and a miniature American Airlines Flagship. Our program featured stories about Cecil B. DeMille (doing a movie about the circus), June Allyson (appearing in a movie with a lion), and Betty Hutton (appearing in a movie as Annie Oakley). The performers, the other night, all seemed to be in a tremendous hurry, as if they feared that their audience, educated to the fast boff, the one-minute commercial, might get bored and tune them out. The trapeze artists flew only briefly—just long enough for the showgirls to change costumes—and the man on the high wire, his foot quivering in space, hurried to poise himself against destruction. As we sat there, surrounded by haste and commercial reference, we remembered that there used to be plenty of time for Leitzel, Colleano, and Zacchini, and even enough for the sea lion to feel for the right note as he tooted through "America." And we recalled the completely static and wonderful moment at the old circus when the curtains went up on the living statues and everybody held his breath, hoping that the white horse wouldn't spoil the effect with a single twitch of his tail.



CERTAIN happenings of late have led us to believe that the wraith of W. C. Fields is stalking the land, only thinly disguised. We cite but one of these happenings, although we have noted others, and we have our eyes open for more. On a recent Friday, at the Laurel Park race track, in Maryland, a man was arrested as he attempted to cash a spurious, or *heimgemacht*, mutuel ticket worth, at first glance but not at second, $233. His name, he said, was Boscom G. Swinney. Surely this can only have been the shade of W. C. Fields—just the man, of course, to stride up to a mutuel window and boldly try to swindle a well-meaning race track out of $233.

Windfall

A NEW Law School building for New York University is about to go up at the southwest corner of Washington Square, and excavation is currently proceeding there. The diggers ran into considerable ground water, and pumps had to be brought in to prevent flooding. It wasn't this that took us on a trip down there, though, but a tip we received about an odd activity that accompanied the demolition of the ramshackle but romantic-looking brick houses that occupied the site, which were built as private dwellings around 1840 and were later turned into apartments and studios. In the course of the razing of these old buildings, chunks of marble, granite, and bluestone were left lying around, and these were quickly seized on and carried away by the sculptors of the neighborhood. This high-class scavenging caused no surprise in the Village, for sculptors are known to be a magpie lot, always on the lookout for promising bits of stone. The contractors for the new building had the salvage rights to the old houses, but they didn't object to the activity, which, indeed, saved them the trouble of removing a truckload or so of rubble.

After some preliminary scouting of the region, we called on Miss Nora Herz, a sculptor who lives on Sullivan Street, close to the site, and she confessed with satisfaction that she had made off with several pieces of marble and that, in fact, the sculpture she was at that moment engaged in rough-shaping would be carved from one of them. "Georgia white marble," she said, giving the stone a professional whack with a hammer. "This is a duck I'm making." She nodded to a couple of other chunks of stone, weighing, we estimated, about sixty pounds apiece, and identified them as Vermont marble, also from the site. "I'd always bought my stone," Miss Herz said, "but when the men started tearing down those houses, I found myself watching for marble on weekends and in the evenings. I prefer marble to any other stone. It's nice-looking and it's easy to work and it takes a high polish. Granite and bluestone are too hard. You can wear out a set of tools on them in no time. My sister and brother-in-law helped me get the stones home, in their car."

Miss Herz told us that Vermont, Georgia, or Tennessee marble costs from eight to ten dollars a cubic foot and that there are artistic as well as economic advantages to odd-shaped pieces of stone gathered free of charge and at random. "They suggest the subject to be carved out of them," she said, and pointed to a fourth hunk of marble, small and irregular. "That stone at once suggests an Abu Markub, a heron of the White Nile. Don't you just *see* the Abu Markub in it?" We said we were sorry, but— "Well, perhaps the bird was in my mind when I picked up the marble," Miss Herz admitted. "I'd been reading a book about Abu Markubs, and had been up to the Bronx Zoo to sketch one. I plan to carve it either sitting or swimming, or else thinking, and I do hope people won't mistake the finished product for a pelican." We asked Miss Herz what the two other chunks of stone suggested to her. "The one on the left can only be a woman reclining on her side, head propped on one hand, and her legs curled under her," she said. "The other can be either a sitting nude or a rabbit." Miss Herz resumed work on her duck, and we headed for the door. "Keep an eye on the Marble House," she called after us, banging at the duck. "Corner of Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. If they ever tear it down, you'll have every sculptor in town carting away marble as fast as the wreckers can knock it off the walls."

●

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: M. H. Harris, the chain-store optician, is offering a line of dark glasses known as Television Glasses, and Sulka has a Video House Suit (jacket and trousers) available in two materials—silk crêpe, $163; Scotch flannel, $166.

There's a Ford convertible around town whose hood ornament, a leaping greyhound of chrome, is snugly fitted with a small green turtleneck sweater.

Volume XVI of the fifty-eight-volume set of "American Jurisprudence" is subtitled "Death to Diplomatic and Consular Officers."

Anomaly

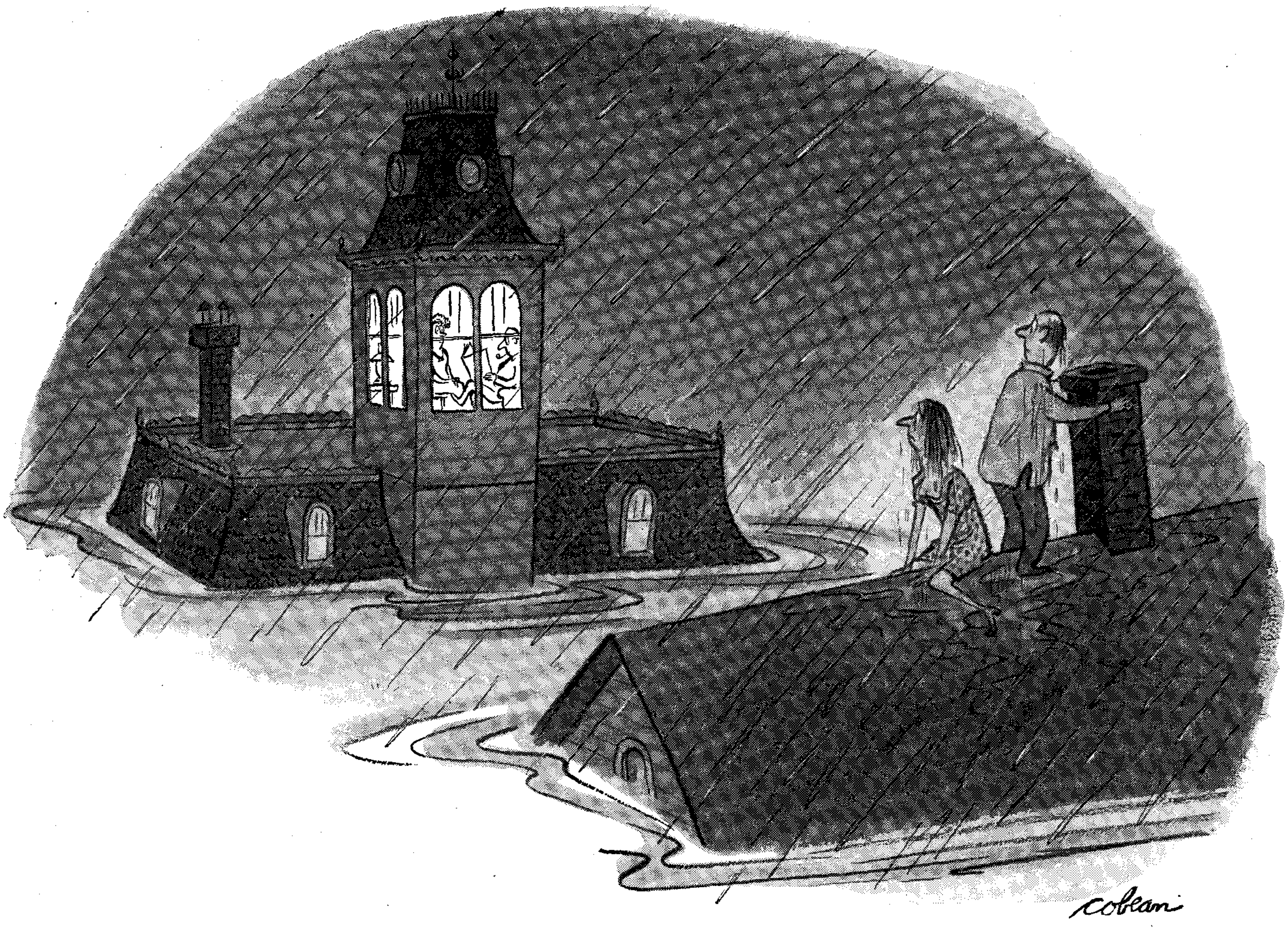
A SONG called "Music! Music! Music!" has for three months now been way up at the top of *Variety's* "Retail Sheet Best Sellers," "Ten Best Sellers on Coin-Machines," and other such scientific indices. Chances are you've heard it. Well, we learned that if we wanted the story of how "Music! Music! Music!" got where it is today, we should see Howard Richmond, of Cromwell Music, Inc., which published it. This we have done. We found Mr. Richmond in his office, on West Fifty-seventh Street, a wavy-haired, studious-looking young man whose air of breathlessness was in conflict with the gabardine slacks and herringbone sports jacket he was then wearing.

"I'm just back from Texas," Mr. Richmond told us, eying two telephones on his desk and waving us to a chair, "and, truthfully, I'm up to my ears, but I can give you a minute. In the first place, I'm a fish out of water in this business. I'm tone-deaf and I can't read music. My job used to be record exploitation. I got disc jockeys to play records of singers like Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra. Then, last September, Rayburn and Finch, a couple of jockeys, suggested I publish an old-time novelty called 'Hop-Scotch Polka,' which had a nice lilt to it, because they knew I had contact with a lyricist who could knock out some lyrics for it and with Guy Lombardo, who would make a new platter of it. I didn't know a thing about publishing, but I thought I'd give it a try. My brother-in-law is a lawyer, and he said I'd have to incorporate. So we ran through the phone book for names. 'Cromwell, Hanover, Windsor.' I picked 'Cromwell,' and Albany said it was O.K. Truthfully, I'd thought old Oliver was a liberal type, but it seems he was kind of strict, once he got into the driver's seat. Anyhow, my brother-in-law became president, and I'm secretary-and-treasurer. There are four shares of stock, he says, and I own all of them. We put out 'Hop-Scotch' and it was a fair hit. For us, being our first song, it was a terrific hit.

"One thing leads to another, and one day last November a man came bounding into my office wearing a black overcoat. He'd just got off the boat from the Riviera. He'd heard about 'Hop-Scotch' and he'd composed a novelty he wanted us to publish. 'Eat's positive heat,' he kept saying. 'Eat's positive heat.' I finally figured out he was saying it would be a hit. His name's Stephan Weiss, and he's half French and half Austrian and he speaks with a half-French, half-Dutch accent. 'Where's your piano?' he wanted to know. I don't have one—I'm just going along here in the office I had for record exploitation—and, truthfully, if I had had one and had heard him sing his song right then, I'd have sent him away. I told him to come back later, thinking I'd never see him again, but he came back, and this time he said he'd seen a piano in the window downstairs—Steinway Hall. So we went down there, with me trying to stifle my hysteria, and he sat down to play this song. 'Poot anothair neekel een . . .' The manager started to throw us out, but I decided to hear the rest of it, so I went to the Steinway office and told them I went to prep school with Hank Steinway, which I did, and then nothing was too good for me. A lady showed us to a room with a piano and Stephan started again. A janitor and a charwoman there thought the tune was swingy. Stephan said, 'You see? A positive heat.' So I told him I'd have him make a dub of the song—I had plenty of doubts—and send it to the jockeys around the country.

"I got Rainbow Records to make the dub and sent it around. The comments I got! 'Are you kidding?' 'Brother!' '*Not* music!' Seven out of ten against. Then I had a girl vocalist, Teresa Brewer, do a recording of it and persuaded the music stores to play it over loudspeakers. Then I gave up on it and went to Chicago to do some exploitation work for Dinah Shore. All of a sudden, the record companies are after me like a plague. They're deluging me with phone calls. They want to make records. They want sheet music. And it wasn't even copyrighted yet. A man from one company called me up to get me to sing it from Chicago while he took down the notes. When I finished, he was dumfounded. Finally, he made a recording from Stephan's dub over the air. Then the song boomed. Fourteen different records were made of it. Man from England said we'd have to change 'nickel' to 'shilling' for over there. We didn't, though, and in eight days it was on top in England. It grows on people.

"Then the legal trouble. It was claimed the song was stolen from fourteen different tunes, like 'Too Much



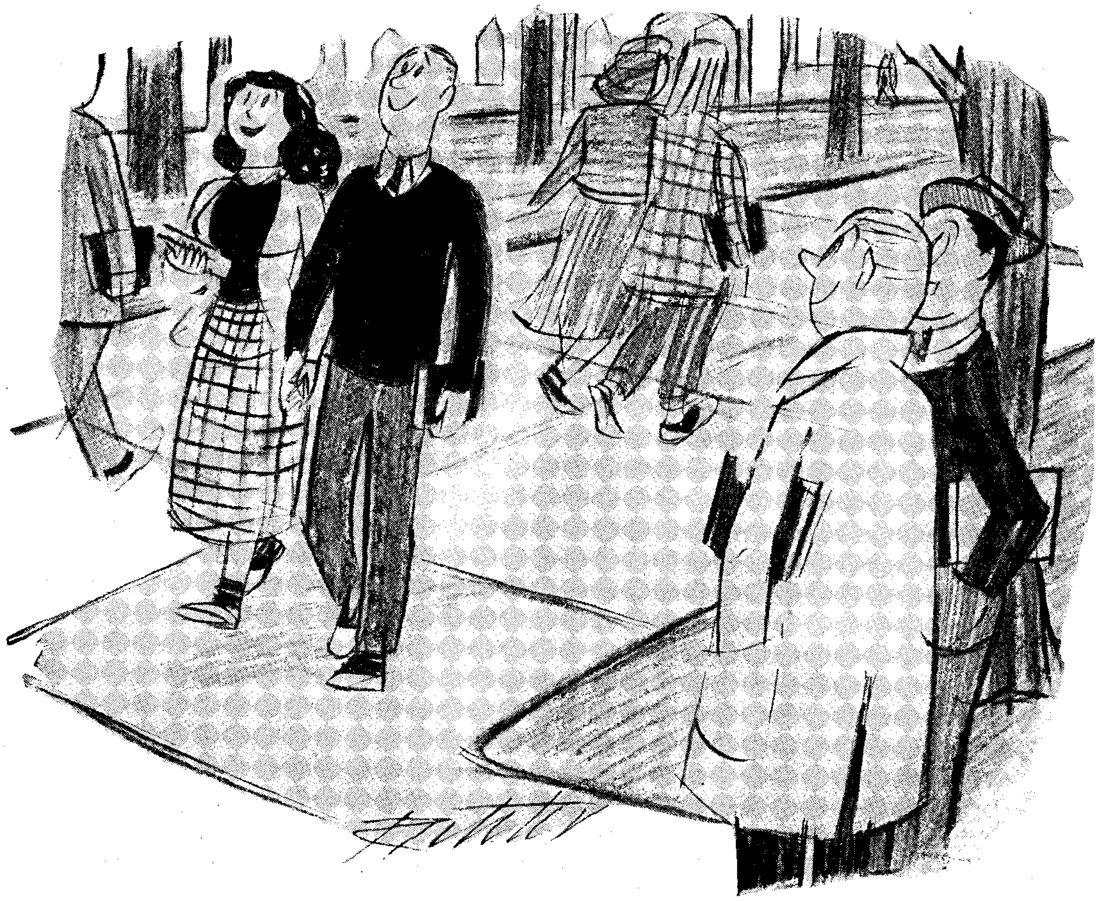
Mustard' and 'The Burglar Rag.' A man was in here waving a photostat of 'All for Al and Al for All.' 'Yuh stole muh song,' he kept saying. Luckily, my brother-in-law found a song with the first few measures like Stephan's that predates all of them and has been in the public domain for over sixty years. It's our ace in the hole. We're in the clear. The latest thing we're pushing is Stephan's 'Polka Dot Polka,' another novelty. Luckily, there's a quick yes or no on novelties. With a ballad, I'd die."

In Reverse

A LOCAL mother who has had occasion to employ the Western Union service that wakes you up at a given hour, or tries to, had a bright idea the other day about a chronic difficulty she has: getting her ten-year-old son to bed when he ought to go to bed. The inspiration was to have W.U. call the lad when it was his bedtime and tell him so. The lady managed to fix things with W.U., although it involved a big-scale negotiation. The first girl she got on the phone said it couldn't be done, and the girl's supervisor said the same thing, but she finally got through to a man—a vice-president, she thinks—who, after some argument, said, "All right, just this once." All this effort was to no avail. The mother contrived it so that her son answered the telephone when the call came through, and he listened solemnly, but she noted no softening whatever in his attitude toward bed.

Entomological Tour

ALERTED by a press release from the Museum of Natural History heralding the opening of "the first public exhibit of what is believed to be the finest and most colorful private collection of moths and butterflies in the world," and identifying these as "some of the outstanding specimens from the famous Frank Johnson Collection, [which] contains perfect specimens of every known species in many groups and a considerable number of species that have never been described," we encabbed for the Museum at once. To our surprise, we found that the show, entitled "Velvet Wings," is composed of only about sixty butterflies and moths—mounted, in lifelike attitudes, in an illuminated six-foot glass case. They are largely showy saturniid moths and Anaea butterflies, all from Central and South America, and all interesting, as far as they go. Anxious to find out more about the Johnson Collection, set forth in the release as consisting of three hundred thousand specimens, we sought out Dr. Mont A. Cazier, chairman of the Department of Insects and Spiders. He told us that Johnson, a railroad-equipment and elevator manufacturer, had, over a period of twenty years, given the Museum two hundred and ninety thousand butterflies and moths, and that when he died, last October, he left it ten thousand more. Four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine five-thousandths of the collection is thus not on public view. "Mr. Johnson had field collectors all over Africa, Asia, Europe, and North and South America," said Dr. Cazier. "They sent their stuff direct to us. We'd prepare it, and then Mr. Johnson would select what he wanted to keep himself and we'd keep the rest. Now we've received what *he* kept." Dr. Cazier introduced us to William P. Comstock, a Museum research associate who has for many years concerned himself with, *inter alia*, the Anaea genus. "Very trou-



"I'd think a long time before I married the captain of a girls' debating team."

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blesome group to name, the Anaea," said Mr. Comstock, a white-haired, reposeful man of seventy, "but very interesting. Strikingly beautiful. Mr. Johnson had about nine thousand of them. He had a sickly daughter, and he started her collecting butterflies and moths to get her out in the fresh air, and then he began to collect to keep her company. Well, she regained her health and gave up collecting, but he went right on."

Mr. Comstock, we learned, is a native New Yorker and has been a lepidopterist since he was ten. "There were plenty of butterflies in Central Park in those days," he said. "Take 1893. It was a tremendous Catocala year in Manhattan—underwing moths, you know. Catocalas were thick in the Fifty-ninth Street gully at the south end of the Park; they were sitting all over the wall. I haven't seen one in town for decades. You can still find the Cynthia moth in back yards, though; the caterpillar feeds on the ailanthus leaf." Mr. Comstock graduated from Columbia in 1903 and spent the next thirty years as an engineer, keeping up with butterflies and moths in his spare time. He helped construct the American Sugar Refinery Company's refinery in Baltimore and was a consultant on a number of big waterworks projects, but lepidoptera were always on his mind. He began working at the Museum, intermittently and without pay, in the early thirties, and in 1938 retired from engineering to become a full-time, salaried member of the staff. "I've described a whole string of new species," he said. "Manhattan isn't much good for collecting any more—I understand you have to have a permit to use a net in Central Park, and there isn't much there anyway—but I imagine some sections of Brooklyn are still rewarding."

We sighed sympathetically, and dropped in on Miss Alice Gray, a special assistant in the Department of I. and S. who made the selections for the current show. We found her in a room-full of jars containing live cockroaches, which, she told us, are used in experiments. She called our attention to a large South American roach, *Blaberus giganteus*. "They give off a smell when they're annoyed," she said. "Like to smell him?" We said no. Miss G. looked hurt. "They just smell like a nice old theatre," she said. "I like them because they're so ancient—they go back to the Coal Age, and they haven't changed in three hundred million years—and because they're so efficient. They fit right into cracks." She told us she had made the "Velvet Wings" selection entirely on the basis of beauty. "The moths are related to our Cecropia, but they're all tropical," she said. "The one that looks like our *Citheronia regalis* is a *Citheronia*, all right, but he's not a *regalis*. I can get you the subfamily on the phone, if you like." We told her not to bother.

Handy

A LADY who had occasion to be in touch with an obstetrician over a rather lengthy period learned quite a bit about him—that, for instance, he is a bachelor and does a certain amount of cooking. When the end of her association with him came, and his bill arrived and was considered modest by herself and her husband, she resolved to give him a present. After casting about, she sent him a pressure cooker. She got a prompt acknowledgment:

> DEAR MRS. D——:
> I want to thank you so much for the glove sterilizer . . .

Scout

MRS. AYAKO NOGUCHI, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Girl Scouts of Japan, is paying an eighty-day visit to this country, a strenuous junket sponsored by the American Military Government in Japan, which regards the renascence of the Girl Scout movement there as an important item in its democratization program. We met Mrs. Noguchi at the headquarters of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 East Forty-fourth Street, a handy stopping-off place between York, Pennsylvania, where Mrs. Noguchi had been observing Girl Scouts in action in a typical American community, and Elmira, New York, where she was to take a week's training course for Scout leaders. Mrs. Noguchi was smoking a cigarette with a member of the public-information staff, Mrs. Lawrence

Maxwell, when we arrived, and we thought the two ladies set each other off handsomely. Mrs. Maxwell, tall and with close-cropped blond hair, was wearing a plaid suit, nylons, and high-heeled shoes; Mrs. Noguchi, who is short and has black hair wound into the shape of a doughnut at the nape of her neck, was wearing a purplish kimono, white stockings, and patent-leather sandals. Over her heart were pinned three clover-leaf insignia—emblems of the Girl Scouts of Japan, the Girl Scouts of this country, and the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

Mrs. Noguchi had apparently been telling Mrs. Maxwell of her experiences in York. "Is nice, York," she said, to fill us in. "I visited senior and intermediate and Brownie troops. Children very earnest to want to know about the Japan. What kind of food are we eating? We use shoes? Live in wigwams? How we use chopsticks?" Mrs. Noguchi told us that she created a sensation at one Brownie meeting by mentioning that Japanese Girl Scouts don't sit on chairs at their meetings but on the floor. The York Brownies wanted to try it, and Mrs. Noguchi showed them the proper posture. Scout leaders in York took Mrs. Noguchi to one of the camps outside town where Girl Scouts rough it in summer. "Too complete," Mrs. Noguchi said. "Is just like city. All electric. The camp leaders say to make fire is amusing for girls. I laughed. In Japan, we are not necessary to go camping. The girls are making fires of charcoal, and outdoor cooking, all the time."

Mrs. Maxwell asked what else had attracted Mrs. Noguchi's attention in York. "Sexual problems," said Mrs. Noguchi. "Not so much in Japan. I am a mediator on the Maebashi District Court, so I am interesting to know about juvenile courts. I find in America too many delinquent children. Girls are grown up too fast and are too pretty. Easy to spoil girls here. In Japan, the home system is very strict. Easy to divorce is not too good, I think. *Too* civilized." Mrs. Noguchi went on to say that before the war there were about four hundred Girl Scouts in Japan and that the organization disbanded just before Pearl Harbor, was formed again two years ago, and now has a membership of ten thousand. The movement is gaining headway rapidly because the American colony in Japan has shown the Japanese Scout leaders how to go about raising funds in Occidental fashion, with benefit teas, white-elephant sales, and the like. "White-elephant sale, that is American expression," Mrs. Noguchi said. "Everybody brings what they do not want. Kimono, kimono, kimono. Everybody is changing from kimono to Western-style dress in Japan."

Mrs. Noguchi writes many publicity stories about the Girl Scouts for Japanese newspapers, and in doing so suffers from a peculiar handicap. The Japanese ideograph for "Scout," it seems, is almost exactly the same as the ideograph for "skirt." "Newspaper readers cannot tell whether they are reading about Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, or skirts," said Mrs. Noguchi, while Mrs. Maxwell shook her blond head in dismay. Syllabic similarities between words in English have struck Mrs. Noguchi during her travels in this country. She visited the Gettysburg battlefield and bought a couple of bottle-openers she found at a souvenir stand there. "To the ear, 'battle' and 'bottle' are very close," she said, "and 'field' and 'filled' are very close to the ear, too. But when you use a bottle-opener on a bottle, it is no longer filled; it is empty. Battle, bottle; field, filled." "That's sort of a play on words," Mrs. Maxwell said. "Is very funny," said Mrs. Noguchi. Her hobby is collecting stones, and she has gathered many of them during her visit. "Everywhere, I pick up stones for remembrance," she said. "At Mount Vernon, stones. At Gettysburg, stones. I have no permission to take back stones, but I do not think there will be trouble." We assured her that there probably wouldn't be any.

Conscientious

BY way of background to the incident we are now about to chronicle, it must be set forth that Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., makes a practice of rewarding golfers who have made a hole in one, and whose exploit has been attested by the club pro, with a case of ginger ale. Very well. A Mr. Gumbinner of this city, thus distinguished and thus vouched for, in due time was advised by Canada Dry that a case of ginger ale was on its way. He notified his wife to expect it. A couple of mornings later, a truckman showed up at his home with the prize and was asked by Mrs. Gumbinner to put it on the living-room bar. The truckman did so, and then, after producing an additional bottle of ginger ale from his coat pocket and setting it on the floor beside him, proceeded to take each bottle out of the case, turn it upside down, scrutinize it carefully, and set it back in position. Mrs. Gumbinner asked what the trouble was. "I'm looking for a hole in one of these bottles," he said, and handed her the delivery slip, on which appeared the hand-printed notation "Hole in one."

A COUNTRY LOVE STORY

AN antique sleigh stood in the yard, snow after snow banked up against its eroded runners. Here and there upon the bleached and splintery seat were wisps of horsehair and scraps of the black leather that had once upholstered it. It bore, with all its jovial curves, an air not so much of desuetude as of slowed-down dash, as if weary horses, unable to go another step, had at last stopped here. The sleigh had come with the house. The former owner, a gifted businesswoman from Castine who bought old houses and sold them again with all their pitfalls still intact, had said when she was showing them the place, "A picturesque detail, I think," and, waving it away, had turned to the well, which, with enthusiasm and at considerable length, she said had never gone dry. Actually, May and Daniel had found the detail more distracting than picturesque, so nearly kin was it to outdoor arts and crafts, and when the woman, as they departed in her car, gestured toward it again and said, "Paint that up a bit with something cheery and it will really add no end to your yard," simultaneous shudders coursed them. They had planned to remove the sleigh before they did anything else.

But partly because there were more important things to be done, and partly because they did not know where to put it (a sleigh could not, in the usual sense of the words, be thrown away), and partly because it seemed defiantly a part of the yard, as entitled to be there as permanently as the trees, they did nothing about it. Throughout the summer, they saw birds briefly pause on its rakish front and saw the fresh rains wash the runners; in the autumn they watched the golden leaves fill the seat and nestle dryly down; and now, with the snow, they watched this new accumulation.

The sleigh was visible from the windows of the big, bright kitchen where they ate all their meals and, sometimes too bemused with country solitude to talk, they gazed out at it, forgetting their food in speculating on its history. It could have been driven cavalierly by the scion of some sea captain's family, or it could have been used soberly to haul the household's Unitarians to church or to take the womenfolk around the countryside on errands of good will. They did not speak of what its office might have been, and the fact of their silence was often nettlesome to May, for she felt they were silent too much of the time; a little morosely, she thought, If something as absurd and as provocative as this at which we look together—and which is, even though we didn't want it, our own property—cannot bring us to talk, what can? But she did not disturb Daniel in his private musings; she held her tongue, and out of the corner of her eye she watched him watch the winter cloak the sleigh, and, as if she were computing a difficult sum in her head, she tried to puzzle out what it was that had stilled tongues that earlier, before Daniel's illness, had found the days too short to communicate all they were eager to say.

It had been Daniel's doctor's idea, not theirs, that had brought them to the solemn hinterland to stay after all the summer gentry had departed in their beach wagons. The Northern sun, the pristine air, the rural walks and soundless nights, said Dr. Tellenbach, perhaps pining for his native Switzerland, would do more for the "Professor's" convalescent lung than all the doctors and clinics in the world. Privately he had added to May that after so long a season in the sanitarium (Daniel had been there a year), where everything was tuned to a low pitch, it would be difficult and it might be shattering for "the boy" (not now the "Professor," although Daniel, nearly fifty, was his wife's senior by twenty years and Dr. Tellenbach's by ten) to go back at once to the excitements and the intrigues of the university, to what, with finicking humor, the Doctor called "the omnium-gatherum of the schoolmaster's life." The rigors of a country winter would be as nothing, he insisted, when compared to the strain of feuds and cocktail parties. All professors wanted to write books, didn't they? Surely Daniel, a historian with all the material in the world at his fingertips, must have something up his sleeve that could be the *raison d'être* for this year away? May said she supposed he had, she was not sure. She could hear the reluctance in her voice as she escaped the Doctor's eyes and gazed through his windows at the mountains behind the sanitarium. In the dragging months Daniel had been gone, she had taken solace in imagining the time when they *would* return to just that pandemonium the Doctor so deplored, and because it had been pandemonium on the smallest and most discreet scale, she smiled through her disappointment at the little man's Swiss innocence and explained that they had always lived quietly, seldom dining out or entertaining more than twice a week.

"Twice a week!" He was appalled.

"But I'm afraid," she had protested, "that he would find a second year of inactivity intolerable. He does intend to write a book, but he means to write it in England, and we can't go to England now."

"England!" Dr. Tellenbach threw up his hands. "Good *air* is my recommendation for your husband. Good air and little talk."

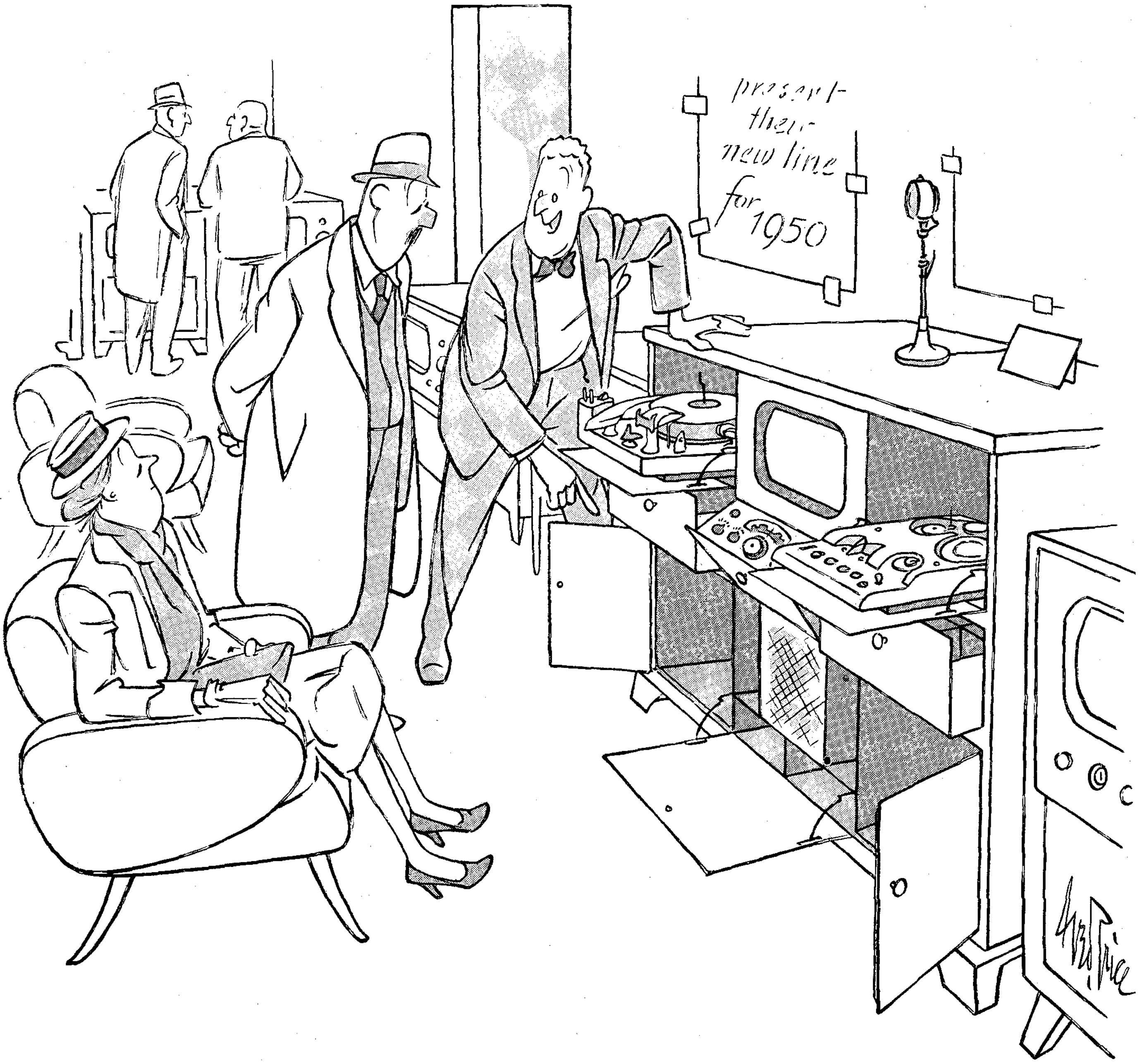
She said, "It's talk he needs, I should think, after all this time of communing only with himself except when I came to visit."

He had looked at her with exaggerated patience, and then, courtly but authoritative, he said, "I hope you will not think I importune when I tell you that I am very well acquainted with your husband, and, as his physician, I order this retreat. *He* quite agrees."

Stung to see that there was a greater degree of understanding between Daniel and Dr. Tellenbach than between Daniel and herself, May had objected further, citing an occasion when her husband had put his head in his hands and mourned, "I hear talk of nothing but sputum cups and X-rays. Aren't people interested in the state of the world any more?"

But Dr. Tellenbach had been adamant, and at the end, when she had risen to go, he said, "You are bound to find him changed a little. A long illness removes a thoughtful man from his fellow-beings. It is like living with an exacting mistress who is not content with half a man's attention but must claim it all." She had thought his figure of speech absurd and disdained to ask him what he meant.

ACTUALLY, when the time came for them to move into the new house and she found no alterations in her husband but found, on the other hand, much pleasure in their country life, she began to forgive Dr. Tellenbach. In the beginning, it was like a second honeymoon, for they had moved to a part of the North where they had never been and they explored it together, sharing its charming sights and sounds. Moreover, they had never owned a house before but had always lived in city apartments, and though the house they bought was old and derelict, its lines and doors and windowlights were beautiful, and they were obsessed with it. All through the summer, they reiterated, "To think that we own all of this! That it actually belongs to us!" And they wandered from room to room marvelling at their windows, from none


present their new line for 1950

"Now, this complete, all-in-one model has a thirty-nine-tube television receiver, equipped for both black-and-white and color reception; AM and FM radio; a record-player geared for 33⅓ r.p.m., 45 r.p.m., and 78 r.p.m.; automatic record-changer; the latest thing in a wire recorder; and this large, roomy cabinet at the bottom, in case anything new is invented."

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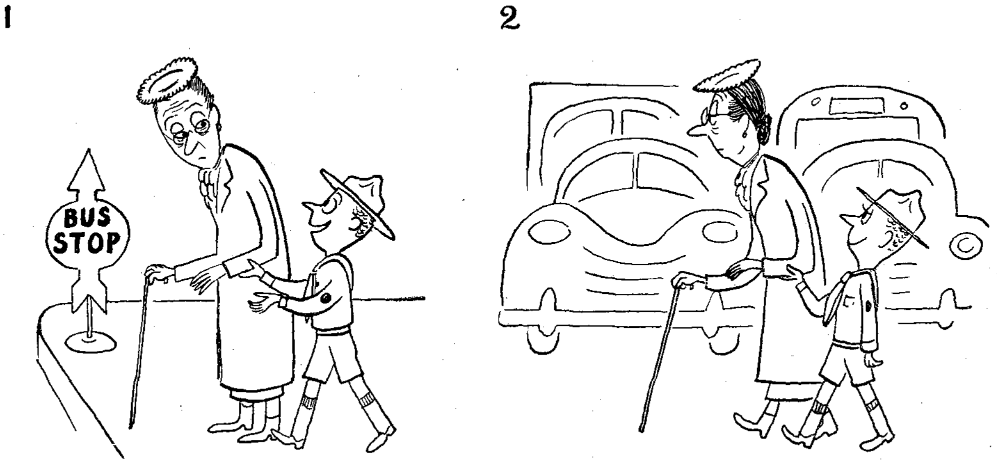
of which was it possible to see an ugly sight. They looked to the south upon a river, to the north upon a lake; to the west of them were pine woods where the wind forever sighed, voicing a vain entreaty; and to the east a rich man's long meadow that ran down a hill to his old, magisterial house. It was true, even in those bewitched days, that there were times on the lake, when May was gathering water lilies as Daniel slowly rowed, that she had seen on his face a look of abstraction and she had known that he was worlds away, in his memories, perhaps, of his illness and the sanitarium (of which he would never speak) or in the thought of the book he was going to write as soon, he said, as the winter set in and there was nothing to do but work. Momentarily the look frightened her and she remembered the Doctor's words, but then, immediately herself again in the security of married love, she caught at another water lily and pulled at its long stem. Companionably, they gardened, taking special pride in the nicotiana that sent its nighttime fragrance into their bedroom. Together, and with fascination, they consulted carpenters, plasterers, and chimney sweeps. In the blue evenings they read at ease, hearing no sound but that of the night birds—the loons on the lake and the owls in the tops of trees. When the days turned cooler and shorter, a cricket came to bless their house, nightly singing behind the kitchen stove. They got two fat and idle tabby cats, who lay insensible beside the fireplace and only stirred themselves to purr perfunctorily.

Because they had not moved in until July and by that time the workmen of the region were already engaged, most of the major repairs of the house were to be postponed until the spring, and in October, when May and Daniel had done all they could by themselves and Daniel had begun his own work, May suddenly found herself without occupation. Whole days might pass when she did nothing more than cook three meals



and walk a little in the autumn mist and pet the cats and wait for Daniel to come down from his upstairs study to talk to her. She began to think with longing of the crowded days in Boston before Daniel was sick, and even in the year past, when he had been away and she had gone to concerts and recitals and had done good deeds for crippled children and had endlessly shopped for presents to lighten the tedium of her husband's unwilling exile. And, longing, she was remorseful, as if by desiring another she betrayed this life, and, remorseful, she hid away in sleep. Sometimes she slept for hours in the daytime, imitating the cats, and when at last she got up, she had to push away the dense sleep as if it were a door.

One day at lunch, she asked Daniel to take a long walk with her that afternoon to a farm where the owner smoked his own sausages.

"You never go outdoors," she said, "and Dr. Tellenbach said you must. Besides, it's a lovely day."

"I can't," he said. "I'd like to, but I can't. I'm busy. You go alone."

Overtaken by a gust of loneliness, she cried, "Oh, Daniel, I have nothing to *do!*"

A moment's silence fell, and then he said, "I'm sorry to put you through this, my dear, but you must surely admit that it's not my fault I got sick."

In her shame, her rapid, overdone apologies, her insistence that nothing mattered in the world except his health and peace of mind, she made everything worse, and at last he said shortly to her, "Stop being a child, May. Let's just leave each other alone."

THIS outbreak, the very first in their marriage of five years, was the beginning of a series. Hardly a day passed that they did not bicker over something; they might dispute a question of fact, argue a matter of taste, catch each other out in an inaccuracy, and every quarrel ended with Daniel's saying to her, "Why don't you leave me alone?" Once he said, "I've been sick and now I'm busy and I'm no longer young enough to shift the focus of my mind each time it suits your whim." Afterward, there were always apologies, and then Daniel went back to his study and did not open the door of it again until the next meal. Finally, it seemed to her that love, the very center of their being, was choked off, overgrown, invisible. And silent with hostility or voluble with trivial reproach, they tried to dig it out impulsively and could not—could only maul it in its unkempt grave. Daniel, in his withdrawal from her and from the house, was preoccupied with his research, of which he never spoke except to say that it would bore her, and most of the time, so it appeared to May, he did not worry over what was happening to them. She felt the cold, old house somehow enveloping her as if it were their common enemy, maliciously bent on bringing them to disaster. Sunken in faithlessness, they stared, at mealtimes, atrophied within the present hour, at the irrelevant and whimsical sleigh that stood abandoned in the mammoth winter.

May found herself thinking, If we redeemed it and painted it, our house would have something in common with Henry Ford's Wayside Inn. And I might make this very observation to him and he might greet it with disdain and we might once again communicate. Perhaps we could talk of Williamsburg and how we disapproved of it. Her mind went toiling on. Williamsburg was part of our honeymoon trip; somewhere our feet were entangled in suckers as we stood kissing under a willow tree. Soon she found that she did not care for this line of thought, nor did she care what his response to it might be. In her imagined conversations with Daniel, she never spoke of the sleigh. To the thin, ill scholar whose scholarship and illness had usurped her place, she had gradually taken a weighty but unviolent dislike.

The discovery of this came, not surprising her, on Christmas Day. The knowledge sank like a plummet, and at the same time she was thinking about the sleigh, connecting it with the smell of the barn on damp days, and she thought perhaps it had been drawn by the very animals who had been stabled there and had pervaded the timbers with their odor. There must have been much life within this house once—but long ago. The earth immediately behind the barn was said by everyone to be extremely rich because of the horses, although there had been none there for over fifty years. Thinking of this soil, which earlier she had eagerly sifted through her fingers, May now realized that she had no wish for the spring to come, no wish to plant a garden, and, branching out at random, she found she had no wish to see the sea again, or children, or favorite pictures, or even her own face on a happy day. For a minute or two, she was almost enraptured in this state of no desire, but then, purged swiftly of her cynicism, she knew it to be false, knew that actually she did have a desire—the desire for a desire. And now she felt that she was stationary in a whirlpool, and at the very moment she conceived the notion a bit of wind brought to the seat of the sleigh the final leaf from the elm tree that stood beside it. It crossed her mind that she might consider the wood of the sleigh in its juxtaposition to the living tree and to the horses, who, although they were long since dead, reminded her of their passionate, sweating, running life every time she went to the barn for firewood.

They sat this morning in the kitchen full of sun, and, speaking not to him but to the sleigh, to icicles, to the dark, motionless pine woods, she said, "I wonder if on a day like this they used to take the pastor home after lunch." Daniel gazed abstractedly at the bright-silver drifts beside the well and said nothing. Presently a wagon went past hauled by two oxen with bells on their yoke. This was the hour they always passed, taking to an unknown destination an aged man in a fur hat and an aged woman in a shawl. May and Daniel listened.

Suddenly, with impromptu anger, Daniel said, "What did you just say?"

"Nothing," she said. And then, after a pause, "It would be lovely at Jamaica Pond today."

He wheeled on her and pounded the

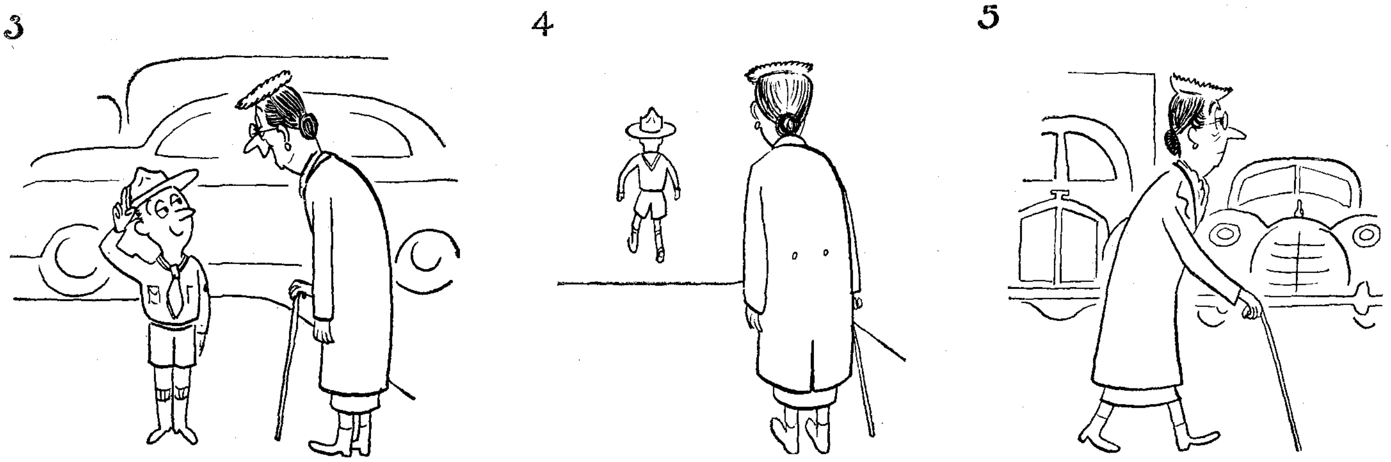


table with his fist. "I did not ask for this!" The color rose feverishly to his thin cheeks and his breath was agitated. "You are trying to make me sick again. It was wonderful, wasn't it, for you while I was gone?"

"Oh, no, no! Oh, no, Daniel, it was hell!"

"Then, by the same token, this must be heaven." He smiled, the professor catching out a student in a fallacy.

"Heaven." She said the word bitterly.

"Then why do you stay here?" he cried.

It was a cheap impasse, desolate, true, unfair. She did not answer him.

After a while he said, "I almost believe there's something you haven't told me."

She began to cry at once, blubbering across the table at him. "You have said that before. What am I to say? What have I done?"

He looked at her, impervious to her tears, without mercy and yet without contempt. "I don't know. But you've done something."

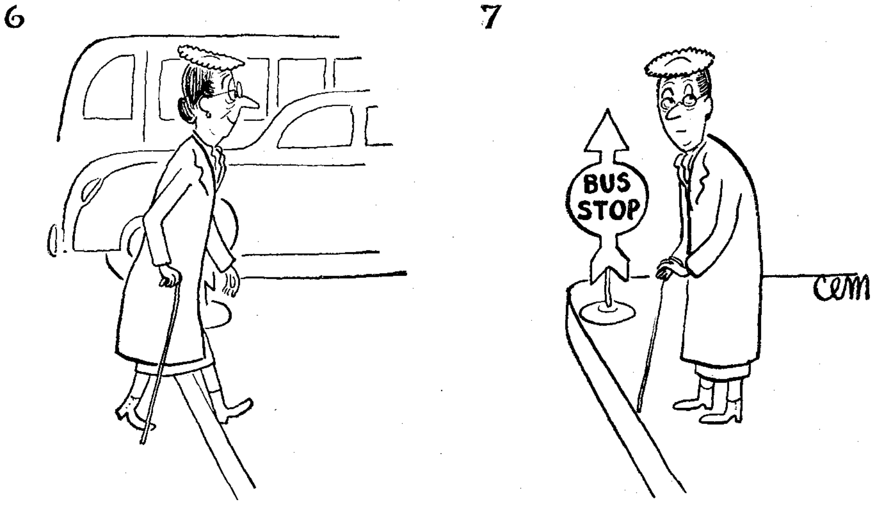
It was as if she were looking through someone else's scrambled closets and bureau drawers for an object that had not been named to her, but nowhere could she find her gross offense.

Domestically she asked him if he would have more coffee and he peremptorily refused and demanded, "Will you tell me why it is you must badger me? Is it a compulsion? Can't you control it? Are you going mad?"

FROM that day onward, May felt a certain stirring of life within her solitude, and now and again, looking up from a book to see if the damper on the stove was right, to listen to a rat renovating its house-within-a-house, to watch the belled oxen pass, she nursed her wound, hugged it, repeated his awful words exactly as he had said them, reproduced the way his wasted lips had looked and his bright, farsighted eyes. She could not read for long at any time, nor could she sew. She cared little now for planning changes in her house; she had meant to sand the painted floors to uncover the wood of the wide boards and she had imagined how the long, panelled windows of the drawing room would look when yellow velvet curtains hung there in the spring. Now, schooled by silence and indifference, she was immune to disrepair and to the damage done by the wind and snow, and she looked, as Daniel did, without dislike upon the old and nasty wallpaper and upon the shabby kitchen floor. One day, she knew that the sleigh would stay where it was so long as they stayed there. From every thought, she returned to her deep, bleeding injury. He had asked her if she were going mad.

She repaid him in the dark afternoons while he was closeted away in his study, hardly making a sound save when he added wood to his fire or paced a little, deep in thought. She sat at the kitchen table looking at the sleigh, and she gave Daniel insult for his injury by imagining a lover. She did not imagine his face, but she imagined his clothing, which would be costly and in the best of taste, and his manner, which would be urbane and anticipatory of her least whim, and his clever speech, and his adept courtship that would begin the moment he looked at the sleigh and said, "I must get rid of that for you at once." She might be a widow, she might be divorced, she might be committing adultery. Certainly there was no need to specify in an affair so securely legal. There was no need, that is, up to a point, and then the point came when she took in the fact that she not only believed in this lover but loved him and depended wholly on his companionship. She complained to him of Daniel and he consoled her; she told him stories of her girlhood, when she had gaily gone to parties, squired by boys her own age; she dazzled him sometimes with the wise comments she made on the books she read. It came to be true that if she so much as looked at the sleigh, she was weakened, failing with starvation.

Often, about her daily tasks of cooking food and washing dishes and tending the fires and shopping in the general store of the village, she thought she should watch her step, that it was this sort of thing that *did* make one go mad; for a while, then, she went back to



Daniel's question, sharpening its razor edge. But she could not corral her alien thoughts and she trembled as she bought split peas, fearful that the old men loafing by the stove could see the incubus of her sins beside her. She could not avert such thoughts when they rushed upon her sometimes at tea with one of the old religious ladies of the neighborhood, so that, in the middle of a conversation about a deaconess in Bath, she retired from them, seeking her lover, who came, faceless, with his arms outstretched, even as she sat up straight in a Boston rocker, even as she accepted another cup of tea. She lingered over the cake plates and the simple talk, postponing her return to her own house and to Daniel, whom she continually betrayed.

It was not long after she recognized her love that she began to wake up even before the dawn and to be all day quick to everything, observant of all the signs of age and eccentricity in her husband, and she compared him in every particular—to his humiliation, in her eyes—with the man whom now it seemed to her she had always loved at fever pitch.

Once when Daniel, in a rare mood, kissed her, she drew back involuntarily and he said gently, "I wish I knew what you had done, poor dear." He looked, as if for written words, in her face.

"You said you knew," she said, terrified.

"I do."

"Then why do you wish you knew?" Her baffled voice was high and frantic. "You don't talk sense!"

"I do," he said sedately. "I talk sense always. It is you who are oblique." Her eyes stole like a sneak to the sleigh. "But I wish I knew your motive," he said impartially.

For a minute, she felt that they were two maniacs answering each other questions that had not been asked, never touching the matter at hand because they did not know what the matter was. But in the next moment, when he turned back to her spontaneously and clasped her head between his hands and said, like a tolerant father, "I forgive you, darling, because you don't know how you persecute me. No one knows except the sufferer what this sickness is," she knew again, helplessly, that they were not harmonious even in their aberrations.

These days of winter came and went, and on each of them, after breakfast and as the oxen passed, he accused her of her concealed misdeed. She could no longer truthfully deny that she was guilty, for she was in love, and she heard the subterfuge in her own voice and felt the guilty fever in her veins.

VIEW FROM THE FOUNTAIN

Today it is spring in the city park:
Pigeons nod to the prams that pass;
Prodigal son and patriarch
(Sand sifting down in the hourglass)
Fill the benches, waiting for dark,
When their heads can rest on forbidden grass.
Today it is spring, but the days unfold
(Time is a restless fugitive);
They will sleep under newspapers when it grows cold,
With thanks for what little warmth they give.
A man can subsist if he's not too old
(Even the unemployed must live).

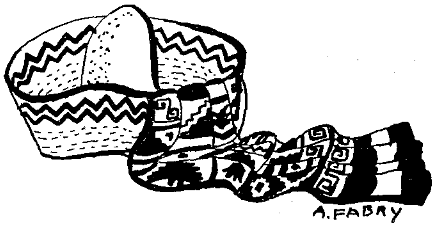
They will sleep under newspapers when it grows cold,
Prodigal son and patriarch,
With thanks for what little warmth they give;
A man can subsist if he's not too old.
Time is a restless fugitive;
Today it is spring in the city park.

—William H. Matchett

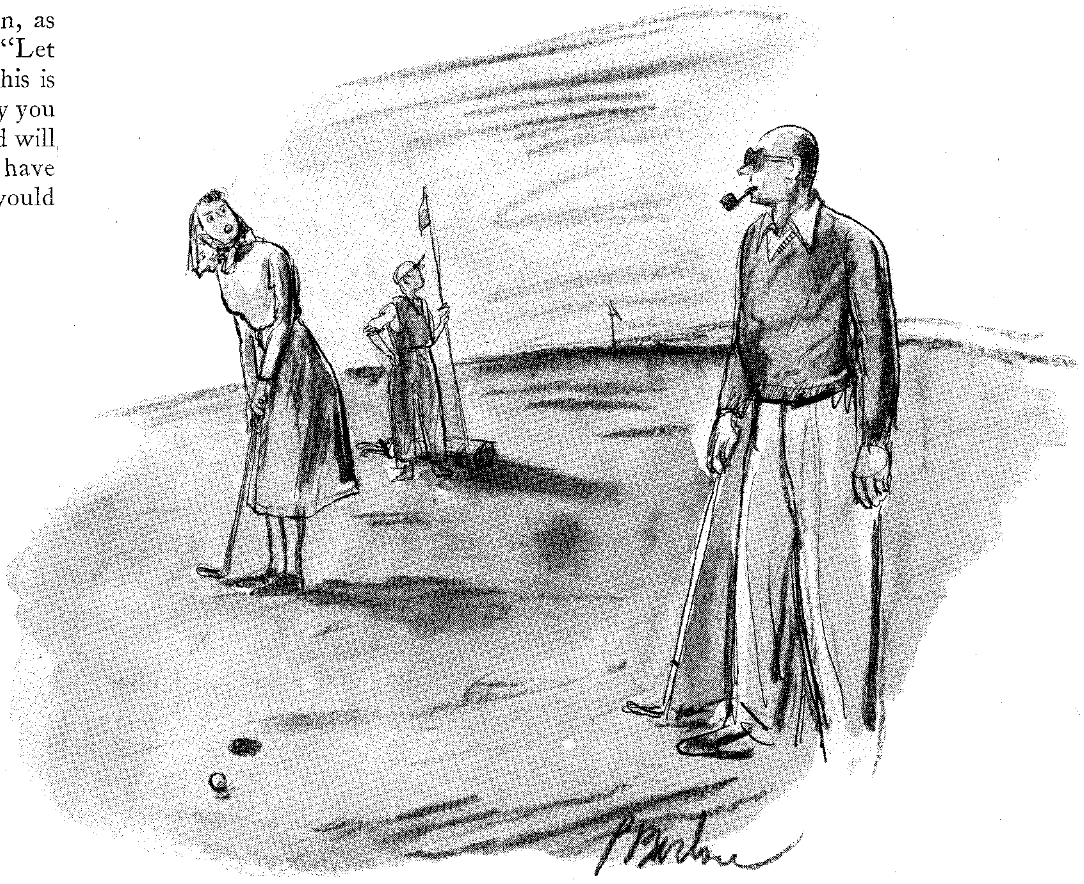
• •

Daniel knew it, too, and watched her. When she was alone, she felt her lover's presence protecting her—when she walked past the stiff spiraea, with icy cobwebs hung between its twigs, down to the lake, where the black, unmeasured water was hidden beneath a lid of ice; when she walked, instead, to the salt river to see the tar-paper shacks where the men caught smelt through the ice; when she walked in the dead dusk up the hill from the store, catching her breath the moment she saw the sleigh. But sometimes this splendid being mocked her when, freezing with fear of the consequences of her sin, she ran up the stairs to Daniel's room and burrowed her head in his shoulder and cried, "Come downstairs! I'm lonely, please come down!" But he would never come, and at last, bitterly, calmed by his calmly inquisitive regard, she went back alone and stood at the kitchen window, coyly half hidden behind the curtains.

For months she lived with her daily dishonor, rattled, ashamed, stubbornly clinging to her secret. But she grew more and more afraid when, oftener and oftener, Daniel said, "Why do you lie to me? What does this mood of yours mean?," and she could no longer sleep. In the raw nights, she lay straight beside him as he slept, and she stared at the ceiling, as bright as the snow it reflected, and tried not to think of the sleigh out there under the elm tree but could think only of it and of the man, her lover, who was connected with it somehow. She said to herself, as she listened to his breathing, "If I confessed to Daniel, he would understand that I was lonely and he would comfort me, saying, 'I am here, May. I shall never let you be lonely again.' " At these times, she was so separated from the world, so far removed from his touch and his voice, so solitary, that she would have sued a stranger for companionship. Daniel slept deeply, having no guilt to make him toss. He slept, indeed, so well that he never even heard the ditcher on snowy nights rising with a groan over the hill, flinging the snow from the road and warning of its approach by lights that first flashed red, then blue. As it passed their house, the hurled snow swashed like flames. All night she heard the squirrels adding up their nuts in the walls and heard the spirit of the house creaking and softly clicking upon the stairs and in the attics.



IN early spring, when the whippoorwills begged in the cattails and the marsh reeds, and the northern lights patinated the lake and the tidal river, and the stars were large, and the huge vine of Dutchman's-pipe had started to leaf out, May went to bed late. Each night she sat on the back steps waiting, hearing the snuffling of a dog as it high-tailed it for home, the single cry of a loon. Night after night, she waited for the advent of her rebirth while upstairs Daniel, who had spoken tolerantly of her vigils, slept, keeping his knowledge of her to himself. "A symptom," he



"*If you were any kind of a sportsman, you'd have conceded that putt.*"

• •

had said, scowling in concentration, as he remarked upon her new habit. "Let it run its course. Perhaps when this is over, you will know the reason why you torture me with these obsessions and will stop. You know, you may really have a slight disorder of the mind. It would be nothing to be ashamed of; you could go to a sanitarium."

One night, looking out the window, she clearly saw her lover sitting in the sleigh. His hand was over his eyes and his chin was covered by a red silk scarf. He wore no hat and his hair was fair. He was tall and his long legs stretched indolently along the floorboard. He was younger than she had imagined him to be and he seemed rather frail, for there was a delicate pallor on his high, intelligent forehead and there was an invalid's languor in his whole attitude. He wore a white blazer and gray flannels and there was a yellow rosebud in his lapel. Young as he was, he did not, even so, seem to belong to her generation; rather, he seemed to be the reincarnation of someone's uncle as he had been fifty years before. May did not move until he vanished, and then, even though she knew now that she was truly bedevilled, the only emotion she had was bashfulness, mingled with doubt; she was not sure, that is, that he loved her.

That night, she slept a while. She lay near to Daniel, who was smiling in the moonlight. She could tell that the sleep she would have tonight would be as heavy as a coma, and she was aware of the moment she was overtaken.

She was in a canoe in a meadow of water lilies and her lover was tranquilly taking the shell off a hard-boiled egg. "How intimate," he said, "to eat an egg with you." She was nervous lest the canoe tip over, but at the same time she was charmed by his wit and by the way he lightly touched her shoulder with the varnished paddle.

"May? May? I love you, May."

"Oh!," enchanted, she heard her voice replying. "Oh, I love you, too!"

"The winter is over, May. You must forgive the hallucinations of a sick man."

She woke to see Daniel's fair, pale head bending toward her. "He is old! He is ill!" she thought, but through her tears, to deceive him one last time, she cried, "Oh, thank God, Daniel!"

He was feeling cold and wakeful and he asked her to make him a cup of tea; before she left the room, he kissed her hands and arms and said, "If I am ever sick again, don't leave me, May."

Downstairs, in the kitchen, cold with shadows and with the obtrusion of dawn, she was belabored by a chill. "What time is it?" she said aloud, although she did not care. She remembered, not for any reason, a day when she and Daniel had stood in the yard last October wondering whether they should cover the chimneys that would not be used and he decided that they should not, but he had said, "I hope no birds get trapped." She had replied, "I thought they all left at about this time for the South," and he had answered, with an unintelligible reproach in his voice, "The starlings stay." And she remembered, again for no reason, a day when, in pride and excitement, she had burst into the house crying, "I saw an ermine. It was terribly poised and let me watch it quite a while." He had said categorically, "There are no ermines here."

She had not protested; she had sighed as she sighed now and turned to the window. The sleigh was livid in this light and no one was in it; nor had anyone been in it for many years. But at that moment the blacksmith's cat came guardedly across the dewy field and climbed into it, as if by careful plan, and curled up on the seat. May prodded the clinkers in the stove and started to the barn for kindling. But she thought of the cold and the damp and the smell of the horses, and she did not go but stood there, holding the poker and leaning upon it as if it were an umbrella. There was no place warm to go. "What time is it?" she whimpered, heartbroken, and moved the poker, stroking the lion foot of the fireless stove.

She knew now that no change would come, and that she would never see her lover again. Confounded utterly, like an orphan in solitary confinement, she went outdoors and got into the sleigh. The blacksmith's imperturbable cat stretched and rearranged his position, and May sat beside him with her hands locked tightly in her lap, rapidly wondering over and over again how she would live the rest of her life.

—JEAN STAFFORD

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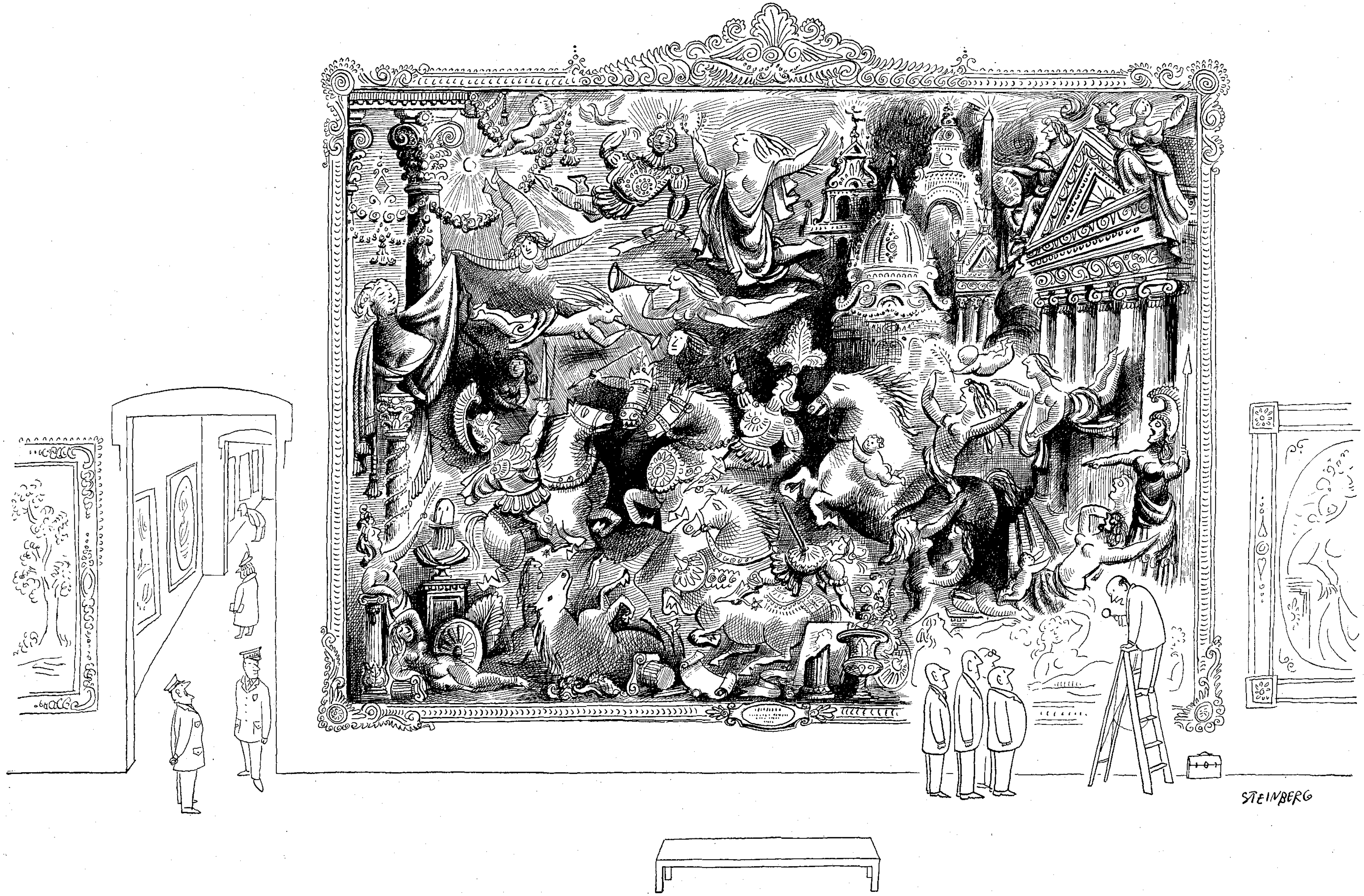
John Roosevelt flew from California to the Stork Club on Monday.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Let's see, Fifty-third Street is westbound; he must have circled.



"Gentlemen, it's a fake."

PERVERSE NEWS ITEMS

Mauch Chunk, Pa.—Awakening at three o'clock this morning, Havelock McTavish, of 137 Anthracite Boulevard, smelled smoke and heard a crackling noise. He hastened downstairs and discovered the kitchen ablaze. With great presence of mind, he ran to the basement, where his Irish setter, Brunhild, was sleeping, and barked at her until she awoke. Dog and master then fled to safety. But for Mr. McTavish's barking, Brunhild might well have perished in the blaze that gutted the McTavish residence.

New York City—What Magistrate Franklin R. Jones characterized as one of the most shocking cases he had encountered in three months on the bench came before him yesterday when Philibert Margotson, Jr., 4, of 1437¼ Shubert Alley, appeared for arraignment. The tot had been arrested at his home on complaint of neighbors who heard his father crying for help. The elder Margotson revealed evidences of a severe thrashing when he appeared in court. His back was covered with welts and both his eyes were blackened.

Magistrate Jones bitterly excoriated young Margotson for his cruel treatment of his parent and sentenced him to a year in the kindergarten of a progressive school. Sentence was suspended on the youth's promise to be kinder to his father in the future.

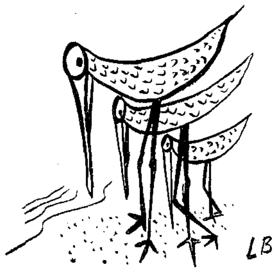
Prides Crossing, Mass.—As a commando in the Waves during the war, Miss Dora Spenlow received a thorough course in judo as part of her training. Last night, she awoke to find a burglar in her room. When the burglar levelled a revolver at her and warned her not to make a sound, she decided that discretion was the better part of judo and remained perfectly quiet while he got away with her purse, which contained $3.29 in cash, half a movie ticket, a ruptured cigarette, three sticks of gum, two compacts, a horoscope from a weighing machine, nine bobby pins, several samples of dress material, a receipted bill, an old gumdrop, a shopping list, a chipped aspirin tablet, a recipe for *vichyssoise* from Clementine Paddleford's column, and a picture of Gregory Peck.

Round Lake, N.Y.—While hunting in the woods near here, George Roonan, a trapper, came upon three baby skunks whose mother had apparently been killed. Moved by their plight, Roonan took the little fellows home and placed them behind the kitchen stove, beside Mercedes, the family cat. Mercedes took one look at them, spat malevolently, stalked out of the house, and hasn't been back since.

Ames, Iowa—A frolicsome kitten cavorting in the yard of 22 Hedy Lamarr Terrace scrambled up to a high crotch of an elm tree yesterday afternoon, and after it had been there four hours, a neighbor, moved by its plaintive cries, telephoned the Fire Department. "The devil take that kitten, Madam," Battalion Chief John T. Landry replied. "I think I speak for every fireman in the country when I say that we are tired of rescuing trapped kittens and other fauna from trees and such places when we ought to be standing by to answer fire alarms." After another hour, the kitten climbed down the way it had climbed up.

Ossining, N.Y.—Ten years ago, August Snats, 37, also known to police as the Artful Dodger, the Amateur Cracksman, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, and the Gowanus Gonif, was arrested for the holdup of the 4-Square Bar & Grill, on Joralemon Street, Brooklyn. At his trial, he pleaded not guilty, claiming that at the time of the holdup he had been attending matins in St. Asaph's Cathedral, on Kosciusko Street. Twelve customers who were in the bar at the time, however, identified him as the bandit, and he was found guilty.

The Parole Board and Governor T. E. Dewey will be relieved to learn that after serving ten years of his sentence, Snats is still guilty. Says so himself. "I ain't the victim of no miscarriage of justice," he chuckled yesterday. "I done it, all right, all right."



Frostbite, N.Y.—While driving from Ticonderoga to Albany yesterday, A. P. Scoggins, well-known acorn dealer of this city, was accosted by two young men who asked for a lift to Glens Falls, telling him that they were going there in search of jobs. Mr. Scoggins obliged and the pair got into the back of the car. When Mr. Scoggins reached a secluded stretch of the highway, he stopped suddenly, pulled a gun on the astonished youths, relieved them of $340, forced them out of the car, and drove off.

Mr. Scoggins was apprehended at Holcomb Landing, near here, last night and was identified by Nils Saroyan and Robert J. McNamara, the youths he had robbed.

"Beats me," commented Police Chief John W. Laughlin, of Holcomb Landing.

Bangor, Maine—Two police officers, in a radio car, and an ambulance surgeon who responded at three o'clock this morning to a telephone call from Mrs. Oriane de Guermantes, of 62 Proust Mews, were told by her that, suffering from a cold, she had awakened and, without turning on the light, had groped among several medicine bottles on her bedside table and swallowed two pills from one of them. "And, would you believe it, boys," she added, "those pills I grabbed were the *right* ones! If I am not mistaken, this has never happened before in the annals of American journalism. I am so happy at this distinction that I simply couldn't wait until morning to tell you about it." The surgeon and the officers congratulated Mrs. de Guermantes and thanked her warmly for letting them be the first to know.

Pass Christian, Miss.—Miss Currer Bell, of this city, has a rather unusual quintet of pets: a parrot, a white mouse, a Manx cat, a Chihuahua, and a Great Dane named Lorelei. All of them hate each other, and Miss Bell has to keep each in a separate room, else none would survive, except possibly Lorelei.

"I'm contented," declared Miss Bell. "I saw so many news photographs of fancy assortments of pets fondling each other in defiance of every law of Nature and the jungle I thought I'd get me a set that acted normally."

Hanover, N.H.—Little Buddy Grimson, of this town, is considered by newspaper readers of New England to be a rather amazing two-year-old. His father is a bar-bell expert and his mother was for two years lacrosse champion of the Daisy League (Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Skidmore, Bennington, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and the Brearley School), but little Bud is totally unprecocious physically and quite unable thus far to chin himself on a trapeze or balance himself on his mother's head. He spends most of his time reading.

—Frank Sullivan

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHERE THE GRASS, THEY SAY, IS BLUE

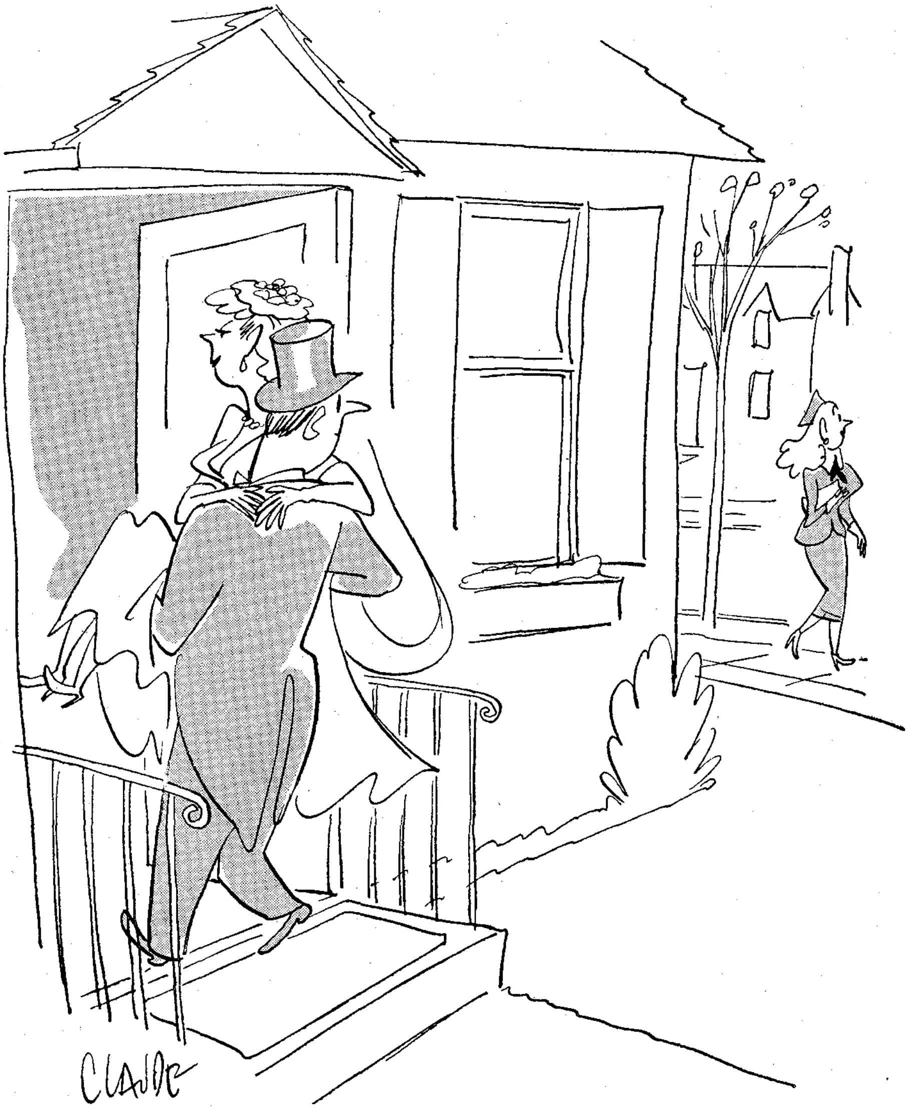
LIKE many other people who have a durable fondness for betting small sums on horse races, I have always been quite remote from the horses themselves. Occasionally, I do see them at the race tracks, but even then it is from some distance. Gradually, over the years, I have been forming the ambition to close this gap between the horses and me. So this April I packed a bag and went down to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, the heart of the horse country, to visit for a couple of weeks. I chose April because more race horses are born in that month than in any other. Since my aim was to make the personal acquaintance of the runners, I might as well begin at the beginning, I thought.

Animals were to be the focal point of this holiday, and, by chance, an animal became the topic of talk on my train journey to Lexington, Kentucky. It was not, however, a horse but a chimpanzee—a chimpanzee of uncommon aptitudes. The train, the George Washington, had just sauntered into the State of Kentucky when I found myself in the smoking compartment listening to the conductor, who had no duties to perform at the moment. It is noticeable that tongues are loosened by the vibration of trains, and the conductor was chummily conversational. "I've been on this train, Number One, for years," he said. "Funny things happen on it. Like the time the fellow I took over from for the night run, another conductor, never told me anything about what was in the baggage car. Never said a word. I went into the baggage car to sit down and eat my lunch that I always bring from home. Well, sir, I was sitting there eating the lunch and all of a sudden I looked down and there's a kind of a big chimpanzee sitting beside the crate I was on. He was looking up at me as calm and as natural as you please. About four feet tall, he was. Very quiet. Sitting there watching me eat. By that time, I had reached what you might call the dessert course, and I was eating a banana. This damn ape could almost talk. I wasn't the least bit afraid of him. He practically told me, the way he looked at me, that he could use a little lunch, too. So I handed him another banana I had, and he sat there and peeled it and ate it exactly the way he saw me do it. The two of us sat there like old buddies, having our lunch in the dead of the night. I had a cup of tea and poured him one, in a paper cup. He held the paper cup of tea without squashing it and he looked up between sips like he was thanking me.

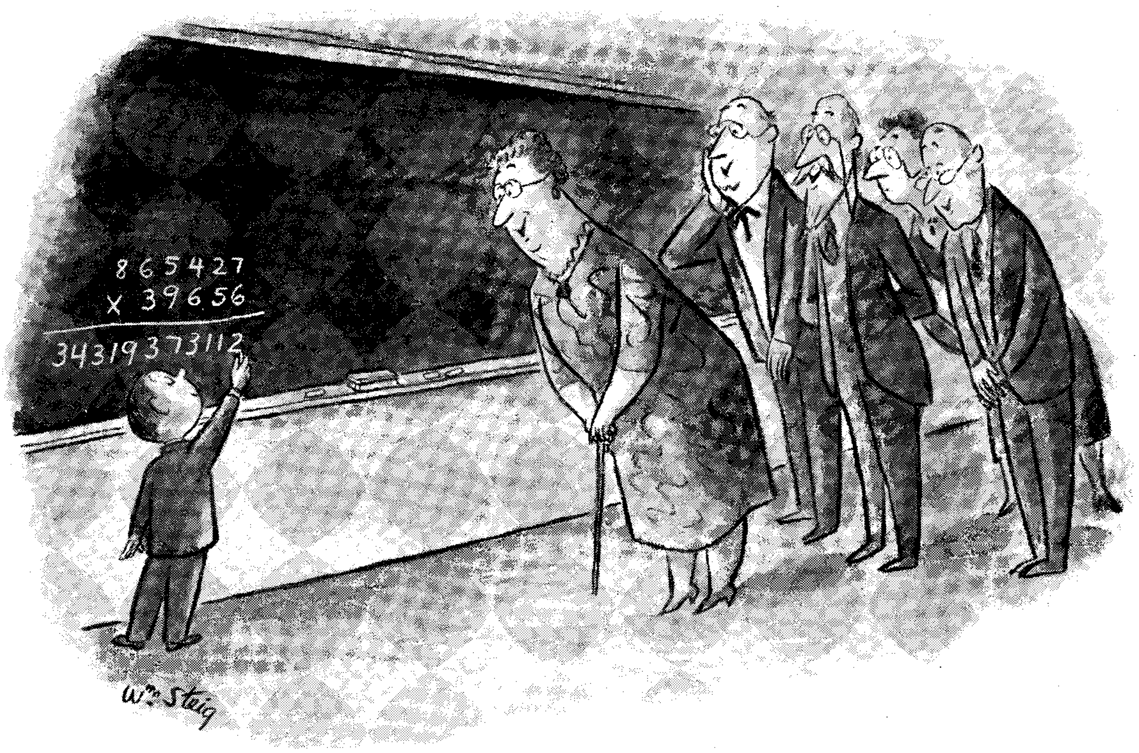
"We finished our lunch, me and the ape, and I still had nothing to do. Some baggage cars got iron bars running along the walls. For fun, I went over and began grabbing the bars on the wall, walking the length of the car grabbing one bar after another. I used to see monkeys swinging from bars in the zoo up at Cincinnati, and I wondered if he'd get the idea. He sure did get it. I unloosened the leash around his neck, and, sure as you're born, over he went—jumped up and grabbed a bar on the wall. In a jiffy, he went swinging down from one end of the car to the other, never touching the floor. I swear to God it was just like he was saying, 'If this is what you're trying to do, old man, here's the way to do it. You're doing it like a rank amateur.'

"He was a family pet of some rich New Yorkers that were passengers. They were taking him to Hot Springs with them. I had to go back through the train once in a while, doing my work. I'd fasten the leash each time I left and unfasten it when I came back. Each time, the monk would show me how to swing on bars. He seemed very disappointed that I didn't catch on to the trick and go galumphing along the wall like him.

"Him and me had a very pleasant night in the baggage car. At odd times that night, I got the notion that I was showing him how to be a man, like showing him how to eat, and at the same time he was showing me how to be a chimpanzee, like showing me how to swing on bars. Neither one of us made much headway winning the other over, but it made quite a night."



ANY man who lives on East Seventy-second Street, as I do, has a black curse on him if he is habit-



DREAMS OF GLORY

Lightning Calculator

ually unable to sleep after five-thirty or six o'clock in the morning, because this is an unusual affliction in the city and the man is therefore bound to be lonesome by seven o'clock, since he has nobody to talk to. In Lexington, however, a man finds early rising a pleasure. As a chronic early riser, I certainly found my first morning in Lexington to be just that. I was stopping at the Lafayette Hotel. Up at five-thirty, I dressed and went down to the lobby, where a large oil painting of Sweep, the famed race horse and sire, hangs over the reception desk. In fact, paintings of horses adorn every wall in the Lafayette lobby. It seems a fitting décor, because Lexington has no other industry to compete in size and interest with the business of breeding, raising, racing, and selling Thoroughbreds. (So respected is the running horse in the Blue Grass region that "thoroughbred" is invariably spelled there with a capital "T.") That first morning, I found three Kentucky horsemen seated under a blown-up photograph of a fiery stallion, the great Bull Dog. The men had presumably breakfasted, although it was not yet six, and had already begun their day's chatting. It was about horses and kindred subjects, naturally. All three men were in their sixties, surely, and obviously healthier than many a twenty-year-old. Their complexions were brown, clean, and seasoned; the texture of their skin made me think that they had washed every day for years with saddle soap. They had keen eyes, with wrinkles around them, no doubt the result of their having laughed a lot in their time, and of their having squinted a lot as they peered across broad country paddocks or into the distant reaches of race tracks. I could not resist sitting within eavesdropping distance of them for a few minutes before going out for my coffee. (The dining room doesn't open until the leisurely hour of 7 A.M.)

"Man alive, grass is the most important thing in the world!" one of the men said. "Ain't nothing anywheres near as important as grass, Jody."

"Maybe," the man called Jody answered. "But I can't eat it. No, Jud, I can't eat it."

"Course you can't eat it," Jud said. "Neb'ch'nezzar in the Bible got down and started nibbling on it and they damn near put him away for doing it. Just the same, Jody, grass is pretty important to you. Ever stop to think what a cow is, Jody?"

"What's cows got to do with it?" Jody asked. "We're talking horses, ain't we?"

"Let me tell you something, Jody," Jud said. "A cow ain't nothing but a machine that makes you and me able to eat grass. That's an idea stuck in my craw ever since I read it somewheres. You can't eat grass. All right, a cow can eat grass, and plenty of it. So the cow eats the grass and turns it into beef and turns it into milk, and we eat the beef and we drink the milk, don't we? Cow ain't nothing but a machine that makes grass fit for us people to eat. Listen to me, Jody, and you're bound to learn something every day."

"All I just learnt is cows eat grass and I eat meat," said Jody. "I knew that long ago."

"I'm proving to you grass is the most important thing in the world," Jud said.

"Mightn't be most important in the whole world," Jody said, "but Lexington, Kentucky, sure would be in one hell of a fix without it. That I *do* know."

LATER that morning, I went out to the Coldstream Stud Farm, which is a few miles from Lexington, on Newtown Pike. Coldstream was the main objective of my trip. Before leaving New York, I had arranged to spend most of my time there. One of the first subjects I took up with Charles A. Kenney, Coldstream's manager, was grass, and especially Kentucky grass.

"The Blue Grass country really consists of a thirty- or thirty-five-mile circle centering around Lexington," Mr. Kenney told me. "We figure it's the best grass there is for raising Thoroughbreds, or any other kind of horse. Suitable to their stomachs and the ground is full of limestone, which puts calcium in the grass and makes good bones. Got more vitamins in it than you can shake a stick at, too."

"It looks thoroughly green to me," I said. "I've often wondered why they call it blue grass. Now that I'm walking through it, I wonder all the more."

"Everybody does, including me," said my host. "And I've been looking at it all my life. They do say, though, that a certain time of summer, when there's a kind of tiny, pinhead-size blossom on it, there's a bluish tinge to it. That is, if the wind is blowing it at just the right angle and the sunlight is striking it just exactly right. Between the two of us, it always looks mighty green to me, except when it's brown in the late fall and winter. You've got to have special Kentucky eyes to see it blue, and I reckon I haven't got them."

As we walked around that morning, getting a preliminary view of Coldstream, Mr. Kenney told me a few things about himself and the place. He is a tall, strongly built man, of pleasant manner and wide vocabulary, with an easy courtesy in his friendliness—a gift I later found not at all exceptional in the Blue Grass country. Mr. Kenney was born forty-eight years ago in Paris, which is in Bourbon County, about eighteen miles from Lexington. (The prevalence of French place names is conspicuous in this region. The town of Versailles—pronounced "Versales"—is only a short distance from Lexington.) Coldstream is owned by a man in his early thirties—the only man I met in Kentucky who can sport four initials. He is Elmer Ellsworth Dale Shaffer—pronounced "Shay-fer"—and the farm was left to him by his father, a Pennsylvanian who made his fortune in gas and oil in the West. Coldstream is about nine hundred acres, on which there are no fewer than eight barns; the farm is divided into dozens of fenced fields, or paddocks, each serving a specific purpose in the plan of operation, which calls for, among other things, raising thirty-five to forty baby race horses every year. These, of course, are in addition to the yearlings—"last year's crop," they are called—and the mares, numbering forty-five or so, and the six or eight stallions that constitute the rest of the farm's Thoroughbred population. Then, too, there is a herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle. "It's good stock but doesn't pretend to be prize stock," Mr. Kenney said. At the time of my visit, the herd numbered exactly a hundred. "And, oh, yes, I almost forgot," he said. "We also raise about two hundred turkeys every year. We give most of those away at Christmas to friends, from one end of the country to the other." In the world of horses, "from one end of the country to the other" means from Santa Anita, in California, to Belmont Park, in New York, to Hialeah Park, in Florida, with all the eighty or ninety race tracks in between.

A breeding farm the size of Coldstream costs between $250,000 and $300,000 a year to operate. It is not nearly the largest farm of its kind in the Blue Grass, but, as I gathered from various people during my visit, it is a farm with an enviable reputation. Its live produce is of the best, I was told by Kentuckians, and in support of this, they pointed out that last year Coldstream sold seventeen yearlings at public auction for a total of $228,208. The average price was $13,424, one of the highest averages in the country. Unlike certain other breeding farms, some of them larger, Coldstream is a paying proposition. Some of the others are rich men's pastimes, operating at annual losses of a half million or more. Coldstream has not always run a racing stable, but nowadays it does. It races nothing but fillies, and is the only stable of its size in the country to do so.

HEAVY HEAVY HEAVY

Who winds the clumsy flower clock now, I wonder,
And opens the minaret in Waterworks Park
For bird's-eye views of captive fern and reindeer?
"Heavy heavy heavy hangs over thy head,"
The flower clock said,
"What shall ye do to redeem it?"

Do conch shells hum in shingled bungalows
Where stop-streets subdivide eternity?
Has the crutch bloomed in St. Bartholomew's?
Crazy as preachers, running all night long,
I wonder if streetcars still go off their trolleys,
Trailing brimstone, tolling cling and clang?
"Heavy heavy heavy hangs over thy head,"
The trolley car said,
"What shall ye do to redeem it?"

And there were sea gulls that far from the sea!
Once, I recall, on the soft river air,
Like a hovering Holy Ghost, one talked to me.
It was a night in spring, when ice floes rolled
Like foggy castles in the melting rain.
"Heavy heavy heavy hangs over thy head,"
The ice floe said,
"What shall ye do to redeem it?"

I called it my home town, I guess, although
Constantinople seems more plausible.
I wonder if the night-shift lights still glow
Like sea fires in a shipwrecked neighborhood.
I wonder if some still-eyed ten-year-old
Goes sidewise on the sea floor as I did.
"Heavy heavy heavy hangs over thy head,"
The night lights said,
"What shall ye do to redeem it?"

Must time so rage behind that I still go
Face-down forever toward some small event?
And does my echo know what once I knew?
"Heavy heavy heavy hangs over thy head,"
The echo, echoing, said,
"What shall ye do to redeem it?"

—John Malcolm Brinnin

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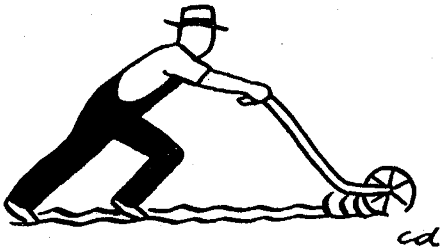


One thing that I was determined to see while I was in Kentucky was the very earliest hours in the life of a race horse, and I told Mr. Kenney so.

"That's not too much to ask," he said, "even if these mares don't always coöperate with us in the matter of foaling. Most foals are born during the night—did you know that?"

"No," I said. "I don't know anything about it, tell the truth."

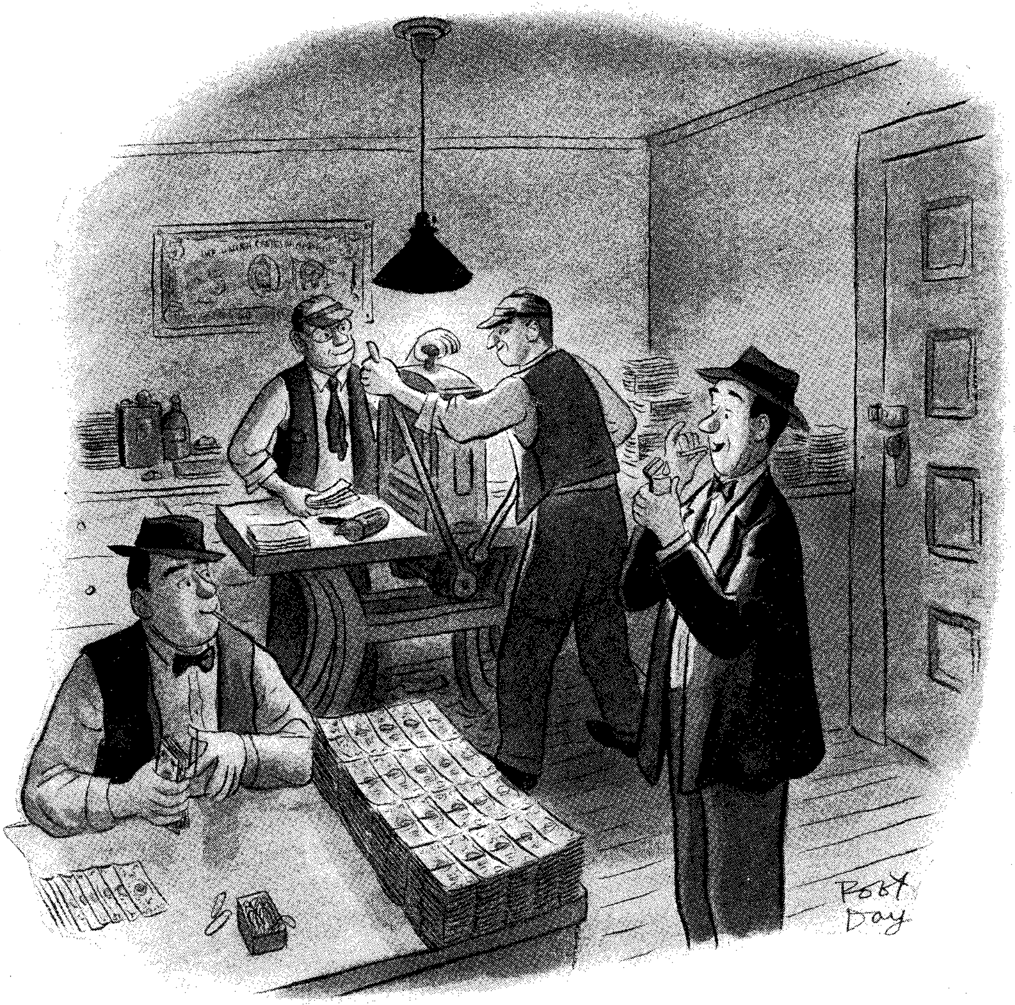
"Well, it's so," Mr. Kenney said. "I've often thought about that fact, and I reckon it's something that goes back centuries and centuries—thousands of centuries. As far back, maybe, as when a horse was an eohippus and was only about eleven inches high. It was advantageous to give birth in the dark of the night, I figure, because then the mare's enemies wouldn't have so much chance of catching her and her baby at a bad time."

"That could be," I said.

"Anyway," he said, "Herbert Barnes, our foaling man, will let us know about the mare we have closest to foaling time. That's Fille d'Orlean. She's an American mare, but several of her ancestors had French names. And, by the way, that Orlean is spelled without an 's' on it. Ought to have an 's,' but, as you probably know, the rules for naming race horses allow only fourteen characters and spaces in a name, so we chopped the 's' off."

"Well, how soon is she going to have a foal?" I asked.

"Any time now," Mr. Kenney replied. "The sire is Goya II, a pretty famous French horse. We have good hopes for this foal. Hope he's a colt."



"Boy, is local retail spending in for a shot in the arm!"

THAT very night, at the Lafayette, I got a phone call from Mr. Kenney. It was about ten-thirty. "The foaling man just phoned me to come over," he said. "That mare's about ready to have her foal, he says. I'll come into town and pick you up, if you'd like." I told him I'd wait for him in the lobby.

As Mr. Kenney and I rode out along Newtown Pike through the quiet night, there wasn't much talk. We were taking in the lovely cleanliness of the miles of white fences, immaculate stripes against the darkness of the fields beyond. I looked at them happily as a stranger, Mr. Kenney with the familiar liking for a land he had known all his life. (Those white fences are a badge of the Blue Grass region. Later on, I was told that one farm, Calumet, spends at least thirty thousand dollars a year on painting alone, to pridefully maintain the beauty, as well as the usefulness, of fences and barns.) And as we rode the four miles or so to Coldstream, I mused on how far this experience—a nighttime ride to be present at the birth of a racer who, at best, will not be seen at the tracks until 1952—was from standing out of the rain in a doorway on Second Avenue conferring somewhat stealthily with a bookmaker over a two-buck bet on Mangohick in the fourth at Belmont.

One of the barns at Coldstream is a foaling barn, and it was brightly lighted when we arrived. Ordinarily, it is lighted only dimly at night; on this occasion, it had a festive brilliance—the kind one might imagine a castle would have on the night a royal heir is to be born. "Let's go inside and see the foaling man," Mr. Kenney said as we got out of his car. A big red dog named Coldstream greeted us at the door of the barn. When we reached the stall of Fille d'Orlean, on the half door of which was a typewritten card bearing her name—along with Goya II's—Mr. Kenney glanced in, then turned to me and said, "Look!" Over the half door I had my first sight of a newborn Thoroughbred.

"It's a colt, Mr. Kenney, sir," said Mr. Barnes, the foaling man, who was standing with watchful and kindly eyes in a corner of the big stall, ankle deep in straw.

"Just how old is he now?" I asked.

"Let me see," said Mr. Barnes, taking a thick, old-fashioned gold watch out of a pocket of his white jumper. "Now it's eleven-forty-two. He was foaled at eleven-thirty. He's twelve minutes old. Fine, big colt, isn't he?"

The baby was lying in the deep straw, close to his mother, who was also lying down. To me, he looked strikingly beautiful—never mind the gauntness of his body, the incredibly stiltlike legs. He seemed all legs, face, and eyes. He was lying where his mother, without rising or even moving very much, could turn her head, stick out her tongue, and lick his face and neck, smoothing down his coat, which was awry.

"At this point," Mr. Kenney said, smiling, "I often wonder if the mother knew ahead of time what it was all about. Or does the whole thing come as a delightful surprise?"

The colt looked inquisitive but sleepy. In answer to my questions, Mr. Barnes said that the birth had been an easy one, both for the mare and for him. "I didn't need to help her hardly at all," he said. "I'm waiting now for the colt to get up. Often, they're on their feet before this—sometimes less than ten minutes after they're born. Usually fall down the first time they try it, but they make another try at it in a couple of minutes. Second try, they usually make it."

I had never seen Fille d'Orlean race, but while keeping her company there in front of the stall, I could well imagine her—sleek, shiny, keyed-up, in racing trim—as she must have looked mincing to the post. Now she was before us in the far different role of mother. She was tired, fat, still weak, and serenely full of concern for the small colt leggily sprawled so near her, close enough to feel the warmth of her breath and her caressing, reassuring tongue.

The baby was forty minutes old before he decided to try to get on his feet. At ten minutes after midnight, we watched him most awkwardly unlimber those bony, disobedient forelegs and plant two small, perfectly formed hoofs on the floor. Then we saw him adventurously arrange the two rear hoofs in similar manner and get up. For an instant, he wavered. But he was for that instant triumphantly on his pins, in brave ridiculousness. Then he tumbled into the straw, unhurt, and our friendly laughter was one of the first sounds he heard in the big world.

A minute or two passed, and then he was up again. It was amazing, the skill he had acquired in his single previous try. This time, he stayed up, looking around him cautiously to be certain that the process of getting up had not removed him too far from that warm, protective body of which he had been a part only an hour before. The colt remained standing for ten minutes or more, once in a while taking a few tentative steps around the stall, nearly always with an eye on his mother.

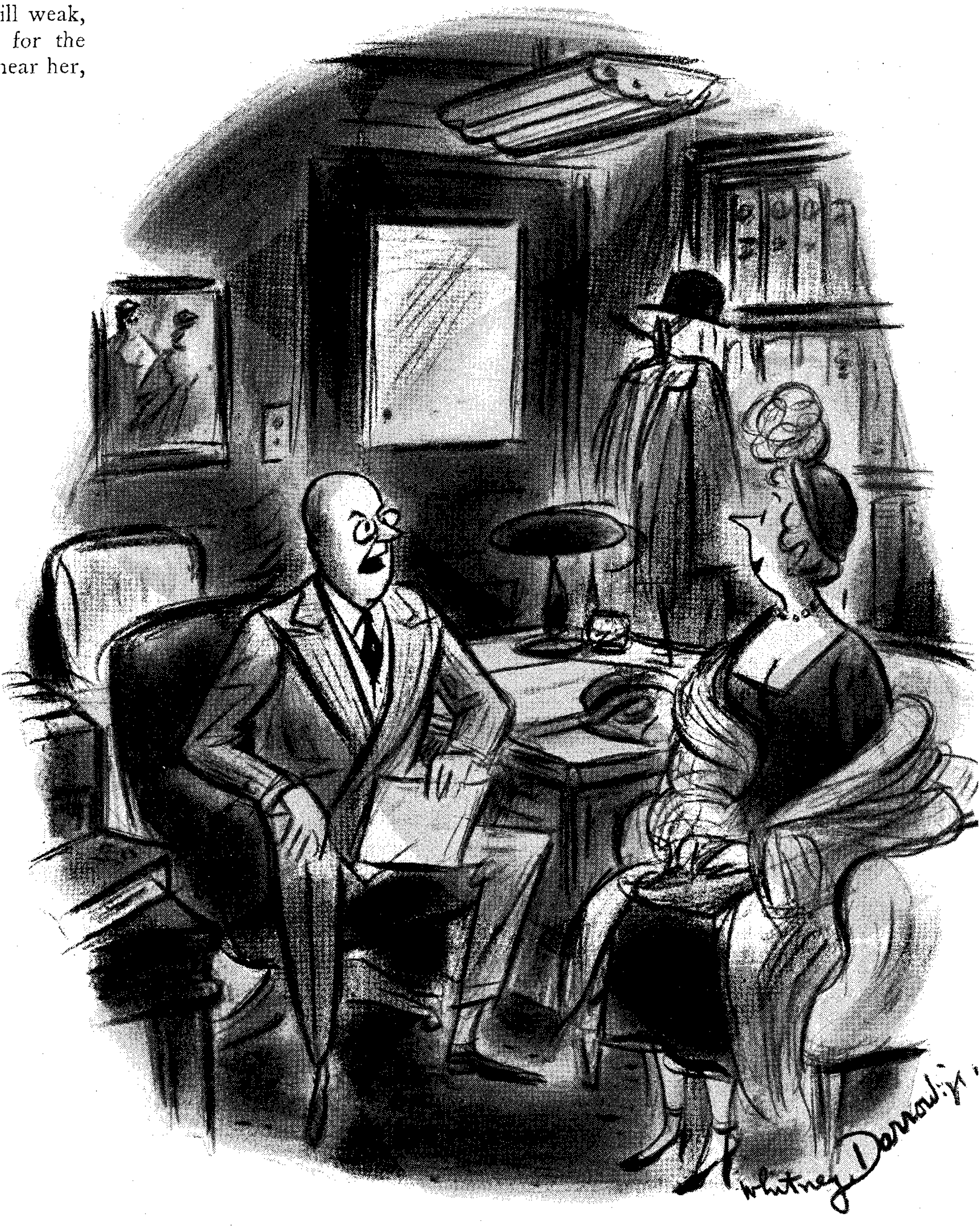
"How much do they weigh, as a rule?" I asked Mr. Kenney.

"I don't know," he answered. "How much does a foal weigh, Barnes?"

"Mr. Kenney, sir, I don't know either," the foaling man answered. "Never have weighed a foal, and I've been a foaling man for more than twenty-five years. Too much else to do at this stage of the game to fool around weighing 'em."

The newborn son of Goya II and Fille d'Orlean seemed to grow handsomer as he moved around. Awkward though he was, there was a graceful flow to his movements. He was a fine, healthy colt, and his color was a sort of tawny chestnut. Down the center of his face was a broad white streak—a blaze, it's called. The white terminated in a point, distinctly decorative, between his nostrils, which were wide. I made a remark about the blaze.

Mr. Kenney had been sizing up, with expert eye, every feature of the colt, and seemed more than satisfied with his appearance. "That's good, those big nostrils," he told me. "They can scoop up plenty of air. A day will come when this little fellow will be rac-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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ing down the stretch—I hope—and he'll need plenty of air in his lungs. Let's go and have some coffee."

As we started off for a small room farther down the barn, from which came the smell of fresh coffee cutting through the unforgettable odors of a racing barn—hay, medicine, ammonia, the sweat of animals—the little colt lay down. I glanced back at him, and his eyes were closed as if he were going to sleep. He'd been up and around, and, after all, there wasn't much to see in a world made up of just one stall.

AT six the next morning, when I went down to the lobby of the Lafayette, the three mellow horsemen were again in their cozy corner. What was more noteworthy, they were again, or possibly still, talking grass. This time, it was the one called Jody who was holding forth, and the long-talking Jud was listening.

"Limestone, limestone, limestone!" said Jody petulantly. "I'm sick and tired of hearing about limestone in the grass. Dammit, if they was nothing in the grass but this here limestone, the stuff would be white. Wouldn't be green, or blue, or yellow with pink polka dots, or anything else. It'd be white."

"There's other things in it besides limestone," Jud said, with surprising meekness.

"But all you hear about is the damned limestone," Jody asserted. "For me, I figure they must be plenty of limestone in the water, and it's the water around here that makes the bourbon so good. So I figure I'll get my share of limestone in the whiskey. Best way to get it."

"Listen, Jody," said Jud. "You said at breakfast you weren't feeling so good this morning. And I noticed you were giving that bourbon a good going over yesterday."

"Now, now!" Jody said. "It wasn't the bourbon made me feel a little off-color this morning. I know what happened to me. What I done last night is run into a batch of stale ice cubes. That's what done it, stale ice cubes."

AT breakfast, I kept thinking back to Mr. Kenney's remark that nearly all foals are born during the nighttime. It had not taken long in Lexington to learn that when a person there is wondering about any facts or statistics having to do with Thoroughbreds, the thing to do is go and ask Mr. J. A. Estes. Of Mr. Estes, a scholarly graduate of the University of Kentucky and now contributing editor and research director of the *Blood-Horse*, a learned

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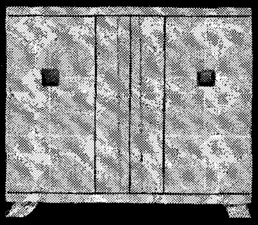

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magazine published weekly in Lexington, a Kentucky acquaintance had said to me, "I honestly believe that if you went up to Joe Estes and asked him how many bay horses with three white feet had won six-furlong races on Thursday afternoons during 1934, he wouldn't blink an eye but would give you an answer without even looking it up." So I was not in the least astonished at the readiness of Mr. Estes' reply when I went to his office and asked him about the hours when foals are born. "It so happens that I made a study of that back in 1935," he said. "We'll look it up in the magazine." The Estes study covered the birth of three hundred and seventy-six foals. The figures showed that the vast majority of these were born during what Mr. Estes calls the "dark hours;" that is, between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. "To be exact," said the great figure man, "of the foals I tabulated, 83.22 per cent were born in that period. Between 7 P.M. and midnight, 55.7 per cent were born. The peak hour was between 9 P.M. and 10 P.M., for which the figure is 13.03 per cent. The smallest number were born between noon and 6 P.M. None of the 376 was born during the hour between 2 P.M. and 3 P.M. That answer the question?"

"It does," I said, and immediately I wondered if a similar study had been made of human babies. Later, I found that of a thousand children tabulated at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, five hundred and seven babies were born during the "dark hours." That is, of course, 50.7 per cent. And it was revealed that, just as with the horses, the smallest number of babies were born between noon and 6 P.M. What all this proves, I haven't the slightest idea.

OUT at Coldstream at ten o'clock that same morning, it was a delight to look into the paddock next to the foaling barn and see Fille d'Orlean and her foal walking around as big as life. The colt was now only ten and a half hours old. Yet there he was dutifully following his mother around the field, nuzzling her to get something to eat whenever he thought of it, which was often. He was never more than three or four feet away from her, and every once in a while, between snacks, he would move up beside her and rub his downy nose against her muzzle.

"Does she know him from any other foal who might be around?" I asked Mr. Kenney, who had joined me at the paddock fence, his morning's work finished.

"For today, she probably does, by the

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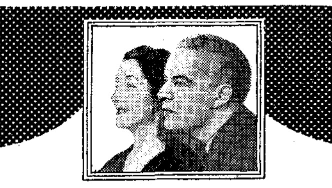

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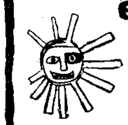

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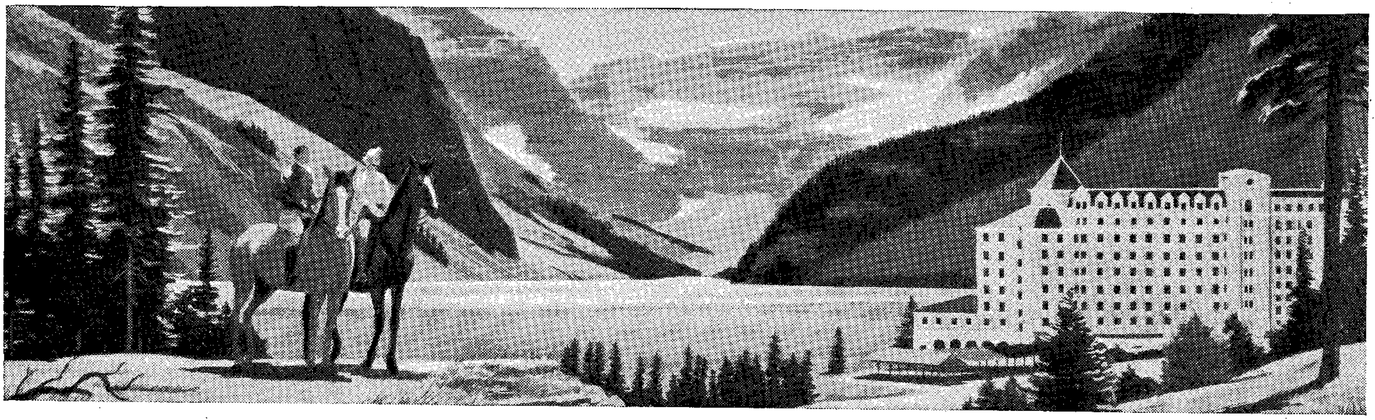

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smell," he answered. "But in a couple of days she probably won't know him from any other foal. They're kind of dumb that way. The foal knows his own mother, though, as long as he's getting milk from her."

Mr. Kenney and I got into his car and drove over to the stallions' paddock. There are seven stallions on the farm now, four of them wholly owned by Coldstream, and the others either the property of syndicates in which Mr. Shaffer is a member or owned by friends of his. "There's the greatest of them all," Mr. Kenney said soon after we reached the paddock. He pointed to a big, dark horse. "That's our Bull Dog. His hundred and ninety-five sons and daughters had won $4,964,564 at the end of 1949. Bull Dog's twenty-three years old. He's retired from the stud now. Finished a couple of years ago. I don't need to tell you he's the sire of Bull Lea, and Bull Lea is Citation's pappy."

The active sires owned by Coldstream are Heliopolis, fourteen years old (very likely the most valuable animal on the farm; reportedly, there have been offers nearing a half million for him); Reaping Reward, sixteen; and Coldstream, seventeen. Mr. Kenney told me that a large part of the farm's revenue comes from the stud fees earned by these stallions. In 1949, Heliopolis served twenty-two outside mares, at $1,500 each. That year, Reaping Reward served thirty-two outside mares, at $1,000. The fee for Bull Dog was $2,500 when he was at his peak. "And Coldstream," Mr. Kenney said, "well, he's considered a desirable sire, but by nature he's a shy fellow, and he had only thirteen outside mares last year, at five hundred dollars. We sold one of his sons a few years ago for fifty thousand dollars. That was Royal Blood, whose mother was Spotted Beauty. She was a daughter of Man o' War."

EARLY one morning a couple of days afterward, Mr. Kenney and I were walking across the paddock next to the foaling barn when my attention was caught by something about fifty yards away. "Hold everything, Mr. Kenney!" I said, and took him by the arm. "I think I've got it! Look over there! See that patch just this side of the big tree? The sun's hitting it exactly right and there's enough of a breeze to bend it a little. That's blue grass, all right! Now I can understand the name. I must be getting to be a Kentuckian. I can see the blue grass now."

"You sure are learning fast," he said. "That's onions! One of the most un-

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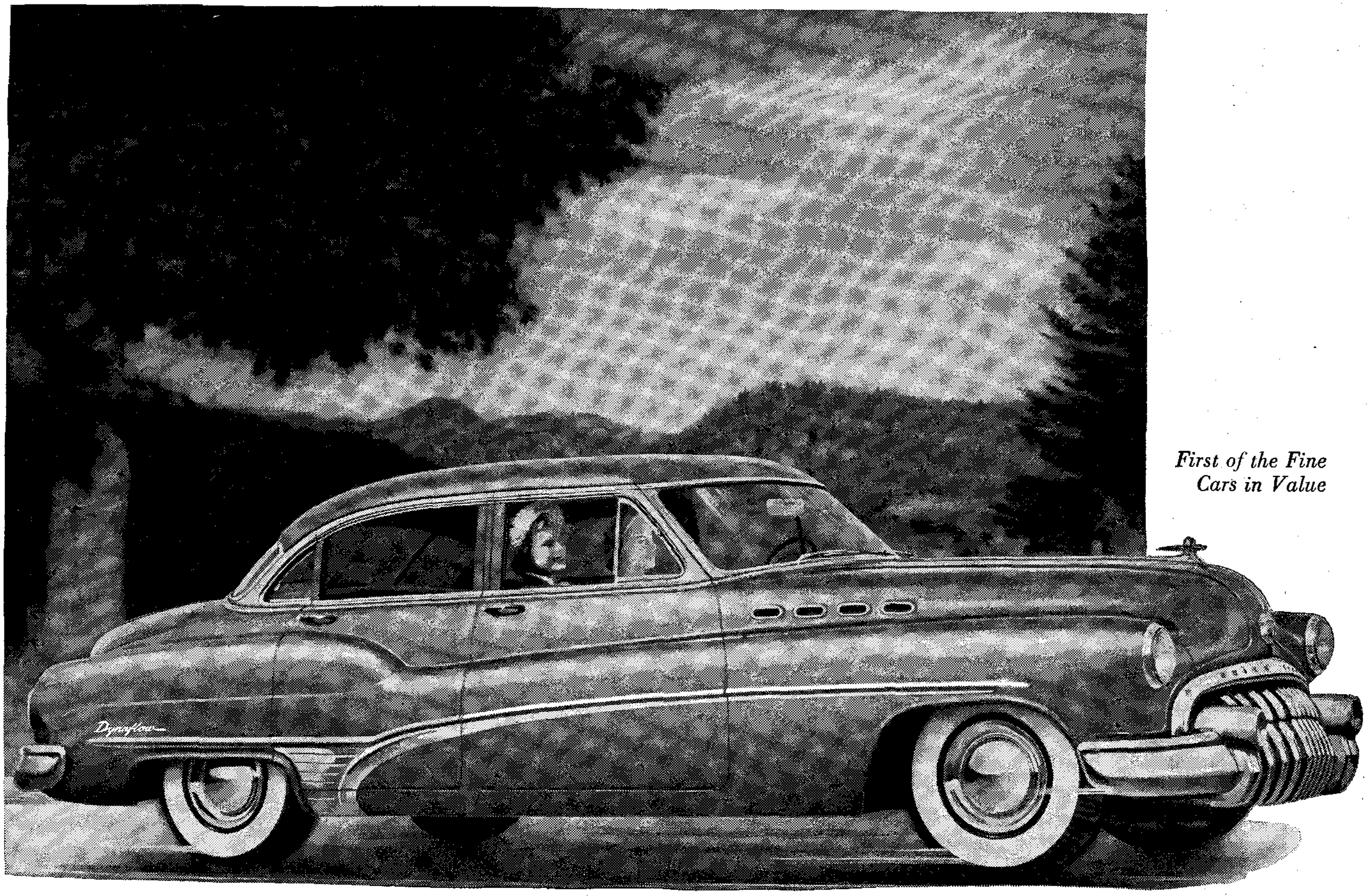

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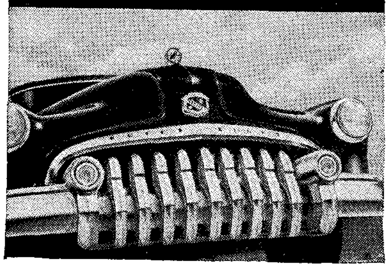

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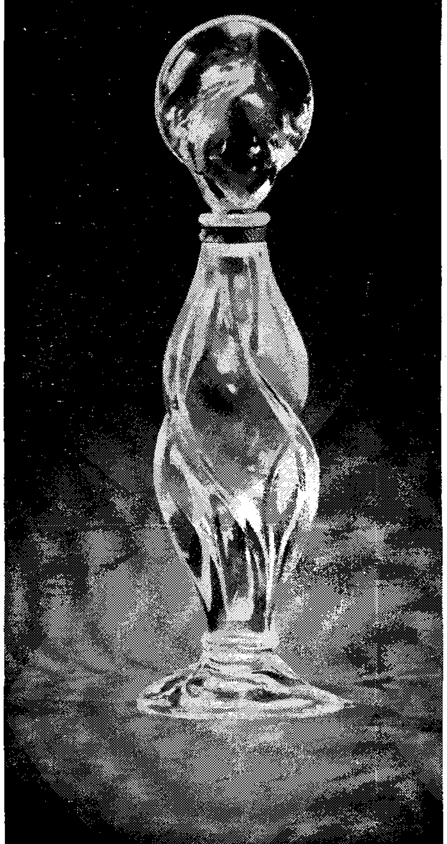

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welcome things we got, a patch of wild onions. Always sprouting up right in the middle of a nice field of grass."

"Oh," I said. "Hard to get rid of, is that it?"

"Old Kentucky man told me once that there was only one way to get shet of wild onions," Mr. Kenney said. "When I asked him what it was, he said, 'You die and leave 'em, that's all.'"

ON my last day in Kentucky, Mr. Kenney, for reasons best known to himself, had to take two mares out of one paddock and lead them to another, and I accompanied him. As we were driving over to their paddock, he stopped at a barn and got a quart bucket of oats, which, he explained, would make it easier for us to get the mares to come over to us. Then he went on to the paddock. There was no need of the oats to lure one animal over. She came ambling across the field while we still sat in the car. The door of the car was open, and the mare came up, stuck her head in, and looked around inside, bold but friendly.

"That's the famous Miss Mommy," Mr. Kenney said. "Good mare. They named her after Mrs. Shaffer. Children around Coldstream call Mrs. Shaffer Miss Mommy."

We got out, and Mr. Kenney put a leather lead on Miss Mommy and told me to hold her while he took the oats and walked over to lure the second mare. When he came back with her on a lead, I asked him who she was.

"This is Be Faithful," he said. "A pretty costly girl. Mr. Shaffer paid Louis B. Mayer a hundred thousand dollars for her in 1946. She was a great racer. She won about eighty-eight thousand dollars for us at the races the very next year. She's eight years old now. Here, take the oats. You can lead Miss Mommy. Give her some of the oats. Be Faithful has had her share."

I held the lead in my right hand and walked uneasily along with the famed and amiable Miss Mommy. I was on her left, holding the bucket in my left hand and letting Miss Mommy have a few nibbles of oats as we walked. Be Faithful was on my left, and on *her* left was Mr. Kenney. Be Faithful wanted some oats, and she reached over for them. I turned my head toward her and, with my elbow, tried to nudge her away from the oats. At the same time, Miss Mommy decided to take the matter of oats into her own hands. She began trying to jerk the lead out of my hand and, turning, kicked

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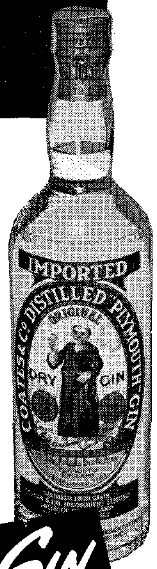

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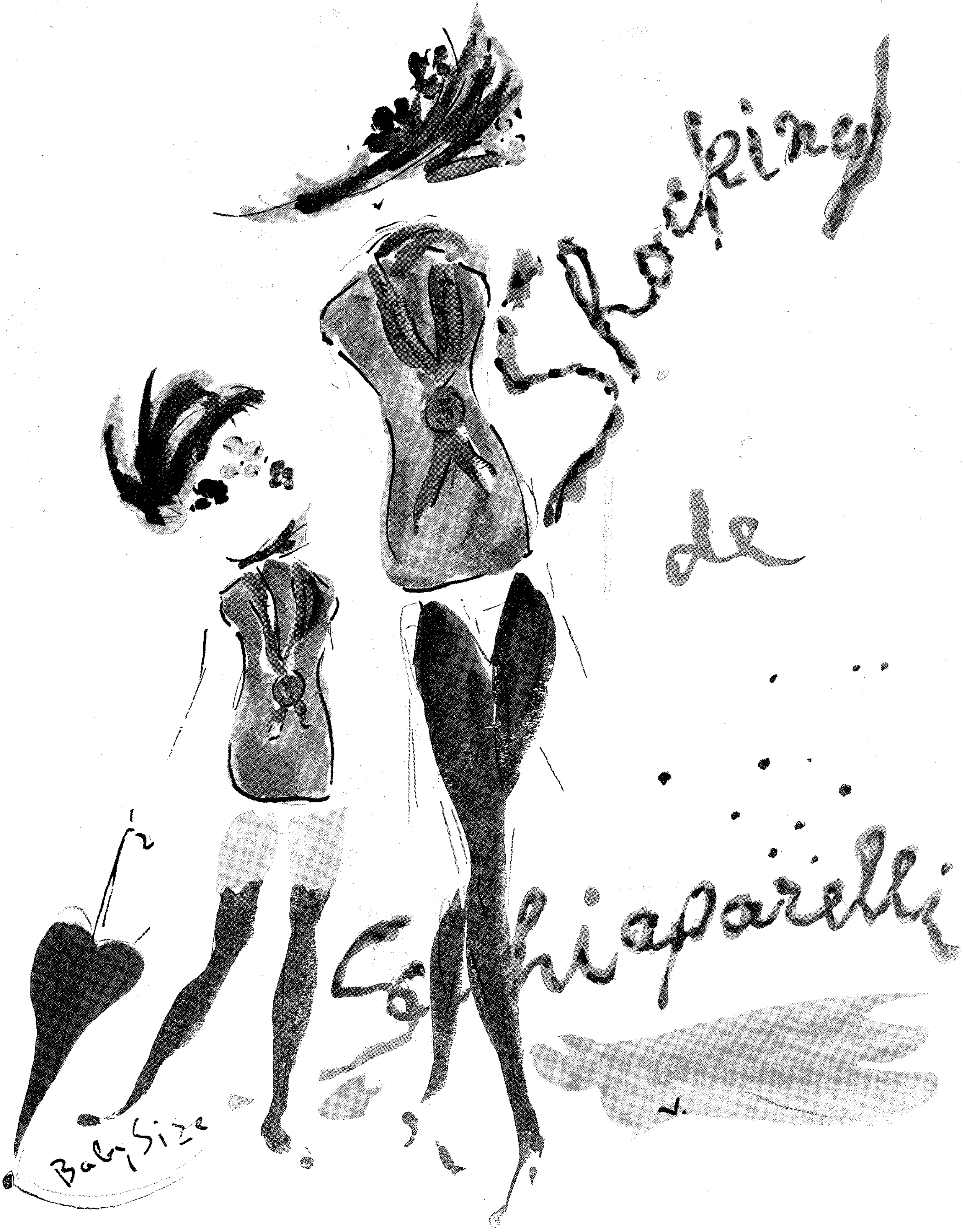
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out at Be Faithful with both hind legs. She missed Be Faithful, but she landed on me. The kick struck me precisely where kicks are supposed to strike. Be Faithful started kicking back, and I was between the two of them. Oats and lead flew out of my hands, and I made for a tree on the edge of the field.

Safely behind the tree, I tried to catch my breath. Mr. Kenney had the situation in hand. He had skillfully separated the two mares and grabbed Miss Mommy's lead. "You made that furlong in nine and a fifth seconds!" he hollered over.

The kick didn't hurt, really. It did me no harm physically. And spiritually, I've been thinking, it did me a lot of good. Excellent for the ego. How many other two-dollar horseplayers around East Seventy-second Street will ever be in a position to say that they have been kicked in the pants by Miss Mommy?

—JOHN MCNULTY

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(LUNCHTIME DIVISION)

[*From the Philadelphia Daily News*]

BY VIRGINIA MACPHERSON

HOLLYWOOD, (UP).—We had a luncheon date today to interview Martin and Lewis.

But getting a sensible statement out of these two screwballs is something no smart reporter ever tries twice.

Jerry Lewis, the face-making half of this comedy team, started things off by asking the waiter for a "bowl of roads." Gus thought his ears were going back on him.

Then Lewis stuck four cubes of sugar in his teeth, leered at the poor guy, and snarled:

"Why is it I can never get a date?"

Next he pawed over the butter pads, lined 'em up five in a row, and played his own brand of dominoes, and, while Gus looked on goggled-eyed, Lewis picked up a piece of French toast and powdered his nose.

Then he splashed all five pats of butter in his water glass and took a big swig.

Gus retreated to the kitchen. Lewis threw a fork at him.

Everybody in Lucey's swank restaurant thought this was hilarious. They jabbed each other in the ribs laughing. Lewis stuck his tongue out at 'em.

When Dean Martin, the singing half, waltzed in, Lewis threw a couple of forks at him, too. Then he flipped him with butter. Martin laughed as loud as anybody.

Then Martin grabbed the limelight and went into his punch-drunk fighter routine. That takes about five minutes.

By this time Gus had sneaked back with a salad, threw it on the table, and dashed for cover. He was just in time. Lewis sprayed the air with garlic-soaked lettuce leaves.

When Gus brought his milk, Lewis turned the glass upside down and let the gravity take its course.

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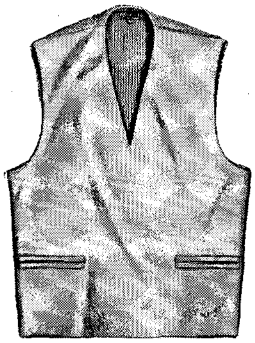

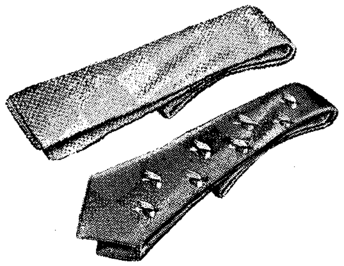

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THE THEATRE

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

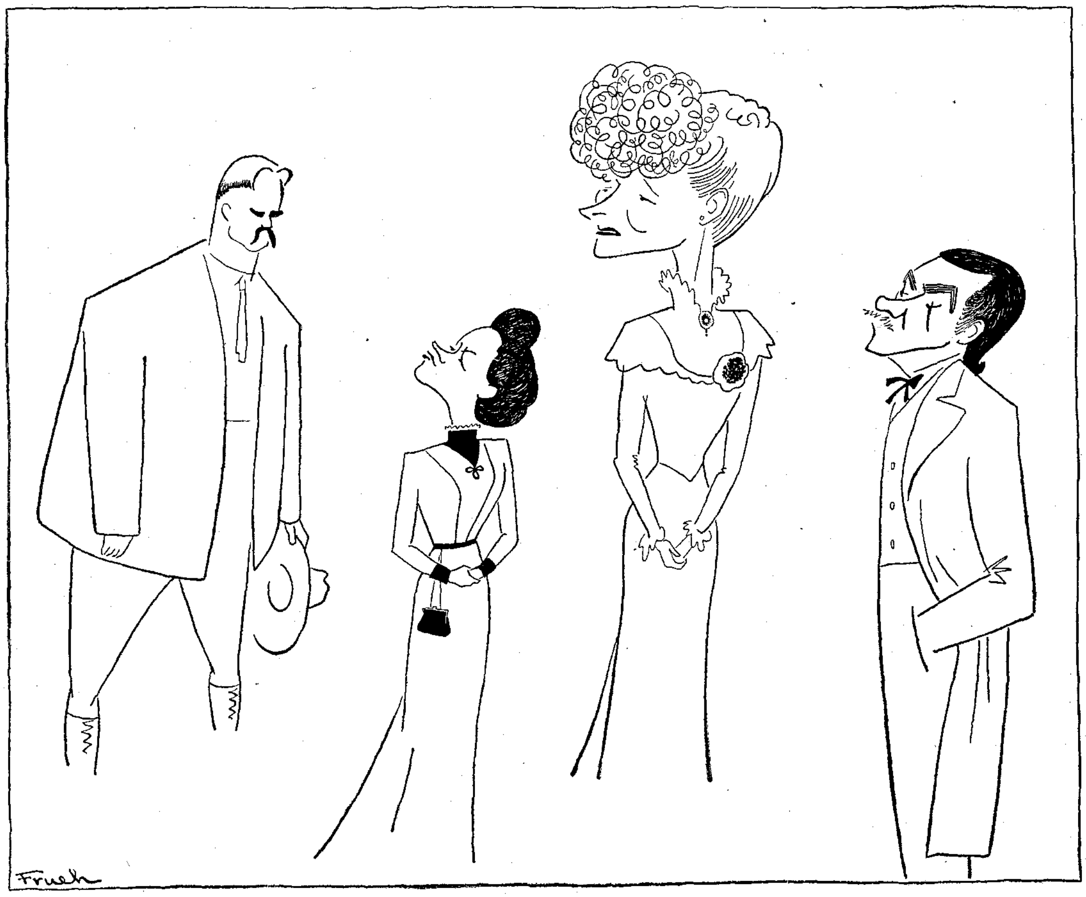
I SAW Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" back in the days when gentlemen still swam the side stroke, in two-piece bathing suits, and the most agitating topic of discussion among my elders was the trial of Harry K. Thaw. I'm sorry to say that not many of the details of this experience (the performance of "Peter Pan" rather than the tribulations of Mr. Thaw) have survived in my memory. I remember Captain Hook, who struck me as by far the most stimulating figure on the stage, and Tinker Bell, whose life I helped to save, and, of course, the crocodile with the alarm clock ticking away inside him. The rest, however, is very vague, and, strangely enough, Miss Adams is vaguest of all. It seems to me that I recall thinking it was highly unsuitable for a lady of almost inconceivable antiquity (Miss Adams must have been at least thirty) to be playing a boy not much older than myself, and that I was able to identify Nana as simply an actor dressed up as a dog, but these may easily be the kind of useful but baseless recollections of childhood that provide too many writers with too much material for books about the past. What I *do* remember is that, in spite of Miss Adams and Nana, I was enchanted by the whole performance, and that for some time my life, as compared with those of the children on the stage, who, among their other special advantages, could fly, appeared to me insupportably vacant and humdrum.

It may be that no one should ever go back to anything that has given him such pleasure, because "Peter Pan," in the revival last week at the Imperial, had somehow lost most of its magic for me. The scenery and costumes, the work of Ralph Alswang and Motley, respectively, were charming; Leonard Bernstein had triumphantly accomplished the difficult feat of providing suitable music and lyrics for several interpolated numbers; the complicated levitation, supervised by Peter Foy, looked very much like a technical miracle; John Burrell's direction was sensitive and resourceful; and the cast—headed by Jean Arthur, as Peter; Marcia Henderson, as Wendy; and Boris Karloff, as both Mr. Darling and Hook—played with humor and an admirable feeling for fantasy. In spite of all these things, though, I'm afraid I spent the evening about equally divided between a deep admiration for the actors and everybody else connected with the enterprise and a mild distaste for Sir James M. Barrie, whose work appealed to me as fanciful in the wrong sort of way, or, perhaps, squashy. This, however, is a minority judgment, since most of my colleagues were clearly entranced, and a ten-year-old who accompanied me was in a state of ecstasy from beginning to end—to such an extent, indeed, that she displayed blank incredulity when one distinguished and venerable critic failed to return to his seat at the opening of the last act.

"Do you mean to say that that man has gone *home*?" she asked. "What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

I thought of explaining that he just didn't happen to be ten, but wisely decided against it. There was something in the idea, though. Ten is probably about the perfect age for "Peter Pan." Beyond that, a little too much indulgence may be required.

In addition to Miss



"THE WISTERIA TREES"

The lady dominating this group is Helen Hayes, and she looks so distrait because her Louisiana mansion is about to be sold right over her head. Those surrounding her are, left to right, Kent Smith, Peggy Conklin, and Walter Abel, and you can be sure they have their problems, too. Joshua Logan's play, based on "The Cherry Orchard," is at the Martin Beck.

A
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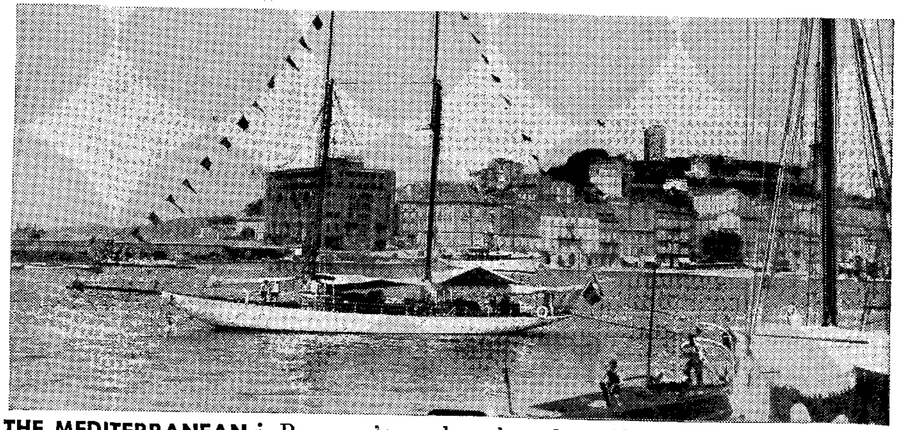

THE MEDITERRANEAN is Provence's southern boundary. Above, the yachts at Cannes.

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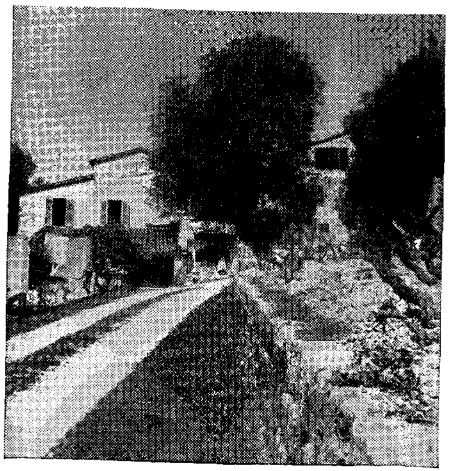

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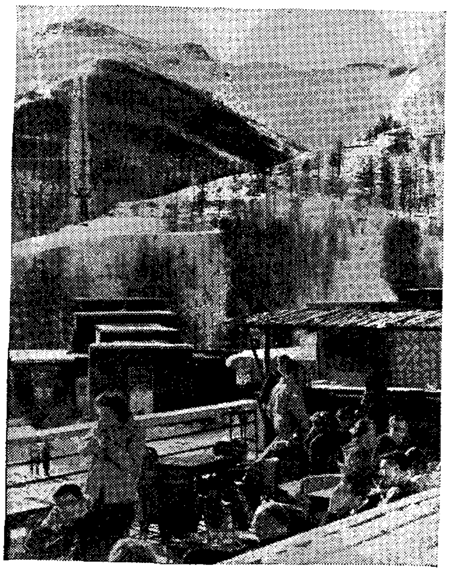

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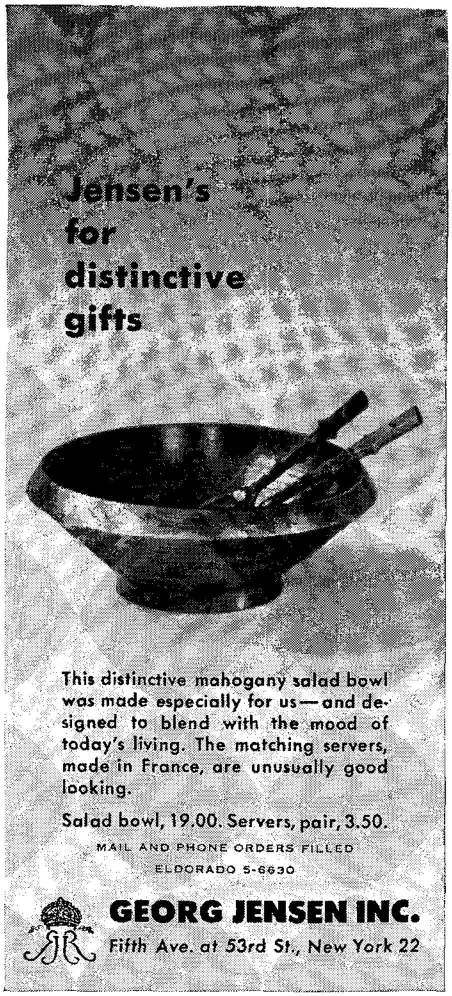
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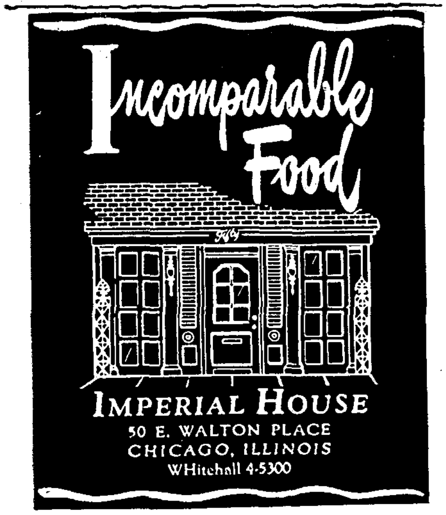
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Arthur, Mr. Karloff, and Miss Henderson, the members of the company include Peg Hillias, as Mrs. Darling; Joe E. Marks, as Smee; Norman Shelly, who doubles as Nana and the crocodile; and a pair of singing mermaids, who supply what you might call a touch of sex. Without referring to the text, I'm sure they were Mr. Bernstein's inspiration, because Sir James was never much of a man for that sort of stuff, at least in its tougher aspects.

THE problem of Paul and Grace Hartman remains one of the leading mysteries of the theatre. They are unquestionably two of the most intelligent comedians around. Mr. Hartman is certainly a most unusual-looking man, suggesting, I guess, the Scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz" as much as anything; his wife's brisk, executive manner and determination to ignore the fact that things aren't really working out the way they were supposed to are humor of a high order; and their material, on the whole, is a good deal more pointed and original than most of the work that goes into revues. There is no escaping the fact, however, that their shows—notably the one called "Tickets, Please!," which opened last week at the Coronet—have never been entirely satisfactory, and that nothing in them ever seems quite as good as it ought to be.

Several explanations suggest themselves. One, and the most obvious, is that the amount of real wit available for this form of entertainment is more or less limited and that when the stars' demands have been attended to there isn't much left lying around for anybody else. For some reason or other, this is especially true of the Hartmans, who manage to give the impression that it would be all right with them if the rest of the bill were composed wholly of animal acts and female impersonators. Another may be that there is a certain monotony about the principals themselves. Mr. Hartman, perpetually wearing the expression of a man about to be violently ill and clearly on the point of falling out of his clothes, is so transparently incapable of dealing with any situation in the world that his misadventures, whether he is attempting a sleight-of-hand act or cooking up a horrible little batch of muffins, are usually exactly what you expect them to be, and his wife's reactions to his behavior are almost always predictable, too. They are funny people and they do some very funny things, but I can't help feeling that their range is too narrow for a whole evening's entertainment. Still another may be that everything is invariably just a little too long and overelaborated, like a joke printed in a gossip column, so the audience has a dangerous tendency to stop laughing before the actors get to their point. This fault, of course, is not unique with "Tickets, Please!" It is a general observation about modern revues, and I hope somebody takes it to heart.

While Mr. and Mrs. Hartman have been assigned the best sketches (besides the two mentioned, they are mixed up in numbers having to do with the ballet, the Roller Derby, and the death of vaudeville), there are others that are reasonably entertaining, if not brilliant. Dorothy Jarnac, a really accomplished dancer, has an item interpreting modern art that is effective in its own peculiar way; Roger Price, who can't draw much better than I can, delivers a monologue, with illustrations, about his ancestors that has its points; and Jack Albertson is frequently amusing, especially as a presumably typical Southern senator.

As for the rest, I'm afraid my estimate is rather low. The lyrics, for the most part, sounded to me as if they had been composed by Nick Kenny, a journalist employed by the *Daily Mirror;* the scenery and costumes are undistinguished; the choreography, except for that dance of Miss Jarnac's, which she originated herself, is conventional; and the music has disappeared from my memory forever. Somebody wrote a line that I caught as "She was a sly minx. She was the only one who had enough sense to come to the party naked." That made me happy for a while.

THE double bill consisting of "A Phoenix Too Frequent," by Christopher Fry, and a curtain-raiser called "Freight," by Kenneth White, closed after five performances at the Fulton. Mr. Fry's piece, apparently an error of his early career, had its bright moments, but altogether it was pretty much of a nuisance. The formula was fatally easy—the pseudo-poetic line whimsically breaking down into absurdity. The plot was little more than an anecdote—a theoretically sorrowing widow employs her husband's corpse to save her new lover's career. (We won't go into the details of *that.*) The direction, by John O'Shaughnessy, and the performances, by Nina Foch, Vicki Cummings, and Richard Derr, were of a sort not generally seen on Broadway. The scenery and costumes, designed by Jack Landau, had some style and imagination, but they were not nearly enough to rescue a play that might be described as either literary or precious, depending on your point of view. According to the program, "The story was got from Jeremy Taylor, who had it from Petronius." It is hard to say what impels young men, and especially young Englishmen, to this form of classical rascality, and it is probably impertinent in a reviewer to suggest that it ought to be discouraged.

"Freight" can be dealt with very briefly. It handled the matter of race prejudice in the South in a manner that might have seemed hysterical to William Lloyd Garrison; it was acted by a cast of nine colored men and one white with considerably more vehemence than I thought desirable; and Mr. O'Shaughnessy's direction, again, was almost wholly lacking in pace or invention. Incidentally, as an old railway man myself, I would like to point out that in jumping out of a moving boxcar, it is generally considered wise to face in the direction in which the train is going.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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THE TWILIGHT OF MR. HOMER L. RUSK

[*From the English-language column in Il Mattino, Florence, Italy*]

Mr. Homer L. Rusk has arrived in Florence to, as he put it, "round out my life in this golden sunshine." Mr. Rusk hopes to buy a modest dwelling here and to live comfortably on the oldage pension which he receives from the State of Indiana. He is at present alone, but will be joined by Mrs. Rusk as soon as she retires and becomes eligible for her own pension. Mr. Rusk, who represents a new type of settler in Florence, worked for 41 years for the Indianapolis Gas Company which last year, on completion of his work for them, presented him the proudest trophy of his life and the principal ornament of his new home—a gold-plated gas meter.

•

Spry despite her age, she says she believes Gov. Herman Talmadge will be "gallant enough" to step down and concede her the electrician.—*The Journal-American.*

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OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY ACHESON and his distinguished predecessors Marshall, Byrnes, and Hull declare that Owen Lattimore had nothing to do with the formation of our Chinese policy. Senator McCarthy, of course, probably would not believe this if they swore it on a stack of *Congressional Records*.

•

It is Herbert Hoover's contention that a major cause of our current difficulties was the recognition of the Soviet government by F.D.R. in 1933. If we had pretended not to notice those rowdy fellows, they would have stopped being nuisances.

•

The House of Representatives is happily engaged in putting back into the appropriations bill the things the Ways and Means Committee cut out. According to present indications, Congress is going to give us the large, economy-size budget.

•

Many bright, intelligent faces are missing from the Congressional halls these days, because the members have gone home to try to get themselves renominated. There are times when the public business is secondary to the primaries.

•

The Belgians have found a pleasant solution to the troublesome Leopold problem. They are going to hold a second election to find out what they meant by the first one.

•

The publishers of the *Herald Tribune* are plagued by persistent rumors that they are looking for a purchaser. The paper is not for sale, they say, except at the prevailing rate of five cents a copy.

•

High-school students of New York have been showing a hitherto unsuspected love for their instructors. The boys and girls are willing to do anything for their dear teachers—even play hooky.

•

The efforts of the Post Office Department to make ends meet have brought many protests. Householders particularly resent the fact that the postman will no longer ring twice.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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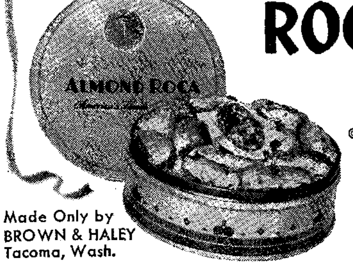

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THE RACE TRACK

Here We Go Again

MY easiest job last week was making my choice for the Kentucky Derby. Not to mince too many words, Hill Prince is this fallible department's horse for the race at Churchill Downs on Saturday. You may have your own opinion about his quality, but everyone will agree that he looks and runs like a top three-year-old. Also, he has trained well, and I expect he will be well ridden. All he needs is racing luck. After watching him at Jamaica last month, a good many people wish that he wouldn't try to win his races the hard way, by coming from behind. This makes for a more spectacular performance, but his supporters are tortured by the realization that unless he has clear sailing in the last half mile, he is going to be shut out of the money.

Mr. Trouble seems to be the colt most likely to upset Hill Prince, if anything does. From all accounts, he had no difficulty in disposing of Oil Capitol and the eight other runners in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland the other day. Besides, he's improving right along. As for Your Host, I may be wrong but I have a notion that he is no more than a very fast miler. He'll run ragged anything that tries to step with him for six furlongs, though.

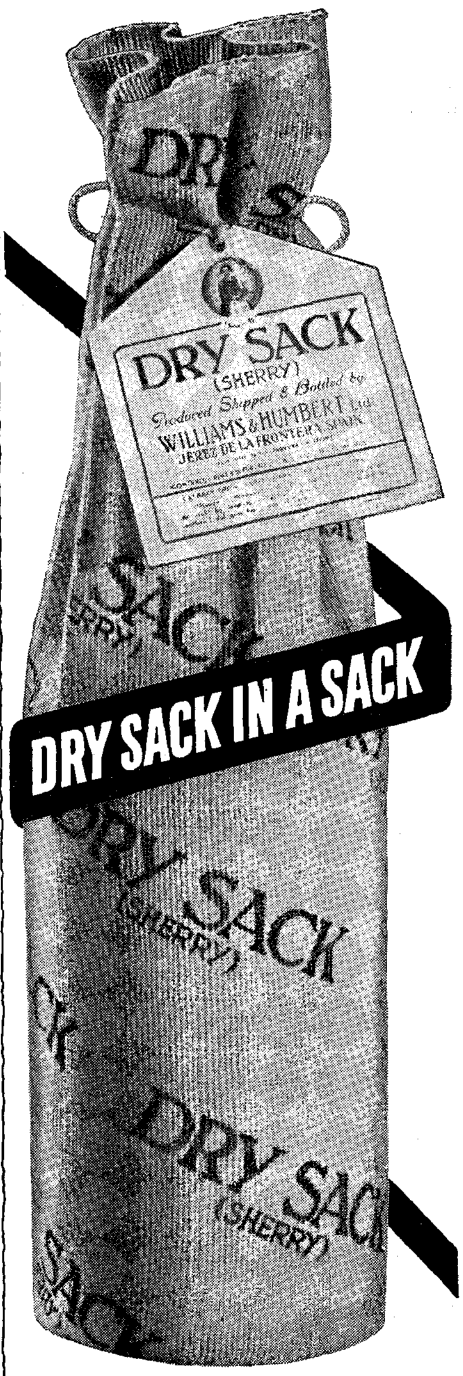
YOU must be aware, if you are even faintly up on the pedigrees of racers, that Hill Prince was sired by Princequillo. Another son of Princequillo was in the news last week—William Woodward's Prince Simon, who is the favorite for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, despite his defeat by the Aga Khan's Palestine in the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket a week ago last Wednesday. One of my roving observers, who was there, told me that Prince Simon caught Palestine about seventy yards from the finish, couldn't pass him, and lost by a short head. Oh, well, you know the old adage: "Second in the Guineas, first in the Derby."

BY all odds, the race of the week at Jamaica was the Gallant Fox Handicap on Saturday, in which Better Self led all the way. Chicle II, who performed so capably in Florida, was second, and Loser Weeper third. Thirteen ran. It may pay to remember that while Better Self no longer goes so well on a fast track, he can run like nobody's business on a muddy one.

IT'S a matter of small interest to anyone, but I'm no trotting man. That, however, doesn't prevent me from submitting an enthusiastic report on the Yonkers Raceway (formerly Empire City track), which opened last Thursday evening. For the record, the attendance that night was 21,181, the mutuel handle was $688,009, and the first winner over the new half-mile oval was an animal named Clark Hanover. Of the old Empire City, which had a particular charm—for me, at any rate—little remains that isn't covered with white paint or parking lots. Still, I must say that I like the arrangement of the box seats, and of the chairs on the clubhouse lawn. Altogether, Bill Cane, who is putting on the show, has done a good job.

Yonkers Raceway originally was a trotting track. At the turn of the century, one William H. Clark bought the site and spent a fortune laying out a course—a half-miler, by the way—and building a fine grandstand and clubhouse. Clark died in 1900, before the Empire City track, as he had christened it, opened, and a few years later James Butler, who had a stable of trotters as well as a chain of green-front grocery stores, took over the property. But harness racing wasn't as popular then as it is nowadays, and, finding that there was no profit in it, Butler switched to the runners. As everyone knows, Empire City did all right even before the coming of the pari-mutuel, with its fabulous returns for the management, but the track was too small for the crowds it drew, and in 1943 the meetings were transferred to Jamaica, where they have flourished ever since. Last year, Empire City was sold to a group that calls itself the Algam Corporation, for $2,400,000, but because of politics no dates were granted for a trotting meeting. During the past winter, however, things were fixed up in Albany. Yonkers Raceway will run until May 20th, then from August 15th to August 28th, and from September 25th to October 28th; Roosevelt Raceway, heretofore alone in the local trotting field, runs from May 22nd to September 23rd. Last season, Roosevelt Raceway had 2,281,534 customers, who bet $95,283,088. Golden hoofs!

—AUDAX MINOR



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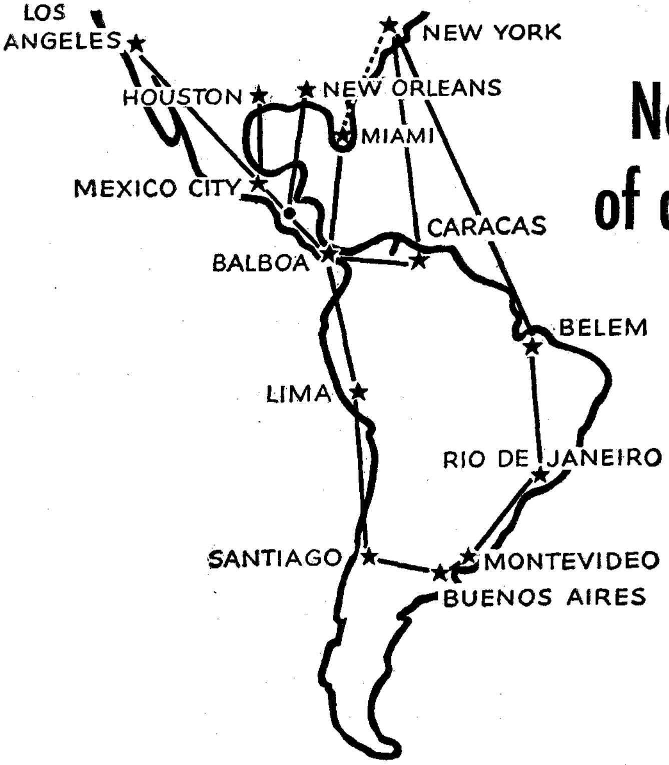
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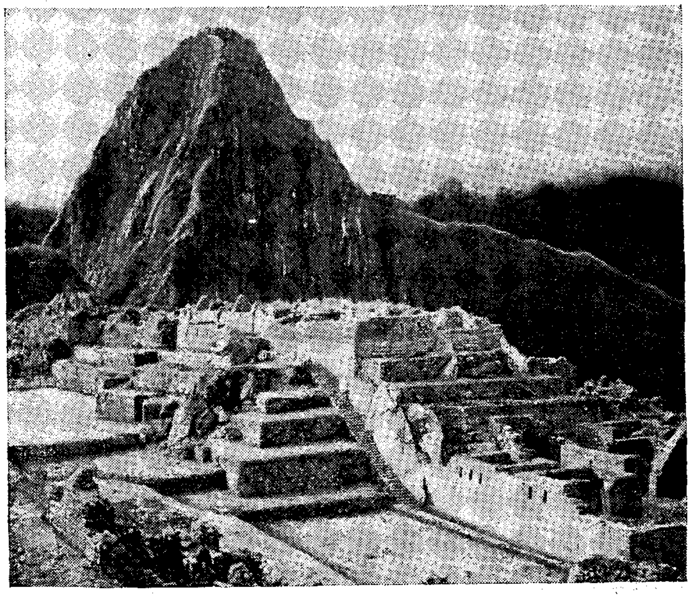

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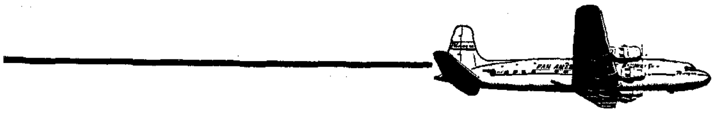

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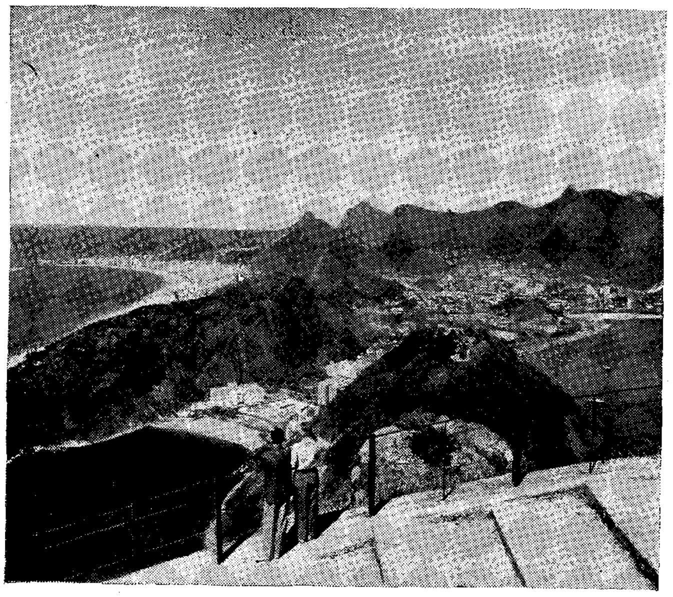

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THE BELLS

AT the time of V-E Day, Ken and I were stuck in administrative jobs at a hospital near the border of Hampshire and Surrey. Word came through promptly that no Canadian troops from outside London would be allowed to go up there for the celebrations on May 8th. Ken, a schoolteacher from Toronto, very earnest about his discovery of England and the whole island story, was disgusted.

"Here we are," he said, "within fifty miles of the very heart of everything, at the biggest moment in all history. And they won't even let us take a look at it."

"Wild Canadians," I said. "Likely we'd get drunk and bust up the show. I think maybe they've got something."

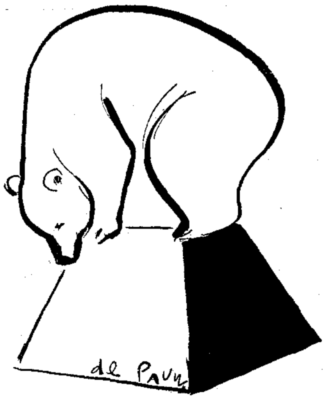
I realized I didn't want to go, anyway. Everybody in London would be on the streets, yelling and getting tight, and we'd see nothing for the crowds. "Listen, Ken," I said. "If you want to tell your grandchildren you saw England on V-E Day, I know the way to go about it."

"How?"

"Winchester. That was the capital of England long before London. Winchester Cathedral is more history than Westminster Abbey will ever be. Roman England, Saxon England, Norman England—you can find all of them right around Winchester," I said.

Ken nodded. "You could be right, at that. How'll we get there?"

"Bikes," I told him. "There's a couple of orderlies will rent them. That way, you can see rural England celebrating, too."



THAT was on May 7th. We started out early the next morning and at once ran into two gigantic hills. It was over thirty miles to Winchester and I have never been an enthusiastic cyclist, but soon we hit some good going and made time. In the villages, flags were out and people were placidly getting ready to hear Churchill's speech on the radio at three o'clock. Twice we were stopped by happy but subdued groups of elderly farmers and other countrymen who were determined to distribute free beer from open casks outside small pubs.

After the second stop, Ken said, "They sure are a quiet people. What makes you think there'll be anything more happening at Winchester?"

"Bound to be," I said. "That cathedral is important to England. They have to do something there. All we have to do is to be there by three o'clock."

We were near Alton. I glanced up at a fine tree by the side of the road, saw a tablet, and read that the tree had been planted by Jane Austen. I showed it to Ken and he was impressed, but I could see that his mind was still on London. I wondered about Winchester, whether we should find what he wanted there. At least, he could see the school, and all schools interested him; I had previously shown him Charterhouse, in Surrey, where I had once gone to school, and given him such inside knowledge of the place as I had. And over beyond Winchester there was Twyford, which I had attended for three years before going to Charterhouse. But schools seemed hardly enough for this day. Ken had to have something from England that would set the day apart from all the other days of his life.

We were still making good time, and as we came into the Itchen valley, I stopped at a brick bridge over a small tributary. It was a perfect chalk stream, quick-flowing over clean gravel. All the chalk-stream creatures were moving within sight: moor hens and wagtails, a water ouzel, a hatch of blue-winged olives floating down the surface, and two fine trout rising to them just above the bridge. I pointed all this out to Ken but knew it did not touch him.

"How come you know so much about Hampshire?" he asked as we rode on.

"I've fished it. It's a good fishing county," I said. "I've read about it, too. And I told you I was at school at Twyford. Then I was tutored for a year in history just this side of Winchester." I thought of David Gordon, the quiet, scholarly rector of a tiny parish who had guided me through Stubbs' Charters, Macaulay, and Trevelyan, with side glances at George Meredith and Jane Austen; Dav with his little Saxon church, his rock-solid Protestantism, his sense of history and of England. He would know something of what was going on in Winchester.

I had begun to recognize the country

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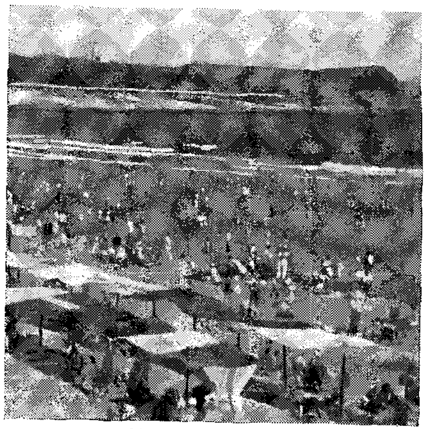

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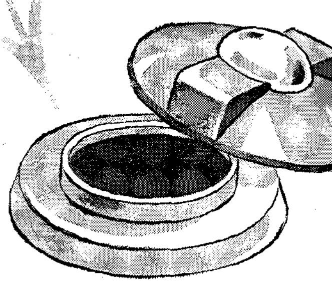

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COTY

now, and because we were well ahead of time we decided to stop for lunch at Itchen Abbas. It was an unusually good lunch—fresh bread, plenty of cheese, lettuce and hothouse tomatoes, and excellent beer. I could see Ken was feeling better.

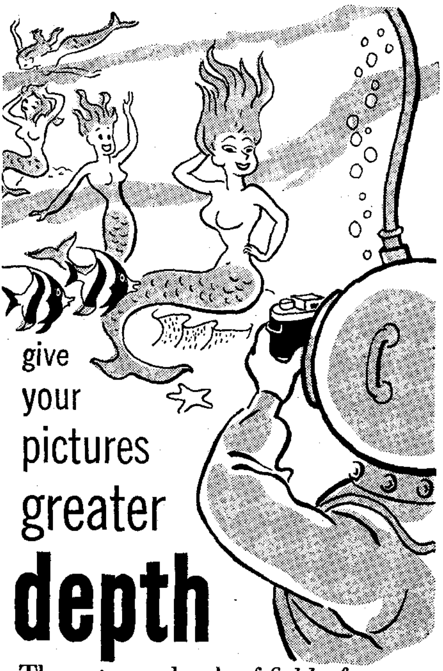
"Well," he said, "what do we do now?"

"No use getting to Winchester much before Churchill speaks at three o'clock," I said. "That's over two hours yet. We'd better go in and see my old tutor. It's right on the road." We had another pint of beer, and I tried to tell him about Dav and the rambling little parish he shepherded so faithfully; Dav, who was not only scholar but theologian, historian, sociologist; who farmed the parish glebe, sawed his own wood, and preached a fine sermon every Sunday; who stood so stoutly for the rights of Church against State in things both temporal and spiritual, yet never failed to follow and understand the changes of a changing world. "It's an important part of England," I said. "Something you must see to have seen the country at all. There's honest Saxon in the church and the main part of it is Norman. Cromwell's people did their usual job of breaking up some of the best stonework, but that's history, too. And the parish has everything—glebe and tithe and Queen Anne's Bounty. I forget most of it, but Dav will tell you."

We cycled along the road into a small village, and in almost no time had come to the rectory. I felt a sudden doubt. "Let's go on and look at the church," I said. "We can go in here later."

The church seemed exactly as I had last seen it, gray and square-towered, set in the quiet green graveyard by the swampy stream. It looked empty and ageless. I had been away from it only twenty years, but Dav, I thought, was mortal man, no longer young for all the cheerful strength I remembered in him. I had not heard of him for several years. He would not be as I had known him; he might even have died or gone away. When we got back to the rectory, I was half afraid to go in. If Ken hadn't been there and I hadn't made the promise to him, I don't think I should have.

A country girl opened the door and I asked her if the Doctor was in. "He's upstairs resting," she said. "I'll ask if he will see you." She showed us into the study, and I knew from a single glance at the books that it was still Dav's house. He came downstairs in



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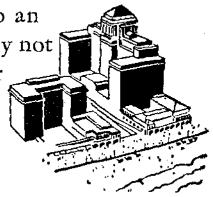

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four or five minutes, a little stooped, a little slower after two decades, but still the same black-coated man with the white string tie in place of the parson's dog collar. "Yes?" he asked courteously. "Yes? What can I do for you?"

I knew that the girl would have told him "two Canadians," though I had given her our names. I spoke mine to him, then repeated it as he peered at me. Suddenly, there was recognition in his eyes. "Why, Rod," he said. "Rod!"

So we sat in the study and talked of things twenty years before. I tried to keep Dav to his church and parish as much as possible, for Ken's benefit.

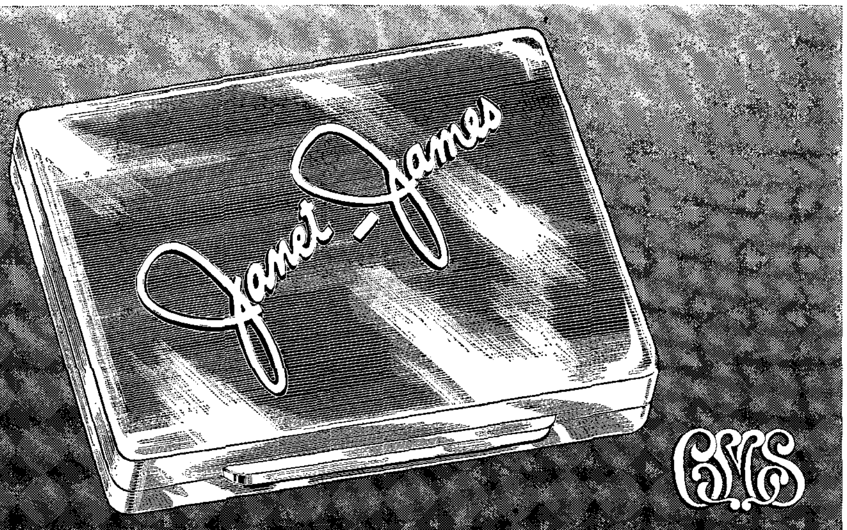
"It has been a long, hard time," he said. "You would think this quiet little parish might have escaped most of it. But we've had our share of bombing."

I thought of the simple, scattered houses of the village and asked him how it could have happened. "Luck," Dav said. "I suppose you'd call it that. Quite early, there was a direct hit on a row of cottages. Then the V-1s seemed to find us especially. Quite a lot of them fell near here and three were hits. Perhaps that doesn't sound much to you, but it meant losses in nearly every family in the village, apart from those at the front."

"You look tired," I said. "No wonder."

Dav smiled. "We have had seventy-five evacuated children here ever since 1940. And the panic from Southampton was hard on us, too—they came all the way up here." Using his thumb, he tamped tobacco into his pipe, then shifted his spectacles up onto his forehead in a gesture I remembered.

THE time had slipped by and it was almost three o'clock. He tuned in his radio, so we'd be ready to hear



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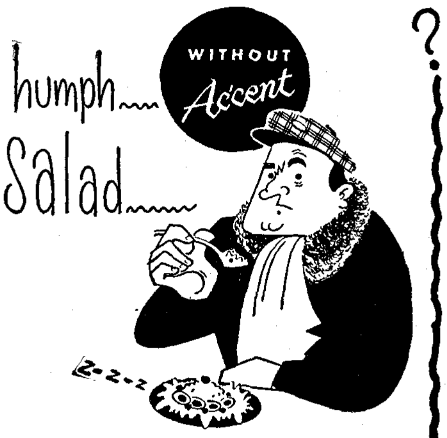

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Churchill, and then, while we waited, sat silent in his chair, his head bowed slightly as though the weight of the war years were far too much to shake away even in the moment of victory. It seemed unlike him. I thought to ask him what we should look for in Winchester later that afternoon but changed my mind.

"Dav," I said, "something's wrong. It's not like you to be depressed at a time like this."

He looked up and smiled sadly. "I've got a burden," he said. "I was thinking of my bells. They've been rung for every great British victory since—well, since Agincourt. I'd like to say since Crécy and Poitiers, but I'm not sure they're quite so old as that. Today there's no one to ring them."

"You mean your ringers are all away in the services?"

"There isn't an able-bodied man left in the village."

"You just want a noise out of them, and there's no one even for that?" I glanced across at Ken and saw his eyes were bright with interest. I knew he was *thinking*, even as I was, of all those mighty names: Agincourt, Flodden Field, perhaps, and the Armada. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Trafalgar, and Waterloo.

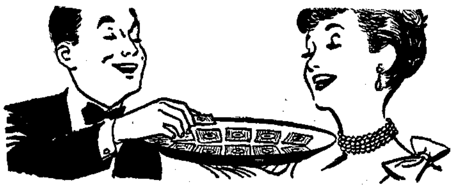
"I've got one man," Dav was saying. "He's not very strong, though. And three of the women have promised to come if *I want them. But the bells* are heavy. I don't think they could make them sound."

"What about us?" I asked. "Ken and I. We've got weight enough."

Dav looked up again quickly. "Would you do that? Would you?"

"It'd be the proudest thing we ever did," I said.

Then Churchill came on, and Dav sat listening solemnly to the releasing words of the enormous day. As soon as it was over, he got his hat and cane and the three of us walked slowly down to the church. There were three bell ropes hanging under the bell tower at the back of the church. Dav's lone man was already there. While Dav looked on, Ken and I each took a rope, and the other man the third. I pulled mine, felt the bell swing, but there was no sound. We all three pulled our ropes, and still there was no sound. I remembered having seen bell ringers at work, one foot in the sling below the tufted handhold: pull, release, stop with the foot, pull again. I tried it and my bell tolled once, then a second time. I signalled Ken and the other man, and they understood. First one bell, then the



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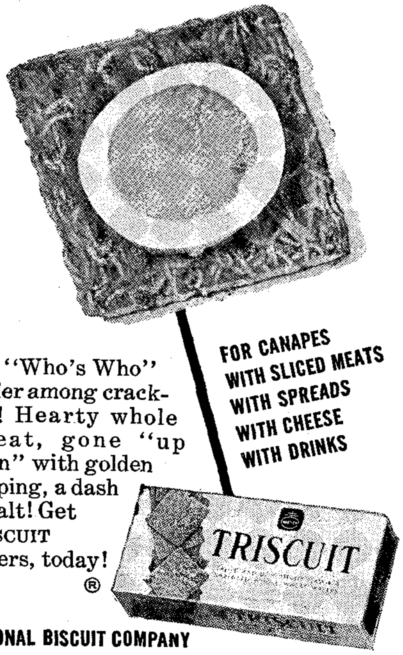

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other, joined mine. I listened, trying to catch some rhythm or sequence we could control and repeat. But the bells took their own way with us, now singly, now in scaled sequence, now together in a clashing peal. After five minutes, we began to sweat. Fifteen minutes, Dav had said, and then gone into the vestry. We gave him thirty, for the biggest and most dangerous of all victories.

THE lone parishioner left us, and Ken and I went into the vestry and found Dav kneeling there silently. The parish register was open in front of him, and he had entered the ringing of the bells and the date. Ken and I signed, adding rank and the habitual "Cdn. Army O/seas."

"Dav," I asked when he stood up, "how do you know the bells rang for Agincourt?"

"There's a record of it in the cathedral archives," he said. "And the phrasing suggests that wasn't the first time. But I've never been able to find out any more."

"Don't bells always have dates cast on them?"

"Not always, especially the early ones. We looked at these many years ago and there didn't seem to be any date."

"I'd like to look now," I said. "It would be good to know for sure."

"It's years since anyone went up. I'm afraid the ladders and staging may be rotten. Be careful."

Ken and I climbed into the tower among a maze of bleached, worm-eaten oak beams and braces, testing footholds, loosening dust, breaking cobwebs. Some daylight came through the louvers of the tower, but it was difficult to see much. We struck several matches before we were satisfied that the surfaces of the two smaller bells were blank. The largest bell was hung well out from the staging, and its position as well as its bulk made it harder to check. The side nearest us had nothing. I got a foothold on a brace, leaned over, and managed to get my right hand against the cross-timber holding the bell. It had been a fairly athletic performance so far, but now I discovered a ledge close against the wall of the tower and reached it with my left foot. Straddled between this and the brace, I lit another match and found the inscription almost at once, on the far side of the bell. "SANCTI," the gothic letters said. "1101 A.D." I read it out to Ken.

"Gosh," he said, and was silent.

"It's long past three o'clock," I said. "Do you want to go on to Winchester?"

He shook his head. "Not after this." He had scrambled over near me, and I lit another match while he examined the date. He stared at it for what seemed like a long time.

"Crécy, hell! These bells brought Cœur de Lion home from the Crusades," he said jubilantly.

Then the match went out and we climbed down.

—Roderick L. Haig-Brown

• •

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

My shadow is adaptable; I'm not.
Flat on the floor or racing up the wall,
On or off the ceiling like a shot,
Shrunk to a point or spread out like a shawl,
My shadow is adaptable; I'm not.

This too too solid flesh, although I twist,
Retains one mass, one volume, one aspect,
One mortal motion and one sinful list
No artifice or hormone can correct—
This too too solid flesh, although I twist.

My shadow is the match of circumstance,
Comedian and tragedian turn about;
My flesh requires a certain size of pants,
Shirts, hats, and shoes. However fitted out,
My shadow is the match of circumstance.

My shadow is adaptable; I am
Nailed to eternal laws I cannot break,
Weighed in the balance, gram by vital gram,
Myself, myself, both sleeping and awake.
My shadow is adaptable. I am.

—Harold Grier McCurdy

Who is he?

Sketched at the Skytop Club, Skytop, Pennsylvania

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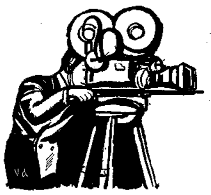
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Get Out Those Handkerchiefs



A LADY with an incurable cancer is the heroine of "No Sad Songs for Me." Informed by her doctor at the outset of the film that she has only ten months to live, she decides to keep the matter a secret from her husband, her small daughter, and her friends. This is indeed a laudable resolution, and in keeping it Margaret Sullavan, who plays the doomed woman, has all kinds of opportunities to tease tears from the eyes of suggestible customers. As the reels go by, Miss Sullavan, behaving with singular nobility, not only forgives her husband, an engineer, for getting worked up emotionally about a female assistant but even grooms the latter to take over as her successor. She also conducts herself bravely around the house and at parties—so much so that if she didn't occasionally complain about being just a trifle weary, it would be hard to believe there was anything wrong with her at all.

Since the Columbia Pictures Corporation, which brought out "No Sad Songs for Me," has made something of a to-do about being the first movie outfit to tackle the subject of cancer, it is rather a pity, I think, that a few medical details about the disease were not included. As the piece stands, it is a combination of reasonably adult dialogue and a plot that frequently resembles the sort of thing radio networks spray at housewives when they've got the girls cornered behind their ironing boards. Fortunately, the acting in the picture is first-rate. Even in her most lachrymose moments, Miss Sullavan is charming, and Wendell Corey and Viveca Lindfors, as the husband and the other woman, are quite plausible throughout.

IN the Polish film "Border Street," an attempt is made to describe what the Jews in the Warsaw ghetto went through during the war. Clumsy and cluttered as this picture is, it does now and then come up with a scene incisive enough to recall the horrors of the days when the Nazis were running amuck. "Border Street" is most successful when it concentrates on the children of the ghetto as they dodge the Germans to make their way to the city beyond the wall, where they can scrabble for food. It is least successful when it tries to follow its large assortment of adults around. In its determination to depict the dismal fortunes of nearly all the residents of one crowded block, the picture shoots off in so many directions at once that it winds up sprawling all over the landscape.

"D.O.A.," a film that derives its title from the abbreviation used by the police to signify "dead on arrival," starts out with a breathless gentleman dashing into police headquarters in Los Angeles to report a murder. "Whose?" inquires a lieutenant in the Homicide Division. "My own," the gentleman says. And we're off into a dizzy flashback that shows how this poor chap, an accountant by trade, got tangled up in a deal involving some hot iridium (or maybe plutonium) and was presently given a Mickey Finn consisting of bourbon and "luminous poison" in a night club. With only a few hours to live, our boy, who moves at a dead gallop, finally tracks down the cur who did him in. Among those who participate in this eerie nonsense are Edmond O'Brien, Pamela Britton, and Luther Adler.

"WABASH AVENUE" presents Betty Grable, Victor Mature, and Phil Harris in another of those backstage song-and-dance dramas that Miss Grable seems to enjoy, even if no one else does. Mr. Mature and Mr. Harris battle for Miss Grable's affections. Their struggles appear about as genuine as the grapplings of professional wrestlers. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

CHICAGO, (INS).—More states are adopting the use of confidential birth registration in order to protect the privacy of children born out of wedlock or adopted.

The American Public Welfare Association reports that currently 14 states are using the private birth record plan. Six other states report they anticipate putting the plan in effect this year.

Maryland placed the Baltimore oriole under protection in 1882.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

And if elm trees could talk!

•

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

[*From the Oklahoma City Oklahoman*]

STYLES FOR SHOW—Y's Y'ves club members entertained their husbands at a style show Thursday night in the YWCA's Venetian room. A group of members modeled girdles and lingerie from a downtown shop.

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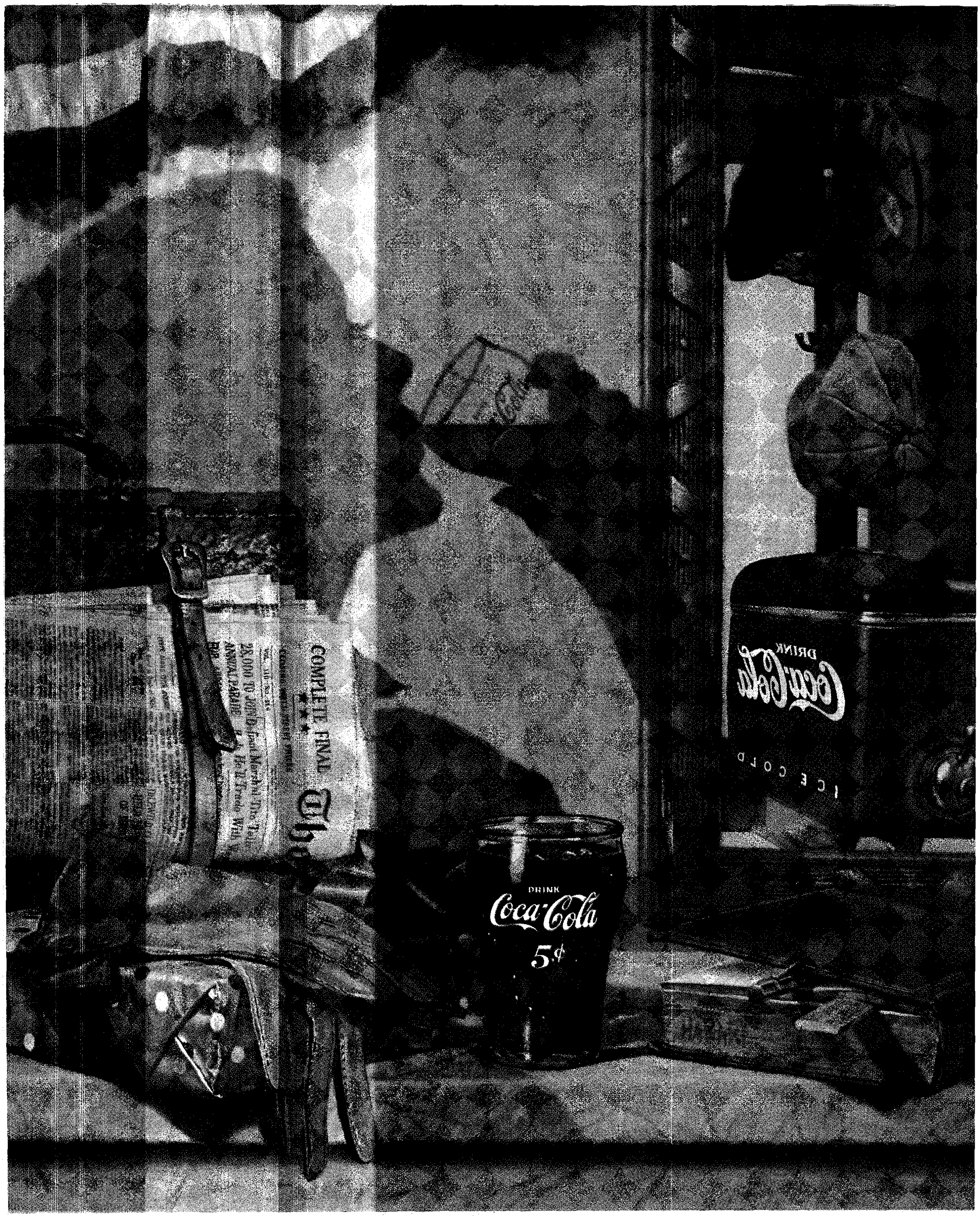

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The pause that refreshes

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

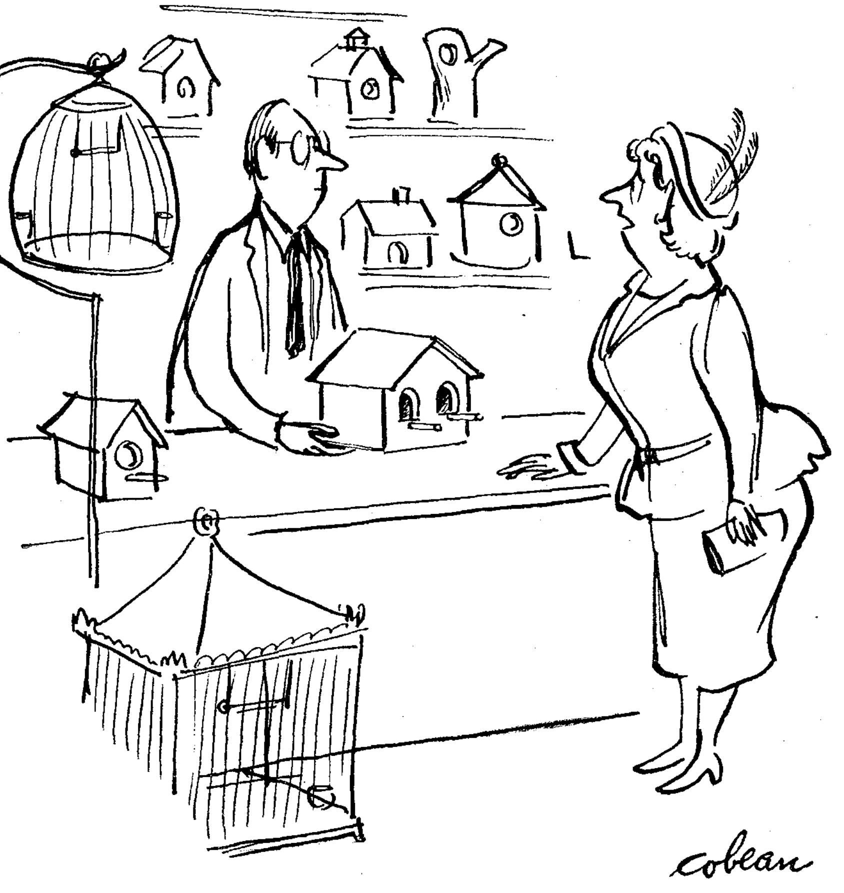
MARKETS AND MENUS

IN the course of my conscientious investigation of the town's food markets, it isn't often that I feel my enthusiasm is in danger of getting completely out of hand. This week, however, in introducing to you a cheese that is brand-new even in Sweden, where it comes from, it will be difficult, I fear, to keep a grip on myself. Endeavoring to be as restrained as I can, though, I shall merely suggest that the arrival of Crème Chantilly is a historic event and that in reporting on it I feel something of the responsibility that the contemporaries of Mme. Harel, the famous cheese-making lady of Normandy, must have felt when they were passing judgment on the first Camembert. Actually, the early Camemberts can hardly have caused more of a sensation in eighteenth-century gastronomic circles than this newcomer is likely to cause now. After all, the genius whose statue stands in the *place* of Vimoutier, her home town, did have Brie as an inspiring example, whereas the makers of this delectable Swedish product appear to have followed no established cheese-making pattern. The nearest thing to it in my experience is a delicious light cheese called *fromage à la crème* that is made in Quebec (it is no relation to the French product of that name) and is, unhappily, almost unknown outside the province.

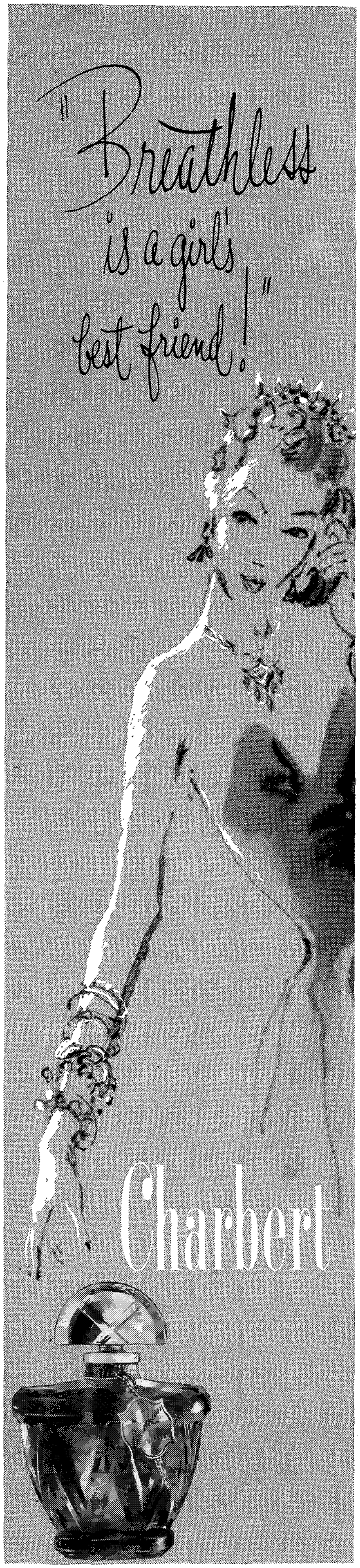
Crème Chantilly will probably be ticketed by both merchants and cheese-lovers as "Camembert-type," and it is true that it is soft and outwardly looks like Camembert, but, to quote the Swedish manufacturer's succinct announcement, which would seem to dispose of all comparisons with disarming finality, "this is a very special product that has never been made on this earth before." The interior of the cheese is dead white, velvety smooth, and very soft, although, unlike Camembert, it never becomes runny. The rind is firm and of a consistency something between that of Brie and Camembert, but not even with age does it develop the ammonic taste typical of the rinds of those cheeses. Instead, the rind and, to a lesser degree, the curd have the elusive flavor of mushrooms, and the over-all characteristic is indescribable and delightful freshness. Crème Chantilly is quite mild, but I must not give you the impression that it is characterless; on the contrary, the exquisitely textured curd and the unexpectedly fresh flavor combine to make it one of the most subtly enjoyable foods that have come my way in a long time.

The cheese is produced near Stockholm, on a small estate belonging to a gentleman farmer, and is made of whole cream supplied by a breed of Swedish cows that closely resembles the Ayrshire. Shipments of Crème Chantilly are arriving here every fortnight—and will continue to do so until the first of June, after which there will be an intermission until next fall—via the fast ships of the Swedish American Line. It is on sale at Bellows & Co., 67 East 52nd Street; Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street; Vendôme Table Delicacies, 415 Madison Avenue (48th); Bloomingdale; and Macy, at around eighty-five cents for a five-and-a-quarter-ounce half-moon wooden box, and $1.65 for a ten-and-a-half-ounce box. It is important that the cheese be allowed to stand at room temperature for a couple of hours, or until it is quite soft to the touch, before serving it.

I PROMISE not to let myself go again on such a solemn, moment-of-history note as the Swedish cheese has evoked, but here I am with a couple of magnificent cakes to discuss, both of which merit some pretty fancy adjectives. The maker of these fine desserts is Leo Hanan, a highly specialized specialist who up to a few weeks ago baked his two chefs-d'œuvres only for the delectation of friends. Recently, he set up business in a small, neat-as-a-pin shop at 350 East 74th Street, and there he turns out a splendid cheesecake and a superior chocolate confection. The town is, I know, flooded with cheesecakes, no greasy-thumbed baker thinking too little of himself to offer a dish that requires, more than most, a skilled hand and a prodigal disregard of economy. Mr. Hanan undoubtedly has these essential qualifications, for his masterpiece is as light as air, and the taste of the freshest eggs, the richest cream, and the best



"Personally, I think it's a great mistake for two families to live together."



"Breathless is a girl's best friend!"
Charbert

butter is reassuringly evident. The cake is built on a base of buttered crumbs and is topped by sour cream strewn with toasted almonds. It is extremely delicate—even bland—and is innocent of the flavor of lemon zest that is usually associated with this dessert.

Since bitter chocolate seems to have almost disappeared from even the best pastry shops, amateurs of its singular flavor will be pleased to learn that Mr. Hanan turns out a cake distinguished by, among other things, the blackest, richest bitter-chocolate icing one could ask for. The cake itself is a light sponge, put together with mocha-flavored whipped cream; the bitter-chocolate icing is sprinkled with both burnt and toasted almonds. The customer can have the filling flavored with brandy if he wants it, but that, I think, is a mistake—at least it strikes a discordant note to my palate. A six-inch cheesecake costs $2, a seven-inch cake, cheese or bitter-chocolate, is $4, and a ten-inch cake of either variety is $5.50. Orders must be put in twenty-four hours in advance (TRafalgar 9-0008).

DAISIES carved out of carrots and birds of paradise fashioned, no matter how cleverly, from meringue are, in my opinion, mere distractions from the serious matter of flavor, so it is not often that I am beguiled by even the prettiest edible decoration. The flower-decked cakes of Mrs. Eleanor Street, of 2 West 16th Street, however, deserve something of that grave regard given in the last century to the sugary inventions the French chef Carême brought to a pinnacle of modishness and artistry. While Mrs. Street will decorate a cake with a landscape, a seascape, or anything else a customer wants, the examples of her work that I saw were all given over to flowers, and no seedsman's catalogue ever showed a more bewildering variety or specimens better calculated to devastate the garden-club ladies. Since these handsome works are intended only for great fêtes—weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, and the like—where a certain degree of flamboyance seems right and proper, the elaborateness of the decoration is as far beyond criticism as is the startlingly lifelike effect of the sculptured flowers. Colors are by no means limited to the pastel shades affected by ordinary artists in sugar; Mrs. Street bakes a ten-inch-square single-tier cake with a riot of red-bronze, brown, and yellow chrysanthemums ($15), and chooses the strongest yellows and blues in a herbaceous border for the adornment of a

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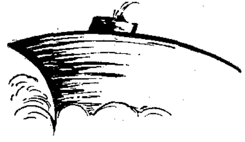

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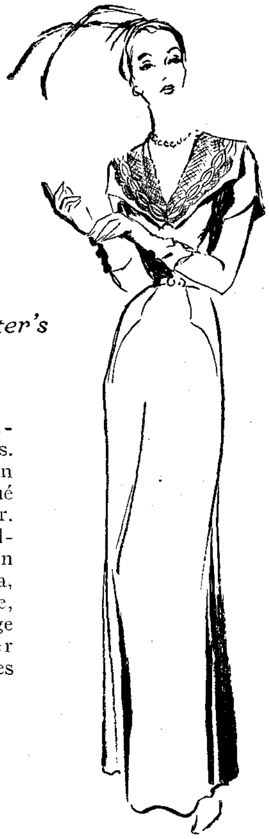

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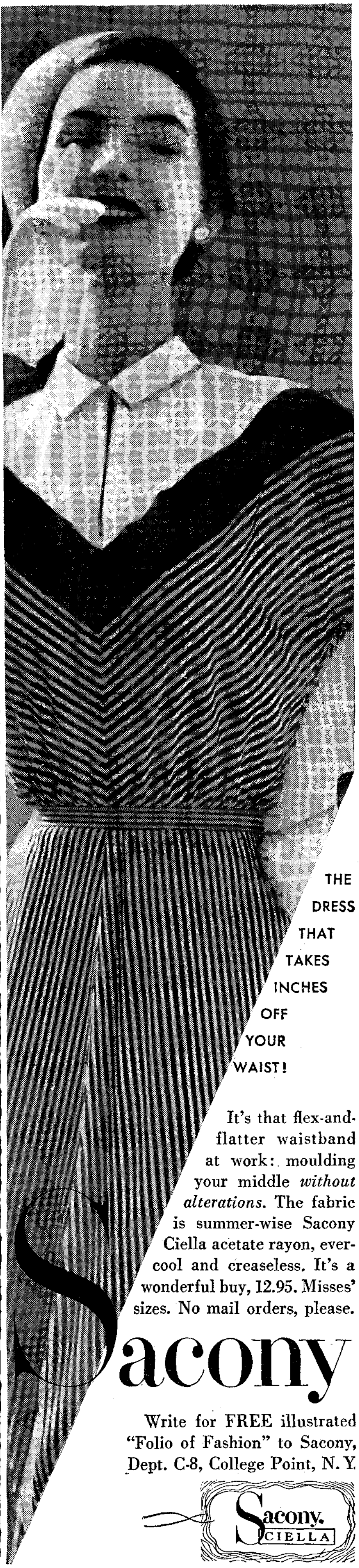
two-tier work of art that is a foot square ($20). A two-tier wedding cake (the bottom layer is fourteen inches in diameter and the upper layer ten) smothered under gardenias and lilies costs $40, and a three-tier triumph that will serve a hundred and forty-five people is garlanded with roses, lilies, pansies, and the like, and costs $45. Small cupcakes, each topped with a single full-blown rose or some other flower, are $5 a dozen. The most fetching of all her conceits are some old-fashioned bouquets of formally arranged flowers, on a base of cake, set in frills of lace paper; these frivolities, which cost $6 apiece, are generally used as place favors for bridesmaids, but one of them would unquestionably overwhelm a littler girl on any occasion. Perhaps I should mention that the cakes really *taste* good; of the two that seem most popular, one is made of a light silver batter and the other by an excellent pound recipe. Moreover, Mrs. Street has developed an icing, quite revolutionary in pastry-making circles, that will not break away when the cake is sliced. Forty-eight hours is the minimum time required to fill orders, and at certain seasons one has to order several weeks in advance—for the month of June, for example.

A READY-MADE crêpe Suzette that has recently come to town should find an enthusiastic welcome as long as timid cooks persist in the delusion that the flaming pancake is a dessert fraught with danger for the inexperienced. This new item, made here by two Frenchwomen and packed under the brand name of Chanteclair, consists of cakes as dainty and lacy as any ever tossed, bathed in a sauce that, while it is suavely flavored with orange, curaçao, and Grand Marnier, is a little short on spirituous content. Evidently the two French ladies recognize this fact, for the instructions on the jar say that a pony of brandy should be added. The crêpes themselves are of the highest quality, as, indeed, they should be, since a jar of twelve costs $2.25. They are to be had at Hammacher Schlemmer; Vendôme; Dover Food Shop, 685 Lexington Avenue (57th); and Altman.

Another crêpe Suzette, packed in California under the trade name of Yolandaville, has been around for some time and you may have heard of it. This pancake hasn't the remarkable fragility of the Chanteclair variety, but the sauce is considerably stouter and it is agreeably flavored. With servantless country weekends coming on, the crêpes ought to be useful in an emergency, such



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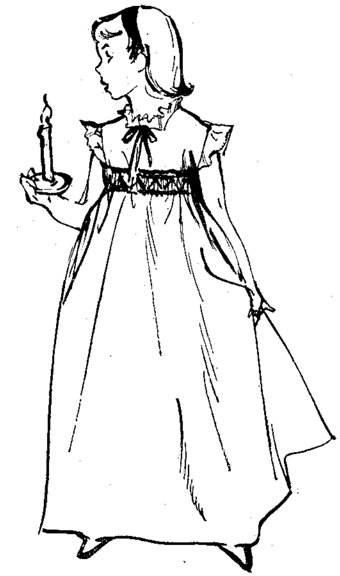

Good Night, Sweet Princess

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Cotton seersucker nightgown, by Daralyn prettily smocked in contrast pastels and shyly edged in white organdy. Pink, blue, maize. Sizes 2 - 16.

Jane engel

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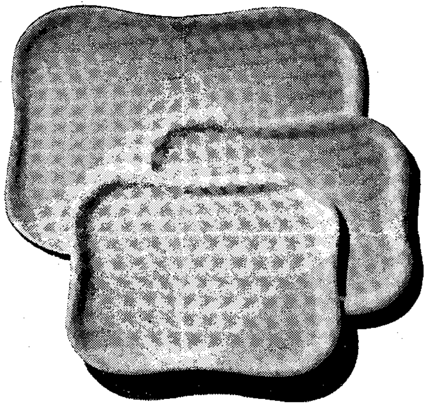
as arises when the call of the garden is more compelling than the call of the kitchen. They cost $1.60 for a tin of eight, at, among other places, Maison Glass, Vendôme, and Altman.

STILL with servantless weekends in view, you might jot down a couple of new products that will help out with the first, sketchy country luncheons. To begin with, Schrafft has added to its line of ready-to-take-home foods roasted chickens, which can be picked up any day at 13 East 42nd Street, 21 West 51st Street, or 201 East 57th Street; a three-pound bird costs $2.50. . . . The canned Hafnia ham, lately arrived from Denmark, is a most delicately cured meat, which, although it has none of the pungent smokiness so valued in our own fine hams, makes very pleasing cold refreshment. Its flavor and tenderness come, it is readily perceived, from the extreme youth of the Danish pigs and from their careful upbringing and diet, rather than from the hateful and misguided tenderizing process most of our domestic hams are subjected to. The Hafnia ham is to be had, in cans containing from four to twelve pounds, at Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street; it costs $1.50 a pound. . . . The canned baked apples that Macy has packed under its own label, Lily White, are quite a convenience in throwing together a makeshift luncheon for children or not too exacting adults. A can containing four or five apples costs twenty-nine cents.

GOOD cheese so urgently needs good wine that I can't bring myself to entirely abandon the subject of that new Swedish import without calling your attention to a couple of vintages that do wonders for it, and, of course, this works the other way around, too. One of these is a delightful Beaujolais '45, from the Domaine de la Grand Cour, at Fleurie, shipped by Crozet. If you are one of those who dismiss even the best Beaujolais as merely "nice," you may have a change of judgment after sampling a bottle of this vintage, which, although it certainly can't be called great, has a charm, and even a distinction, of its own. It is exceedingly light, not with the unpleasant lightness of an inferior vintage, such as the 1940, but with a fresh, clean-flavored quality and a piquant bouquet that are particularly suitable with food that isn't too robust. The wine, imported by Bellows for Sherry Wine & Spirits, 697 Madison Avenue (61st), sells for $1.69 a bottle, and, since I suspect it will become

beautiful birch trays from finland



All the natural beauty of fine Finland birch — and a surface resistant to alcohol, food acids, lighted cigarettes. The small ones are fun for snacktime, the large one is fine for *al fresco* dining. They make a wonderful gift! Large 21" tray 4.95; 15" buffet tray 3.25

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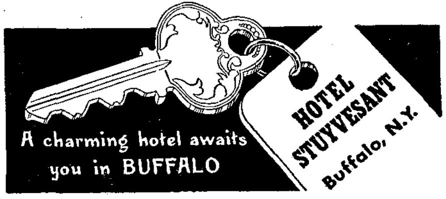

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a steady habit, I'll add that it is $18.66 a case.

I don't know why the wines of the Commune of Santenay should be so little known in this country; I almost never meet up with them in a restaurant and they appear only rarely at the wine merchants'. At present, M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), has a Santenay of 1945, shipped by Drouhin, that, while it is from no identified vineyard, has the characteristics of the best reds of the Côte de Beaune—delicacy, softness, and exceptional lightness, which make it ideal for warm-weather drinking. Lehmann is asking $1.98 for this, and at that price it should make a good many people happy this summer.

Even allowing for the usual diversities of taste, it is hard to believe that there can be anyone who doesn't share my enjoyment of the powerful wines of the Rhône Valley, and especially those of the 1942 vintage, which, it seems to me, are every bit the equals of the great '29s. Sherry Wine & Spirits has, at $1.79, a Côte Rotie of 1942, which is fine; a red Hermitage, of the same year and price, which is even better; and, at $1.99, a Châteauneuf-du-Pape, Grand Serre of 1937 (all three of these are shipped by Chapoutier), which is the noblest of them all. —S. H.

•

GALESBURG, ILL.—(AP)—Mrs. Lester Hodgson, 37-year-old registered nurse, boosted her offspring count from six to nine by giving birth to triplets Saturday.

The youngsters, born in Cottage hospital, were taken to St. Francis hospital, Peoria, for special care. Doctor E. G. Behrents, attending physician, said mother and children were doing well.

He said the babies, two girls and a boy, were born about six weeks prematurely.

The father in the triplicate birth case is a railway mail clerk.

"I wish to repeat categorically and without qualification that I am not a Communist and never have been a Communist."—*Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) News-Gazette.*

We've heard that one before, Pop.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Austin (Texas) Statesman*]

JIHLAVA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA (AP)—Frantisek Kominek was performing an acrobatic stunt, hanging from a plane above spectators at an air meet in this Moravian town.

Suddenly he found he could not get back into the plane.

A car was sent out and Kominek was given the signal to jump when the plane flew low altitude. But this proved impossible.

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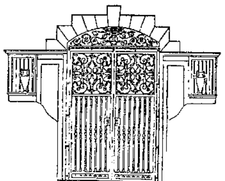

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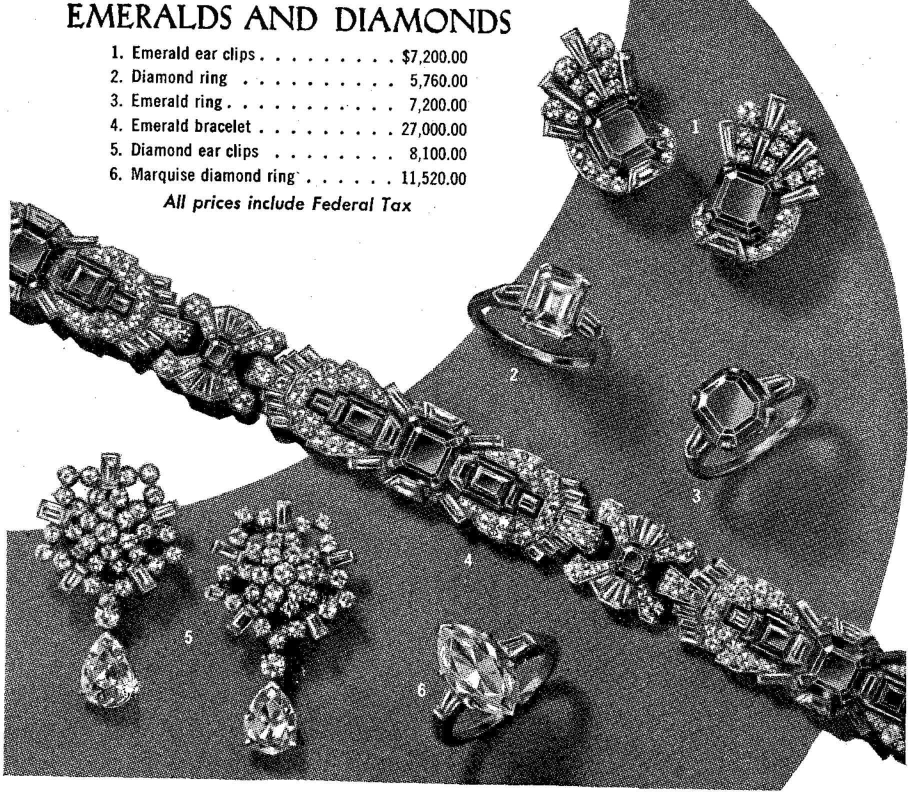

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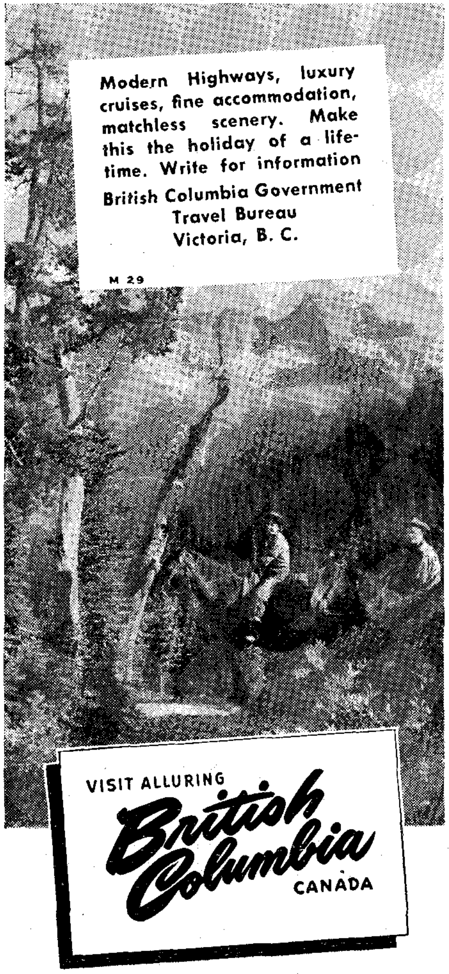

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

WESTPORT, CONN.,
APRIL 26, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

SOME of your readers may have got the impression from A. J. Liebling's excellent article about a cockfight in Connecticut in one of your recent issues that north of the Caribbean events of this nature are always held surreptitiously, at night, in such places as the cramped, dirt-floored cellars of farmhouses. They might be interested to learn that they need only visit Saratoga Springs during the summer months of evening harness racing there to find chicken fights being conducted in very different surroundings. The matches are held on occasional afternoons in a low, sprawling structure that looks as if it might once have been a resort hotel. The building is now entirely devoted to cockfighting and is equipped with small, darkened rooms in which the chickens relax before they fight, a lobby for general sociability among the customers, and a large common room containing a fine, fluorescent-lighted pit, permanent banks of seats, and a well-appointed bar. I went there last summer, accompanied by a Vermont chicken fancier I shall call Paul Peeley, and I was puzzled by the wide-open aspect of the establishment (cockfighting being just as illegal in New York State as it is in Connecticut) until I heard the name of one of the men who were going to fight chickens that afternoon—a name prominent in Democratic politics in an upstate county. The program lasted about five hours, considerably longer than the one Mr. Liebling described. It was, in the terms of the sport, a six-stag five-entry derby, in which five breeders enter six birds apiece for a total of fifteen matches, with no hacking or impromptu fights. The stakes and wagers were higher than the ones Mr. Liebling reported, and the fans differed from those he saw in that they seemed to be more prosperous; most of them looked to me like successful politicians or retired building contractors—old roosters, slightly gone to paunch, whose natural habitat is cigar smoke, who wager to the death as gamely and instinctively as the birds fight, and who, like the birds, crow a little when victorious.

On my visit to the place, three or four raffish elderly ladies were in the audience. The presence of women at

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these cockfights, Peeley informed me sadly, was something fairly new, and he suspected that it was responsible for a change in the traditional technique of handling the birds. For centuries, it has been the custom for the handler, during the breaks in the fighting, to wipe the blood out of his chicken's eyes on his mouth—a procedure that undoubtedly goes back to the ancient ritualistic origins of the sport, which are to be found in cock sacrifice and blood-drinking. Now, however, at Saratoga Springs, each handler is given a bowl of cold water and a sponge with which to perform the operation. The innovation—on the afternoon I was present, at any rate—wasn't very successful. In most moments of stress the handlers forgot about the bowl and sponge and reverted to the older method, and when they didn't forget, the sponging seemed to be bitterly resented by most of the audience, who could hardly have known the origin of the custom but apparently sensed somehow that ritualistic fitness and tradition were being outraged. An elderly, toothless cockfight man next to me whispered angrily that cold water is *very* dangerous for the birds' systems and that human saliva not only is just the right temperature but is well known to have effective germicidal properties. Between fights, the old gentleman headed for the bar for a slug of Scotch and another long cigar, and, in view of the numbers who beat him to it, I gathered that cold water wasn't considered very good for the spectators, either. Back at my side again after one of these sorties, the old fellow leaned over to say that most of the audience went to the track after dinner but that he didn't have much interest in horse racing any more. I suspect that his apathy might be traced to the fact that horse racing has left its sacrificial origins much farther behind and that, unlike the losing cocks—for cockfighting is quite literally a matter of improving the breed—the losing horses live to try another day.

Yours respectfully,
STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

•

Confronted by a band of angry and determined women in Municipal Court, the company said the pal Term Court, the company said the process which turns out 1500 condensers a day at its plant at 308 Dyckman St., and causes the The women said they can't wait.
—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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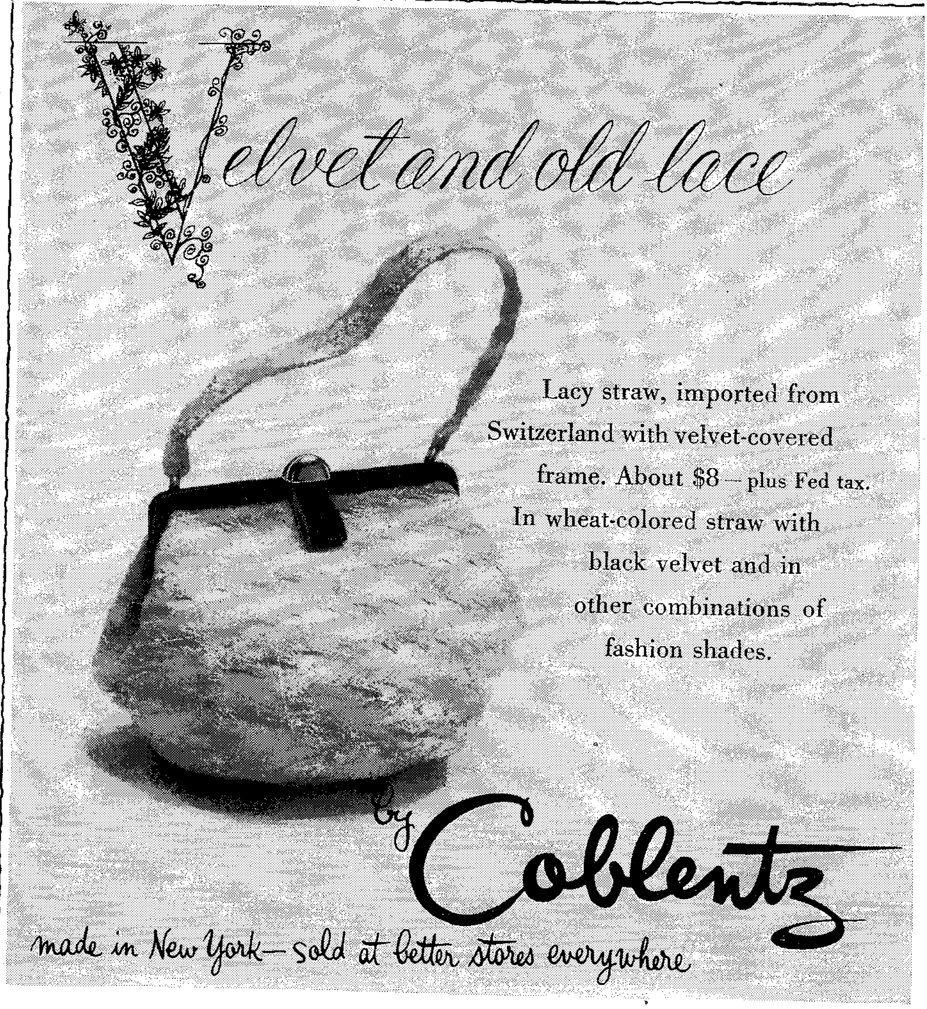

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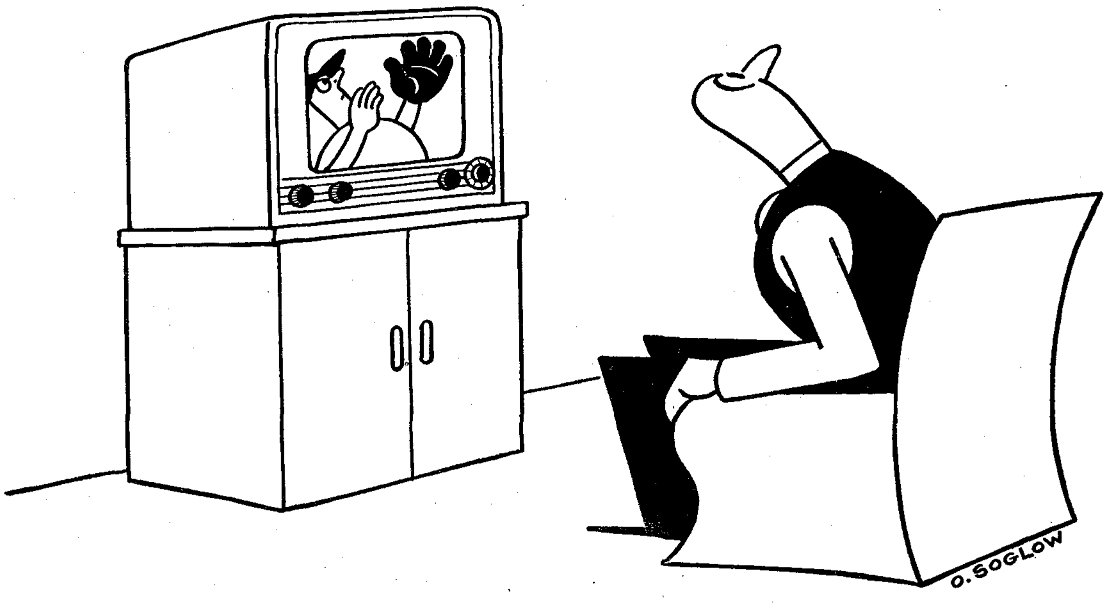
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE LITTLE FISH

FIVE years after the death of Austrian-born Adolf Hitler, there are probably a million people in Austria—including Herr and Frau Anton Hasslinger, with whom I once, so many years ago, boarded in Vienna—who wish he were alive. The figure, signifying one person out of every seven of the population, is necessarily only an approximation, but it is not implausible. At the end of the war, five hundred and thirty-six thousand Austrians were on the membership rolls of the Nazi Party and its subsidiary organizations—the S.A., the S.S., the Hitler Jugend, the Reichsarbeitsdienst (Labor Service), the Volkswohlfahrt (Welfare Service), and so on. These Nazis of record had been active workers for the cause, according to the present Austrian government, and not just adherents on principle. The latter were called *kleine Nazimitläufer* (little Nazi followers), and there are still hundreds of thousands of them, plus some more recent converts whose philosophical outlook predisposes them toward Nazi precepts, whatever their outward political allegiance. The most significant index to the size of this disturbing bloc of Austrian citizenry is the result of the general elections last October. The present political party that appeals most to unreconstructed Nazis is the League of Independents, or V.d.U., the so-called Fourth Party. Although the Party's leaders disclaim any ties with Nazism, its membership is open only to Catholics, Protestants, and *Gottgläubige* (Believers in God, so classified because they are not affiliated with any church), which may be one way of indicating who *can't* join. One plank in the Party's platform is "to put an end to the evil cycle of punishment and retaliation," but another is "to punish murderers, including murderers of National Socialists, wherever they may be found." In the October elections, twelve per cent of the electorate voted for the V.d.U. If those twelve per cent can be assumed to reflect the views of twelve per cent of Austria's population of seven million, there are some eight hundred and forty thousand pro-Nazi types running loose in the country, in addition to those who are in jail pending trial and those who are scared to come out in the open and go on record.

The history of Nazism in Austria is, like almost everything else in that country, a mixture of reality and romanticism, a bewildering succession of violent ups and downs. The Nazi Party came into being there in the late twenties and functioned openly until 1933, when the Dollfuss regime declared it illegal and drove it underground. Those who stuck with the Party then or joined it during the next five years are now referred to—with admiration by one out of seven members of the populace—as "illegals." On March 13, 1938, Hitler marched into Vienna, and overnight the outlawed party became the only legal party in Austria. It kept its exalted position until Hitler's collapse.

Shortly after the Liberation, the People's Party (Catholic), the Socialists, and the Communists—the only three parties then legally recognized in Austria—outlawed the Nazi Party as an organization of war criminals. All former Nazis had to register with the police, and lists of these registrants were posted in municipal offices throughout the country. "Little illegals" and "little Nazis"—the distinction between them being based on whether they had joined the Party before or after March, 1938—were fired from their jobs and either had to help clean up the rubble in the city's streets or were assessed for a reconstruction fund. The big illegals and the big Nazis were also fired, and they paid heavier assessments and cleaned up more rubble. Former S.S. men were interned in Camp Glasenbach, near Salzburg, in the American Zone, where they are said to have promptly and efficiently built up an underground organization, which became the nucleus of Austria's Neo-Nazism. Then came the denazification law of February 6, 1947, which distinguished between the *Minderbelastete* (the moderately implicated), the *Schwerbelastete* (the greatly implicated), and out-and-out war criminals. Whether a Nazi was moderately or greatly implicated was determined by his actions while a member of the Party and by the rank he had held in it; as a rule, those under the rank of cell leader were considered only moderately implicated. The amnesty law of April 21, 1948, gave a blanket pardon to all moderately implicated Nazis, and their names were stricken from the registration lists. Four hundred and forty-five thousand of them were let off. They can now move around freely and apply for any job, and most of them are back in their old positions. The *Bonzen* (bigwigs) have been tried as war criminals or are still awaiting trials, which may never be held. A year ago, the law limiting the number of political parties to the three already established ones was rescinded, and that is when the Fourth Party came into being.



Back in April, 1945, when the Red Army was getting uncomfortably close to Vienna, many of the Nazi brass moved to the western parts of Austria, because they expected, not unreasonably, that the United States Army would treat them more leniently than the Russians would. A lot of them went into temporary seclusion around Salzburg, west of Vienna, and Graz, south of Vienna, which were the citadels of Nazism in the old days and

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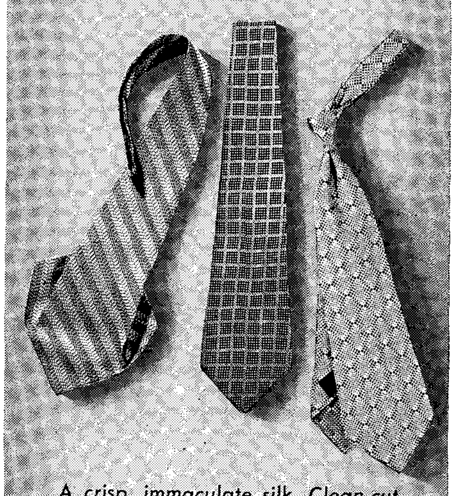

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are again today. But thousands of little Nazis, the core of the former Party, stayed in Vienna. It is not easy to identify them. For one thing, the intransigent Russians are still in town and the little Nazis want to keep out of their hands, and for another the former Party leaders wouldn't like it if they talked too much. The safest course is to deny that one was *anything*. Not long ago, the prosecuting attorney at a denazification trial, irritated by a defendant's obstinate disavowals, snapped, "All right! We know that there were never any Nazis in Austria. But do you deny that there was a Hitler?"

THE situation being what it is, it was only a lucky accident that recently enabled me to spend an evening with a Nazi family. In 1926, I arrived in Vienna from Czechoslovakia to study at the College of Economics, and I moved into a small room in the home of Herr and Frau Hasslinger. (For reasons that are obvious, that is not their real name.) The room had no heat, mirror, table, or curtains, but it was cheap, and such meals as I ate with the family were passable. Herr Hasslinger was a badly paid petty official in the municipal administration. He and his wife had two young children, a son and a daughter, and lived on the third floor of a ratty apartment house; the family managed to make ends meet by taking in boarders. One day last month, as I was coming out of the Army Post Exchange near the Waehringer Guertel, a woman stopped me. I wouldn't have recognized her as Frau Hasslinger if she hadn't told me who she was. She was thinner and smaller than I remembered her, and her face was sallow and shrunken. Age or bitterness had chiselled two deep lines at the corners of her mouth. She wore an old, mouse-colored coat and was carrying a head of red cabbage done up in a newspaper. When I asked her how she had been, she burst into tears. I inquired if anyone in her family had been lost in the war, but she said no, everybody was back and in good health, thank God. "It's just that we've had a terrible, terrible time since the end of the war," she explained. "Everything has gone from bad to worse. Oh, my dear sir, the world has become so cruel! We are little, innocent people, but they are after us all the time."

"Who are?" I asked, perhaps naïvely.

"Who?" she repeated. "Those police criminals, of course. But I can't talk here." She glanced apprehensively around. "One never knows. Why don't you come to see us tomorrow night? We're still living in the same place. It's hard to believe, but our building was never touched in the bombing raids. My husband will be so glad to see you again. You always were our nicest boarder. Not like those drunkards, who were forever coming in after midnight and waking everybody up. And you must see the children. They were only little tots when you were here." She nudged my arm and pointed to some PX supplies I was carrying. "You're an American now?" I nodded, and she said, "Will you bring us a few cigarettes? My husband can't afford American cigarettes, and he likes them so much."

The next day, I made a few inquiries about the Hasslingers and learned a few facts. Herr Hasslinger had joined the Nazi Party in 1936. His superiors in that organization had labelled him "honest, rather limited in intelligence, and without any ambition to become a leader." He had kept his subordinate position in the municipal administration until the Nazis took over, in 1938, when he was suddenly made chief of his bureau, over the heads of three men, all of them anti-Nazis. Subsequently, he had joined the S.A. and become an *Untersturmbannführer*, approximately the equivalent of a lieutenant colonel. In 1944, he had commanded a company in the Volkssturm, the civilian-defense organization that was set up at about the time the German Army was reaching the end of its rope. His son, Hellmut, had been a *Gefolgschaftsführer* (roughly, a platoon leader) in the Hitler Jugend and had been made a sergeant in the German Army, in which he distinguished himself at the Stalingrad front. Hasslinger's daughter, Mathilde, had been a member of the Bund Deutscher Mädchen and, later, of the Party. According to a deposition signed by Hasslinger's former office underlings after the Liberation, he had treated them brutally, even refusing to let them take shelter during air raids, and he had remained an active Party man to the last. As a moderately implicated illegal, Hasslinger had been given amnesty under the 1948 law and was again working for the municipal administration, though at the very bottom of the official ladder.

THAT evening, I set out for the Hasslingers', taking along some cigarettes and three bottles of Gumpoldskirchner, a dry white Austrian wine of deceptive lightness. I found that

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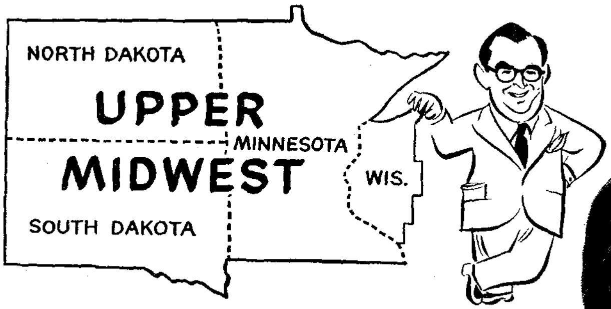

Cedric Adams

Minneapolis Star and Tribune columnist

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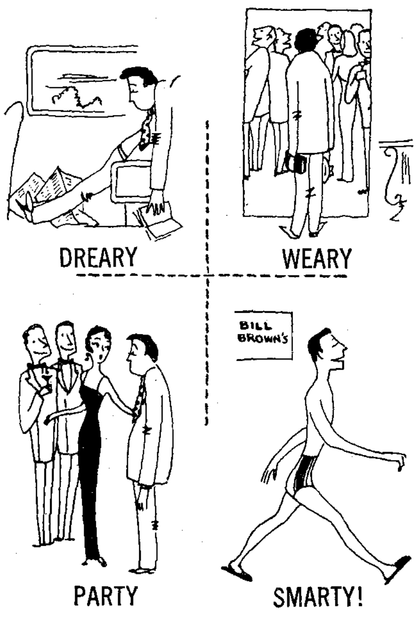

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the building they lived in was indeed undamaged, but shabby and dirty, and the paint was flaking off. There was the well-remembered smell of wet plaster and warmed-over cabbage in the entrance hall. Everything was incredibly dreary. I walked up to the third floor and rang the Hasslingers' bell, under a brass shield bearing their name. I heard steps, an eye appeared at the peephole, a chain was slid back, and Frau Hasslinger opened the door. "Welcome!" she said. "It's nice of you to come. And wine, too! That's very kind of you. My husband is in the dining room."

We walked down the hall to the dining room. Dust covers I recognized instantly were spread over the familiar sofa and the two heavy armchairs along one wall, but the oaken center table and the chairs around it were uncovered, probably in anticipation of my visit. A single shaded electric light bulb, suspended by a long cord from the ceiling, illuminated only the table, leaving the rest of the room in semi-darkness. A radio was playing "*Wien, Wien, nur du allein Sollst stets die Stadt meiner Träume sein.*" On the buffet were still the awful china figurines of two naked satyrs I had hoped I would never see again, along with photographs of the family, and the grandfather's clock in the corner was stopped at five minutes to six, as it had been all the time I lived there.

Herr Hasslinger got up from the table, where he had been reading *Der Grosse Brockhaus*, a popular German encyclopedia. He was gray-haired now, and his face was pale and lined. He was wearing a yellow shirt open at the top of his hairy chest, embroidered suspenders, short leather pants, Tyrolian shoes, and no socks. "I hope you don't mind my informal costume," he said gravely as he shook hands with me. "Klara! A chair for the gentleman! My last two suits are slowly going to pieces."

"The gentleman was nice enough to bring some wine along," said Frau Hasslinger. She stood rigid by the table—almost at attention—watching her husband closely. Hasslinger had always been a tyrant in the home, running his family with an iron hand—a phrase he admired and frequently employed. But now he was a demoted tyrant and his desperate attempts that evening to keep up a front seemed rather sad. "Well, what are you waiting for?" he said harshly to his wife. "Don't leave him holding the bottles all night! Go open them!"

Frau Hasslinger took the bottles into

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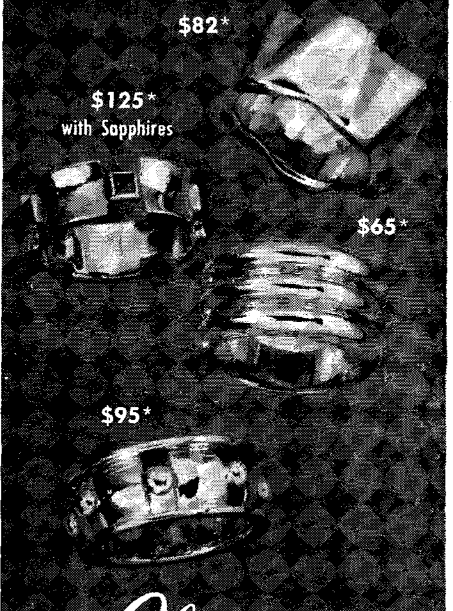

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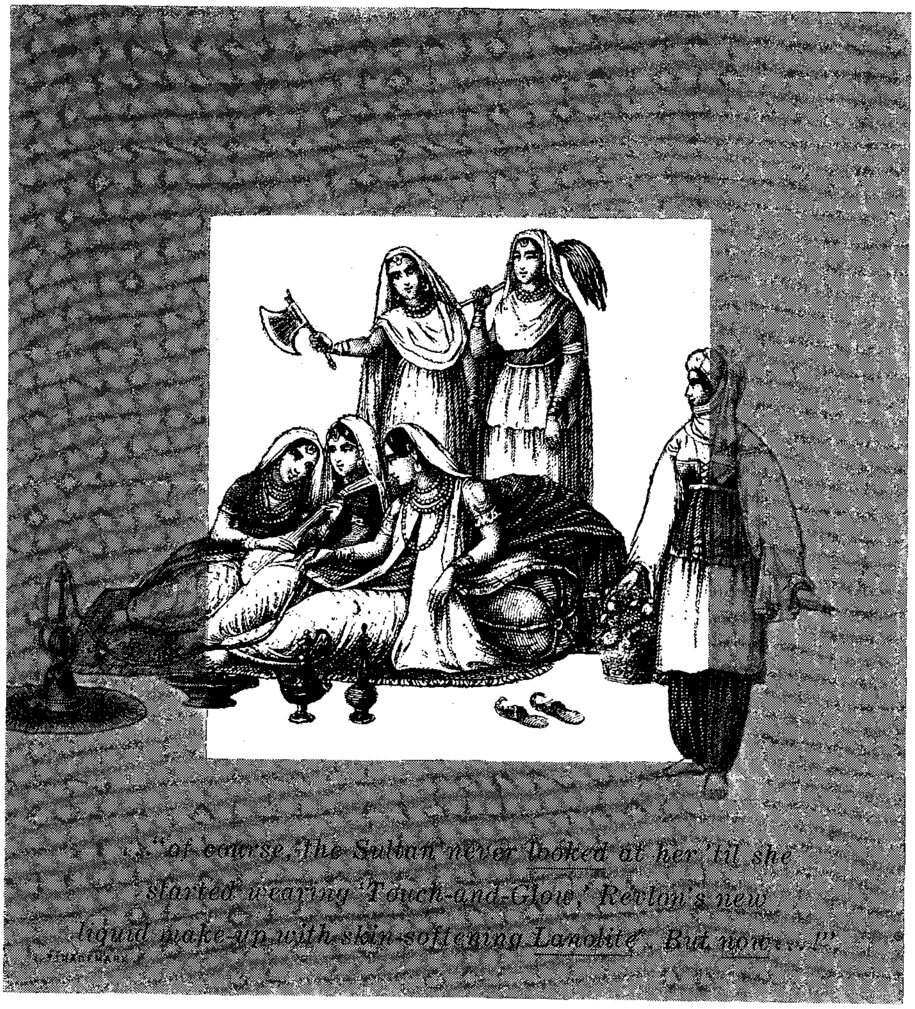
the kitchen, and her husband turned to me. "Sit down, sir, and tell me about yourself," he said. We talked briefly about the old days and about life in America. Then Frau Hasslinger returned with an opened bottle and three glasses. Hasslinger filled the glasses, drained off his wine at a gulp, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and sighed. I asked how he was making out these days. "Ah," he said, "I'm living the life of the little fish. The big fish got away and joined either the Black Ones [the Catholics] or the Red Ones [the Communists], but I'm a little fish, and I'm the one that gets caught. And it isn't just because I was a member of the Party, either. There's a high commissioner at the Ministry of Justice, an old man—he looks as if he'd been dead for a long time and doesn't know it yet—who was a member of the Party long before I was. He sat out the war years in Berlin, and is back now at his former desk, big as ever. Makes you sick. For a while, in the very early days after the war, we hoped things would improve when the Americans came in. But what happens? All they do is sell us cigarettes and lipsticks." He took a cigarette from a pack I had put on the table, lit it, inhaled deeply, and said, "With your permission? Thank you."

Hasslinger sat there for a moment brooding and smoking, and then poured himself another glass of wine. His wife, taking the cue, fetched in the two other bottles from the kitchen. "All my life I've been a conscientious official, with a sense of duty, and look where I am today," Hasslinger said abruptly. "And why? Because I believed Austria should join the great German Reich. Austria belongs to Germany as a son belongs to his father. We are too small. We can't afford to have a national life of our own. I learned my lesson as long ago as 1918. In the First World War, I was a petty officer in the Austrian Navy, stationed in Pola and Trieste. Then my world collapsed. For months after the armistice I thought I was living in a bad dream. They should have left us the monarchy. I've been through two emperors—Franz Josef and Karl—the first Renner Republic, the Dollfuss and Schuschnigg regimes, the annexation under Hitler, the four-power occupation, and now the Second Republic. The monarchy was the best of all. Everybody here feels that way. No wonder people in the theatre applaud when an actor dressed up as the old Emperor appears on the stage."

"You shouldn't get excited, Papa," said Frau Hasslinger. His glass was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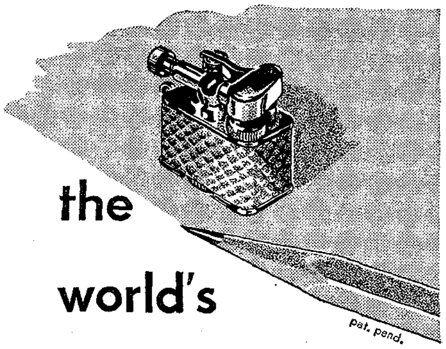
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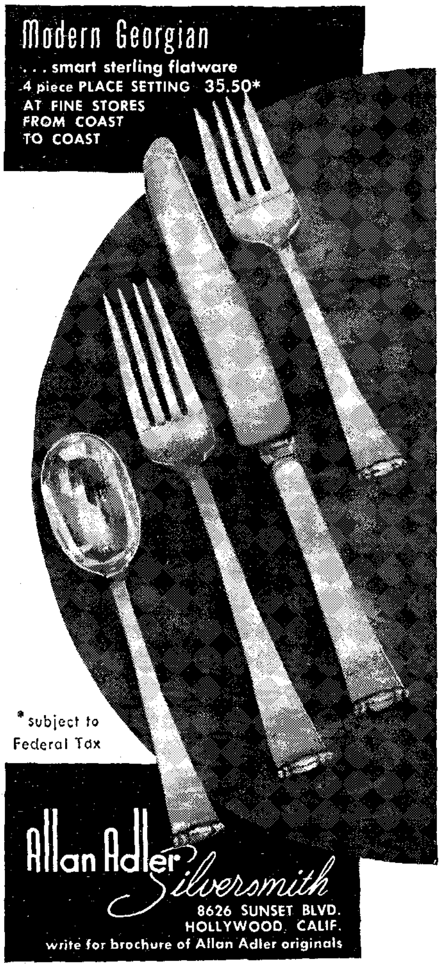
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empty again, and she filled it. "The doctor told you not to—"

"Quiet, Klara!" Hasslinger snapped. "Is it a crime to share that century-old longing for Germany?" He apparently saw no contradiction between his enthusiasm for the monarchy and his longing for union with Germany. I was surprised for a moment, and then I wasn't surprised, because nothing is very surprising in Vienna today. "Ah, sir," he went on, "you should have seen the Ringstrasse on the day in March, 1938, when the Führer made his triumphal entrance into Vienna! An ocean of people! There wasn't a soul in town who didn't turn out for the occasion. But today, of course, you'd have a hard time getting anybody to admit being there. I, at least, have never denied that I was on hand, happy and proud to see him. My God, Hitler was practically forced down our throats by the great powers, wasn't he?"

"Yes, it was a lovely day," said Frau Hasslinger with a sigh. "You've never seen so many people! Somebody stole my umbrella." Her husband glanced at her impatiently, and she shut up.

"It used to be that anybody working for the municipal administration had to be a regular member of the Socialists," said Hasslinger. "Otherwise, he couldn't have kept his job. So I was more or less a member of the Red Ones. Naturally, I had lots of friends among the Nazis, but what's so bad about that? Everybody has friends. It was only to be expected that after the Anschluss I was offered a better job. The regime needed reliable, conscientious people who were not afraid of work. I've never been a loafer. Not everything was perfect under the Nazis, but at least they respected a worker and there was order."

"Yes," said Frau Hasslinger. "There was order. Not like today, when everybody does as he pleases."

"That's called democracy, Klara," said Hasslinger with sodden irony. We had more wine. Hasslinger's cheeks began to show some color. "I'll tell you what happened after the end of the war," he said, leaning toward me confidentially. "As long as the Russians were raging through the streets, one couldn't venture out. My God, who could tell *what* to expect from those Asiatics! The Americans are at least clean-shaven and washed. As soon as it was possible, I went back to my office. Conscientious—that's what I've always been. When I got to my room, there sat the three men who had been working under me. Little nobodies, people I wouldn't even spit on. The welcome they gave me wasn't very enthusiastic, I must say. They wouldn't even let me go to my desk. 'Have you registered?' they asked. 'Registered for what?' I said. My God, I'd had to register so many places and so many times that by then I felt like a walking file cabinet. 'As a Nazi,' they said. 'That's the new law.' And I did register. Don't ask me why. The law didn't really concern little fish like me. I was of no consequence. Just a little creature. I was in the S.A., as it happened, but nobody can say it was my fault."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," Hasslinger said, "every bureau chief had to join if he wanted to keep his job. It was merely a Betriebs-S.A., an office organization. We certainly didn't do much, either. A few roll calls, and whenever there was an air raid, we helped the police keep order. There's no denying that order must be kept, and somebody's got to help the police. But imagine us old gentlemen being allowed to do anything important! It was really a kind of club. A few evenings with beer, singing *Lieder*. Don't you people in America ever sing?"

"After 1944, you hardly ever went to the roll calls," Frau Hasslinger said.

"Maybe only once a week," Hasslinger said. "Of course, I've always been a man of discipline, and that's the best way to make enemies. The population was depending on the municipal employees for water, gas, and electricity. The big Anker Bakery was in my district, and I couldn't let the population down, could I? But the S.A. was just a joke, believe me. My God, I didn't even know I was paying dues to the Party!"

"You didn't?" I asked. "Hadn't you joined?"

"Well, *I* hadn't joined the *Party*," Hasslinger replied. "*It* joined *me*, if I may say so. Our Betriebs-S.A. was integrated into the Party. I had no say in it—nobody asked me. The dues were deducted from my pay. I tried to explain all this to the police after the war, but they were all Communists. They wouldn't even listen to me."

"Criminals," said Frau Hasslinger.

"Don't talk so much, Klara!" Hasslinger said. "It would be better if you just filled our glasses. . . . So—*prosit!* No, if those criminals in the police didn't like a man's face, they would call him a Nazi, and that was that. When I came back from registering with the police, you should have seen how that little no-good who is now sitting at my desk treated me. In the old days, he wouldn't have dared hand me my overcoat. Now he was the bureau chief. Well, I didn't get my job back. I went home and waited. After a week, two Russian policemen came and said that they had got my name from the bureau chief and that he'd told them I was a Nazi. I said, 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, there must be a slight misunderstanding'—but try and talk to people who wash potatoes in their toilet bowls. They said to come along with them. 'What for?' I asked. 'We Austrians are not conquered people. We've been told we have been liberated!' You know what those Asiatics did? They laughed! They thought I was joking. Then they grabbed me and hauled me off to the Russian headquarters, where I was informed that I would have to clean rubble out of the streets."

Hasslinger looked at me sharply, perhaps hoping to see sympathetic indignation on my face. "But then," he went on, "I said to myself, 'Why not? I love my Vienna, and somebody's got to clean up all that rubble.' I worked for three months. It wasn't so bad—we even got a hot meal at noon, and in those days practically nobody else in town had anything to eat. After three months, the police came to me again and said that a deposition had been filed against me by my fellow-workers in the municipal administration. I was supposed to have forced them, with a gun in my hand, to work for the Führer. Me, who wouldn't harm a worm! I had never agreed with those—those excesses." He stopped. Frau Hasslinger looked at me apprehensively and said, "He means against the Jews."

"I used to quarrel with my own brother on that subject," Hasslinger said, lighting another of my cigarettes. "My brother Fritz used to say that all Jews should be extermin— well, got rid of somehow. My brother would start talking about the wonderful Hitler when he got up in the morning and would still be talking about him when he went to bed at night. He was an idealist, you understand. You just couldn't argue with him. I guess it's a good thing that he died before the collapse." He stared into his glass. "We didn't even know about those camps and things. My God, nowadays everybody seems to think that we are a nation of murderers! Sure, there were always certain rumors. But who believed rumors? We were so used to them that they'd go in one ear and out the other. But I was telling you about this deposition filed against me. The police said I had threatened my subordinates with a

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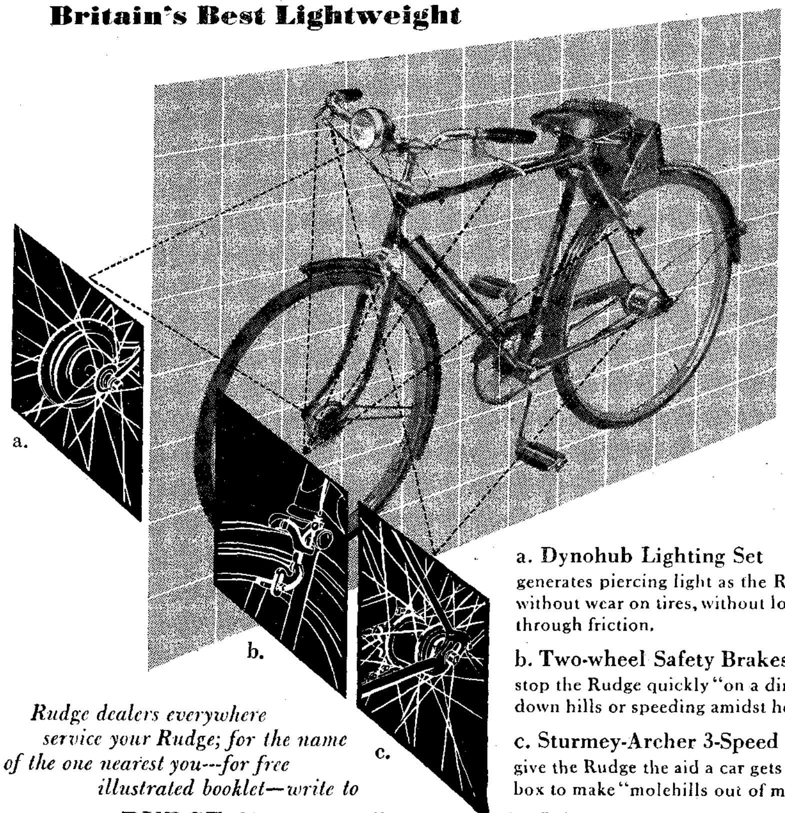

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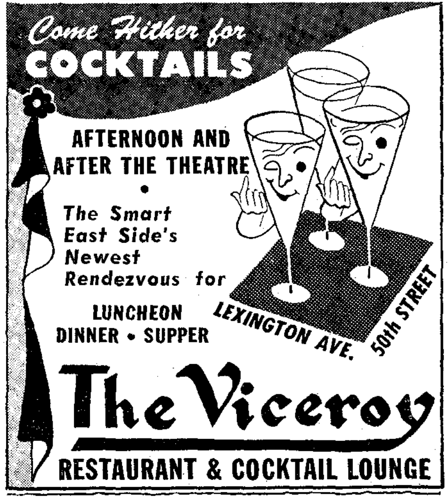
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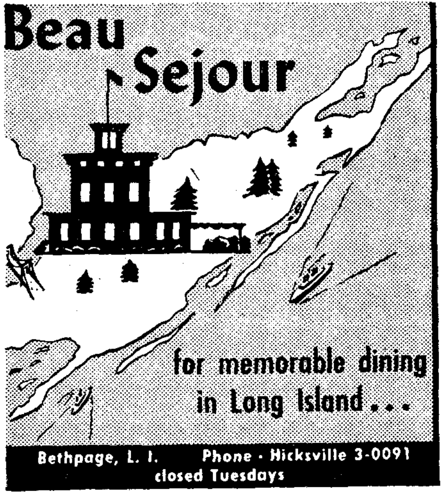
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gun. I never threatened anybody with a gun. I was commander of a Volkssturm company—I admit it—and I enforced discipline. *Somebody* had to enforce discipline. When the critical days came, all the other commanders vanished. I was the only one with any sense of duty."

"Anton has always had such a strong sense of duty," Frau Hasslinger said.

"The Volkssturm was the only thing left in those days," Hasslinger said. "The people were totally demoralized, and I—I say it frankly—was the only man left in my district who knew his duty. But it was no use trying to explain any of this to the police. They sent me to the Central Cemetery to dig graves, and I spat on my hands and started to dig. Two graves every day for six weeks." He fortified himself against this recollection with another big gulp of wine.

"After six weeks," Hasslinger continued, "they took me out of the cemetery and made me a mason. The former bureau chief mixing plaster and laying bricks! But it didn't hurt me, and I'm sure I was a better mason than lots of people who had been masons all their lives. Then, one day, I gathered my courage and went back to my old office. I said I would like to see the famous deposition against me. They showed it to me." He stared at the dark ceiling, closed his eyes, and quoted: " 'Hasslinger treated his subordinates brutally and inhumanly. During air attacks by Allied fliers, he prevented his men from entering the air-raid shelter and forced them to stick to their jobs, saying, "The home front stays in the fight." He was active until the very end on behalf of the Party.' " He nodded grimly. "That last sentence I would have been glad to underscore. When a man has a feeling for duty in his bones, he can do nothing about it. What did make me angry, though, was that all my former subordinates, without exception, had signed the deposition—even those who had always been on my side. I met one of them a few days later and asked him, 'Ferdl, how could you sign that pack of lies?' And the man started to cry and said, 'Anton, go ahead and spit on me. I deserve it. I signed because everybody else signed.' Well, to make a long story short, they took me back at the office, but I'm no longer boss. I work for a stupid ass I once barely tolerated having around, and get two-thirds of my prewar salary. There go the fruits of a lifetime of hard work and devotion to duty. The stupid ass makes twice what I do, and in two years he will be three civil-service grades ahead of me. And that's called democracy!"

"We didn't like everything under the Nazis," said Frau Hasslinger, "but at least one had a feeling that there was a strong hand."

"Yes," agreed Hasslinger. "A strong hand is needed more than anything else today. I've got nothing against democracy, provided it's democracy that keeps a strong hand on the people. That's the trouble, the people themselves are plain stupid!" He was shouting now, and slamming his fist on the table. "The people have to be told what to do. They need authority. They are tired of making up their minds by themselves. You read the papers and you know that everything you see in them is false. All those columns of propaganda before the elections, for instance."

"Did you vote?" I asked.

"Yes," Hasslinger said. "Klara dragged me out, and I voted for the Fourth Party. They say a new broom sweeps clean. Maybe this party will come up with something sensible."

THE door opened and a buxom brunette came in. "Do you remember Mathilde?" Frau Hasslinger asked. "She was only two when you lived here." Mathilde acknowledged the introduction with a curt nod, and, contrary to Viennese custom, did not hold out her hand. She sat down, filled her mother's glass with wine, and drank it off. She drank like a man, with big swallows, and when she had finished, she turned the glass upside down and spilled the last drops on the rug. She looked ten years older than she was, and suspicious and hard. "Where's Hellmut?" she asked.

"Sitting in his room, as usual," said Frau Hasslinger, and sighed deeply. "I wish Hellmut would go out and mix with people, the way he did in the old days," she said to me, "but he simply sits there in his dark bedroom, brooding and doing nothing. Sometimes he likes to put on his uniform. I just don't understand what's got into the boy!"

"You know perfectly well what's got into Hellmut," said Mathilde. She spoke precise, grammatical German, not the broad Viennese dialect of her parents. "Hellmut was at the university for a year before the war," she explained to me. "He was a *Gefolgschaftsführer* in the Hitler Jugend and was awarded the Iron Cross, First Class, in the Army. Now, after spending three years in Russia as a prisoner of war, he is back home, and, like thousands of others in his position, he is beginning to realize that his homeland has no use for him. A man with his abilities carrying sacks in a warehouse! And look at Hellmut's friends. Hans lost a leg and is now working in a travel bureau, and selling American cigarettes on the side. Karlheinz is a carpenter's apprentice. Imagine—a former *Gefolgschaftsführer!* And who knows where the others are? But Hellmut has a good memory, and I bet he's made up a private blacklist, as we all have. Someday he'll catch up with the criminals who are running us."

Hasslinger cleared his throat, and said, "Now, now, Mathilde. I've told you not to talk like that in front of strangers." He turned to me placatingly. "Don't mind her. An innocent young person, hard-working and good-hearted, and what has she got out of life? Don't think she hasn't had to work on the rubble, too—a nice young girl like that! And all because she joined the Bund Deutscher Mädchen. What else could she do? If she hadn't joined, she couldn't have graduated from secondary school."

"I was too young then to understand what was going on," Mathilde said, staring down at the table. "But today I do understand, and I would do it again, believe me."

"Naturally, since the B.D.M. was a Party organization, Mathilde was expected to become a Party member," Hasslinger said. "But try and explain that to anybody. My God, those criminals even made Klara sweep up the streets, just because she had been in the Frauenschaft and had helped out in the canteen."

Mathilde got up and went over to the radio. She turned the dial fitfully from one station to another, as first a dance band and then a pair of comics and then a girl singer made their brief bids for attention in the gloomy room. Finally, she picked up a Berlin program of brassy Wagnerian music, which was apparently what she had been looking for and which, at the moment, was presenting the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung." After increasing the volume, she came back to the table, sat down, and leaned back with closed eyes.

Just then, the door leading into the small room where I had once lived was opened, and a tall man in shirtsleeves came into the dining room. He stood there in the semi-darkness for a moment, looking around, and then sat down on one end of the sofa. Hasslinger and Mathilde paid no attention to him, but Frau Hasslinger whispered to me, "Don't mind Hellmut. He'll just sit there."

Hasslinger had another glass of

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wine. The third bottle was half gone. None of the unhappy, frustrated little family said anything for a few minutes. Then Mathilde suddenly opened her eyes and leaned forward. "The Nazis made one big mistake," she said emphatically. "They should have forced *everybody* to join the Party. Then no one could play the innocent lamb today. The trouble with this country is that the people here have no guts, like the Germans have. They have no national pride. No one wants to work hard. No one has any initiative. Everybody is just trying to squeeze by."

Mathilde's words came rapidly, and she paused for effect after each sentence; I got the impression that she had made the speech many times before. Mathilde was what the Viennese, who delight in plays on words, call a *Nazisse* (a female Nazi), which is very close to *Narzisse* (Narcissus). Unlike her father, a mere amateur, she evidently had been trained thoroughly in Party dialectics and knew what she was talking about. Every time she spoke, Hasslinger listened to her with obvious respect.

Just as abruptly as she had roused herself, Mathilde again leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, listening to the fanfares from the radio as Siegfried's body was carried home. The man on the sofa sat motionless. The funeral march came to an end, and the voice of the announcer came on. The concert would continue with the "Tannhäuser" overture.

"I love music," Mathilde said to me. "One has to have something to help one escape and forget. Are you surprised?" She filled one of the glasses. "So many of us girls have started to drink, too. My friend Erika never touched wine before the war. Now she drinks a litre every day. She, I, almost all the girls we know are just waiting, though no one knows exactly what for. We live from one day to the next, like everybody else in this country. The newspapers claim we are banding together again. Well, why shouldn't we? We are trying to escape back into the world we knew—or else into romanticism—Wagnerian music, mysticism, religion. Two girls I know whose families are nonbelievers have joined the Church in the past year."

"Well, the Black Ones won't ever get *me*," said Frau Hasslinger. "I don't believe in anything."

"Poor Mutti," said Mathilde, unsmiling. "She's the heretic of the family."

Again, Hasslinger banged on the table. He plainly considered that the conversation had run off into irrelevancies. "What I want you to understand is that we never really knew what was going on!" he shouted at me. "I mean the concentration camps and things like that. Even today I don't believe what I read in the papers. I'll admit that some of these things may be true, and they make me ashamed. But all of them, no! We Austrians are the most kindhearted people on earth! Klara, remember that cold winter before the war when the frost came so early that it trapped our swallows here before they had time to fly south? The government had the swallows collected and sent them south in chartered airplanes. And then we're supposed to believe that the same people could do all those terrible things? No, no, no!"

The man on the sofa stirred slightly. Mathilde said, "Once, when I was working with the other B.D.M. girls at one of the hospitals, we discussed what we would do if we found a Jew or a Pole who had been hit by a car lying in the street. I mean should he be left lying there or should he be picked up and brought in? Finally, we took a vote. Eighteen girls voted for leaving him outside. Four wanted to help him." She paused, and then said, without emotion, "I voted with the minority, because I believe in tolerance. Fortunately, the vote was secret. I would have been disciplined if they had found out. And where did all my tolerance get me? Look at us now!"

Hasslinger was still demanding attention. "Those were bitter times back in 1918, too," he broke in. "But, evil as they were, I couldn't have denounced a person, however badly he had used me. Today—" He left the sentence unfinished. "I've never hated anyone in my life before," he went on. "Now, looking around, I can't help hating. All my friends feel the same way. They sit at home and talk and wait, just like us. What else can they do?"

Frau Hasslinger went into the bedroom and came back with a framed photograph of a tall, cheerful-looking young man in a German Army uniform. "That was Hellmut before the Battle of Stalingrad," she said to me. "Why don't you come sit at the table with us, Hellmut? Do you want a little wine? There's just one glassful left."

The man got up from the sofa and walked heavily toward us. As he sat down at the table and the light fell on his face, it was difficult for me to realize that he had once been the man in the photograph. His face was thin and hard.

"A little wine?" Frau Hasslinger said again. Her son shook his head brusquely and crossed his arms on his chest. He sat there, staring down at the table.

"There were over a hundred thousand Austrians fighting at Stalingrad," Hasslinger said. "Those Prussians always used to laugh at the Austrian Army, but when there was dirty work to do, they needed the Austrians. With a little luck, our soldiers could have held the front and turned the course of the war. I read that in the paper the other evening."

The "Tannhäuser" overture came to an end, and the announcer said that a news broadcast would follow. Mathilde got up and shut off the radio. Then she walked out of the room, without saying goodbye. For a while, there was an uncomfortable silence. At last, Frau Hasslinger smiled timidly and said to me, "Would you like to see the Iron Cross that Hellmut won? Wait, I'll get it." With a glance at Hellmut, she rose quickly, left the room, and returned with a small black case, which she opened. The Iron Cross was lying in it on a velvet lining. She put the open case in front of Hellmut. "Beautiful, isn't it?" she said to him, or maybe to me.

Hellmut waked out of his trance. He picked up the Iron Cross with his left hand and with his right fished a piece of chamois out of his pocket. He breathed on the decoration, held it up to the light, and started to polish it carefully. He didn't smile, but his face seemed to lose some of its hardness. "Yes," he said. "It's beautiful."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Monday evening, of last week Mrs. Robert L. Tompkins of Granite Springs found the first heralds, heralding Spring right on the door steps of a neighbor, Mrs. Charles Fuchs. Peepers!

The little pair, tan in color with a distinct marking of the Cross on their little backs, sat singing on the front steps of the Fuchs' home. Mrs. Tompkins has been in a glass container feeding them flies.

—*Yorktown Heights* (N.Y.) *Herald.*

A fig for privacy!

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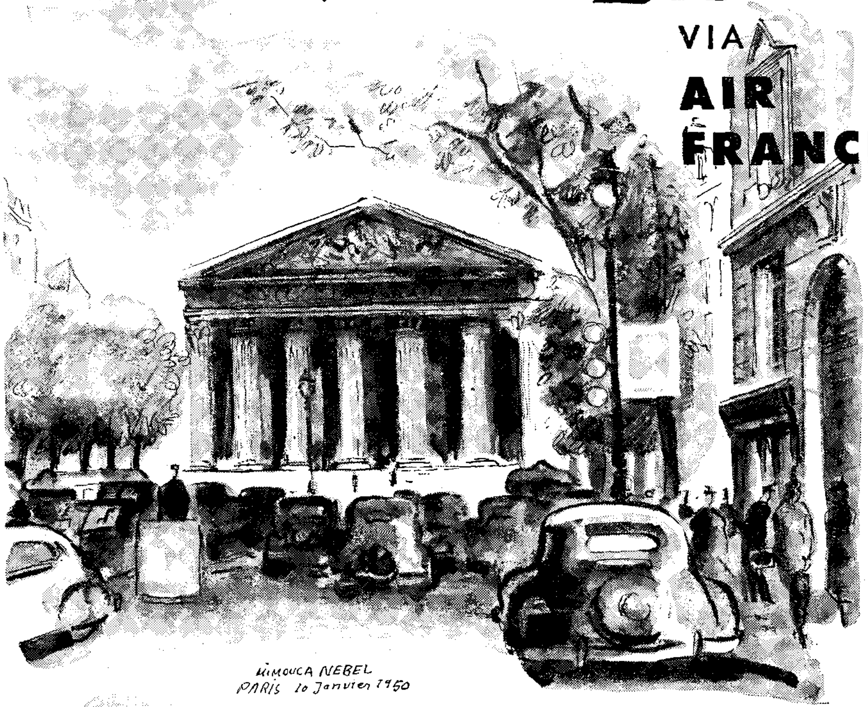

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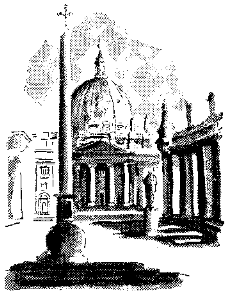

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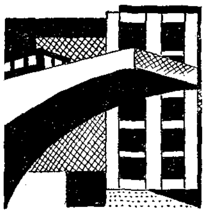
THE SKY LINE

The Red-Brick Beehives

EVERYONE whose activities have taken him up and down the East Side in the last few years must have noticed some bold alterations in the sky line, beginning just north of Brooklyn Bridge and extending to 155th Street—occasional groupings of brand-new oblong prisms of red brick, ten to fourteen stories high, set at brief intervals and looking like enormous building blocks arranged by a tidy but too methodical child. Whoever has visited the East Side must also have noticed occasional wide-open spaces, lately cleared of the tenements and decrepit business buildings that had huddled there, where more oblong prisms of red brick are soon to appear. Those who have gone farther afield have seen similar clusters of oblong prisms of the same forbidding institutional pattern, even in sections of the city that were not built up so intensively, such as the distant reaches of Brooklyn and the Bronx, and along Dyckman Street, toward the northern tip of Manhattan.

From the outside, these new buildings look as if they had all been designed by one mind, carried out by one organization, intended for one class of people, bred like bees to fit into these honeycombs. But though the differences are trivial, some of these projects are the work of the New York City Housing Authority, some belong to the big life-insurance companies; some are for the lowest-income groups, whose old slum dwellings have been razed, and some for middle-class and, as in the case of Peter Cooper Village, even upper-middle-class occupants; some are subsidized by the federal government or the state, some are the investments, and profitable ones, of corporations. Strange to say, dozens of architectural firms, in free rivalry, produced those masterpieces of regimentation. The lead in spreading this new type of housing, which departs from all earlier patterns of residential development in New York, was taken by the Housing Authority, first in the East River project at First Avenue and 102nd Street, finished in 1941, and then in the Fort Greene project, north of Fort Greene Park, in Brooklyn, finished in 1944. This official pattern not only has been followed by the Housing Authority ever since but has been sedulously imitated by the private investors who have gone into this field, and it has now begun to exercise a deadening influence on housing throughout the country, even in Los Angeles and St. Louis, which had never known residential building of such height, with its resulting unprecedented density of population.



The Housing Authority alone already has twenty-three such housing units in operation, and it is constructing or is about to construct thirty-eight more. (There are, in addition, some temporary projects for veterans.) The total population accommodated in these new municipal projects will run between two hundred and ten and two hundred and twenty thousand. All in all, this is the most gigantic effort at slum clearance and redevelopment New York has ever made. In fact, this new system of housing is altering the face of the city almost as definitely as the dumbbell "model tenements" of 1879 and the "new-law" tenements, which invaded the upper Bronx in solid phalanxes after 1901.

These new buildings are plainly superior in every respect to the dark, congested, insanitary, rat-infested Manhattan slums they have replaced, and they are immeasurably better than the dwellings built many years back with money provided by such philanthropists as Alfred T. White and still called "model tenements" only a generation ago. If anyone should be tempted by these remarks to look at, say, the Authority's Amsterdam Houses, on Amsterdam Avenue between Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth Streets, he should, for the sake of the startling comparison, also look at the old City and Suburban Homes model tenements on Sixty-eighth Street, between Amsterdam and West End Avenues, built in 1897. Both externally and internally, Amsterdam Houses show a colossal advance. As I have said before, these new housing estates are, in such essentials as air, light, open space, and quiet, better than the quarters provided for the upper-income groups on Park Avenue. But this comparison is tricky; a person who has survived typhus fever is naturally happy to be alive, but he is not yet a healthy, vigorous man, certain that life will be worth living. The most disturbing thing about these new quarters is that—except in a few minor examples on the outskirts of the city, where building sites are

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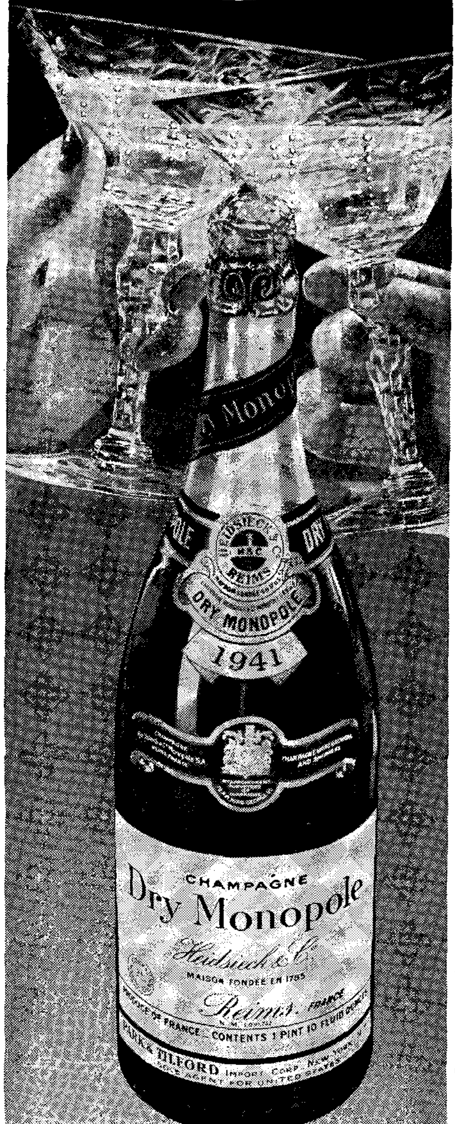

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cheap and the income from rentals need not be so high—the land is as densely populated as it was when it was covered with overcrowded slums. Worse than that, in Brooklyn and Queens, on land once occupied by two- and three-story frame houses with generous private back yards, the same pattern of density has been introduced.

What reasoning has persuaded our city officials, to say nothing of our life-insurance-company administrators, that this congestion of population is desirable? Is this new housing so good that we should endeavor to make over the rest of the city on this plan? How livable will the city be if the standards the municipal and life-insurance projects have set up become universal? These questions are not easy to answer. In some respects, the new housing has taken decisive steps forward, but in some respects it has gone backward. It is true that if our housing officials have committed fundamental errors in carrying out this vast series of slum clearances, they have done so, as a rule, with the highest motives and with great concern for the welfare of the city and its inhabitants. But the federal housing officials who have disbursed subsidies that have been vital to much of this rehousing of the lowest-income groups have lately indicated that the standards of these projects are not satisfactory, from the standpoint of either family life or a long-term investment, and a not uncritical report was issued last year by the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects. As a consequence, a certain amount of stocktaking and heart-searching has been going on in the Housing Authority itself.

To arrive at my own conclusions about this great mass of municipal and private enterprise, I have inspected more than a dozen projects and have studied the interior plans of many more. Among the ones I visited are the James Weldon Johnson Houses, between 112th and 115th Streets and Third and Park Avenues, a group that bears a family resemblance to Riverton, built by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, at the Harlem River and 135th Street; the Lillian Wald Houses, which begin at Houston Street and run north to East Sixth Street; and the Jacob Riis Houses, which begin at East Sixth Street and run to Thirteenth Street. The Wald and Riis groups form a broken palisade of red brick abutting on the solid palisade of Stuyvesant Town, directly to the north. These three projects are a fair sampling of the mass housing now in process of

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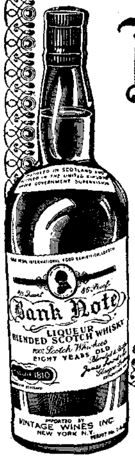

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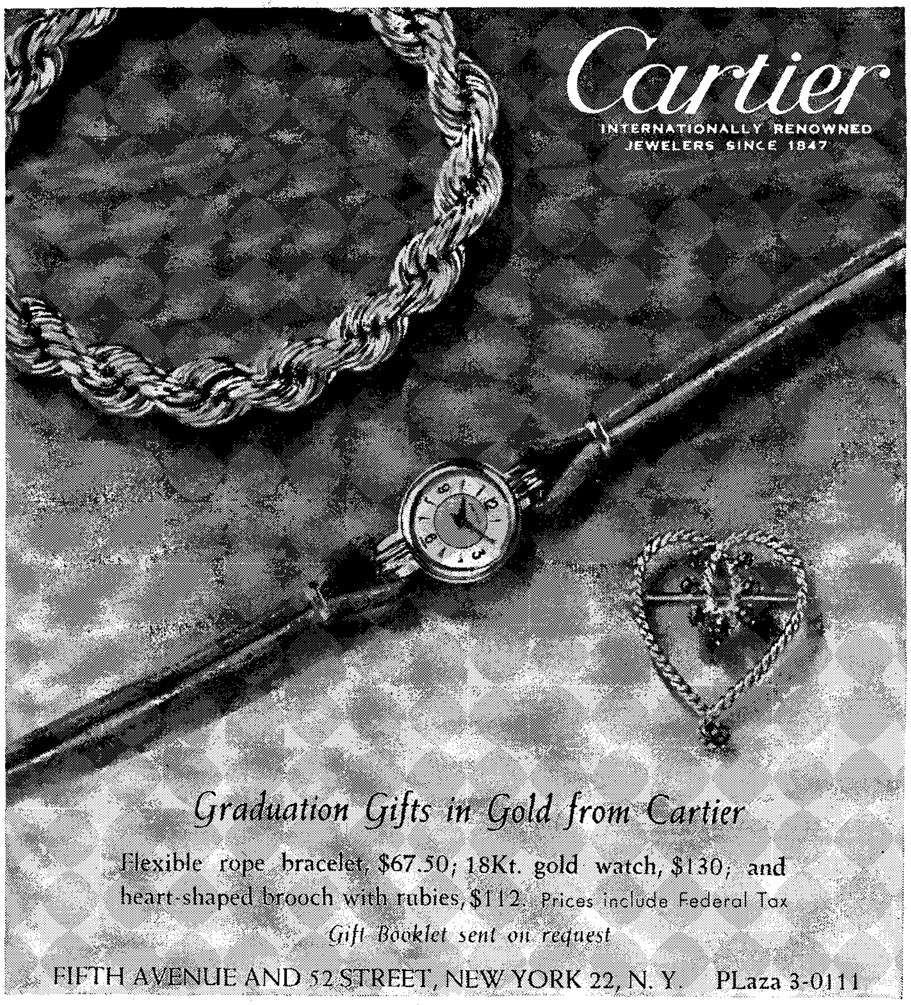
development in the city. The Johnson Houses supply quarters to 5,088 people on 11.9 acres of land, or a density of 427 people an acre. The Jacob Riis Houses hold 6,728 people on 17.6 acres, or 382 an acre, and the Lillian Wald Houses contain 7,168 people on 16.5 acres, or 434 people an acre. The most densely populated of our housing estates, the John L. Elliott Houses, on Chelsea Park, packs in 497 to an acre, and the lowest density, except on the edges of the city, is 209 per acre. In general, the projects house from 300 to 450 per acre.

Both the good and the bad features of all the projects are standard, despite the architects' zealous introduction of trifling variations in the grouping of the buildings and in the angles at which their wings join the main mass. One good thing about these developments is that each one is big enough to form a neighborhood, or at least to make a decisive mark on the surrounding area. Each development occupies a large parcel of land, obtained through the Housing Authority's power to condemn land for slum clearance and rehousing, and the architectural problems created by the old-fashioned 20-by-100-foot building lot, and by the 200-by-600-foot block, did not cramp the design. (Occasionally, it is true, a design *is* cramped, and occasionally the pattern of the streets that have been abolished to make room for a project lives a ghostly existence in the pattern of the walks that separate the buildings, but that is because the past now and then casts a shadow on an architect's mind and keeps him from using to the full his new-found freedom.) Furthermore, instead of being crisscrossed by the usual network of thoroughfares, many sites have become super-blocks, through which no through vehicular traffic moves. This is the most important contribution these projects have made to the concept of a new city. The super-block not only is economical, because it does away with the need of maintaining long stretches of street and with unnecessary duplications of water, sewer, and gas mains, but it provides pools of quiet in its residential areas. The people who live in these housing projects probably sleep better than the inhabitants of most other parts of the city.

The Housing Authority has wisely tried to build near schools, municipal health centers, and playgrounds. Sometimes, as in the case of the James Weldon Johnson Houses, the architects have used school buildings and health centers, even when they are not particularly handsome examples of architecture, to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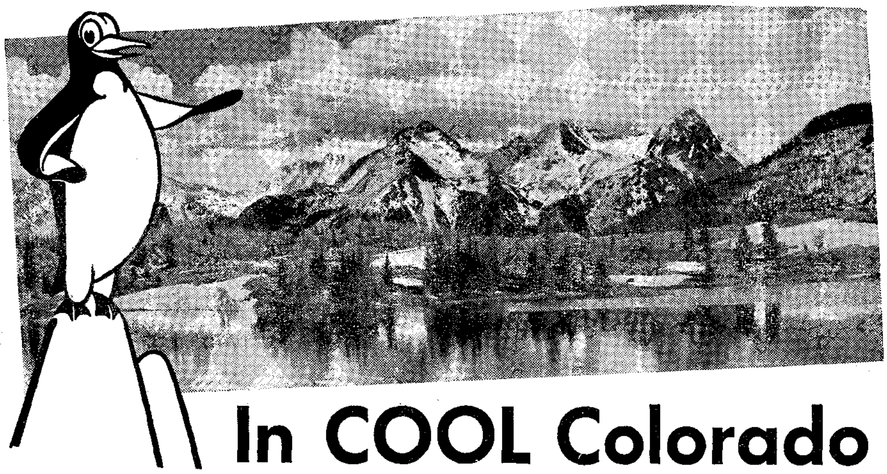
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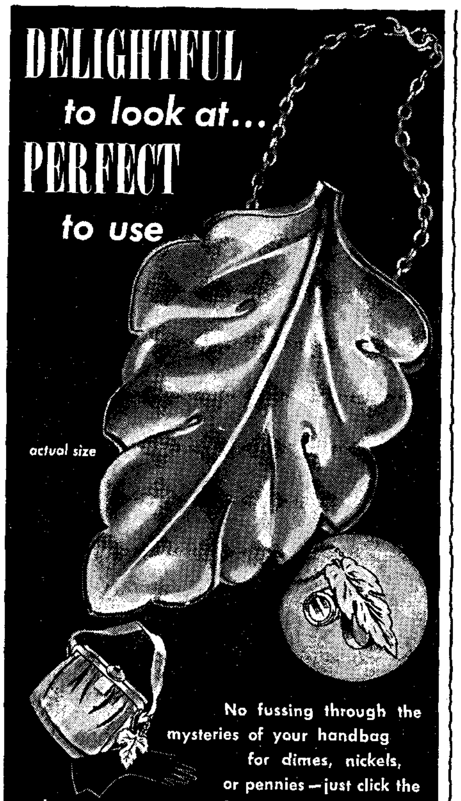

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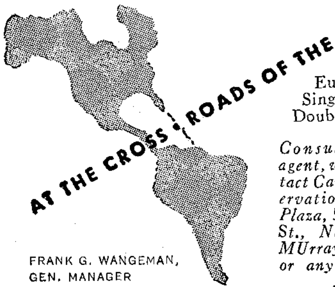

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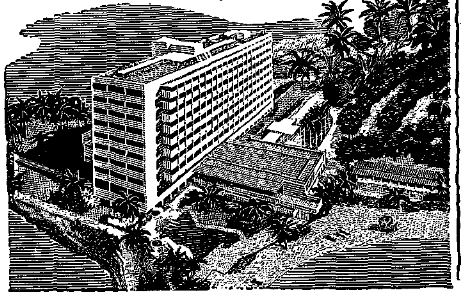

relieve the almost oppressive monotony of the housing units. In some of the earlier developments, such as the Red Hook project, finished in 1939, the Housing Authority provided freestanding community centers designed to accommodate the population of the surrounding neighborhoods as well as the occupants of the housing development itself, but the tendency since 1940 has been to use the funds available to obtain the maximum possible amount of residential quarters, a policy forced by the housing shortage and by the State Division of Housing, on which the city has been depending for these funds. Accordingly, the new buildings have lost, rather than gained, in architectural interest. This urgent need of housing is doubtless the chief justification for the bad precedent the Housing Authority has set in overcrowding the land. Most of the buildings are freestanding units, from six to fourteen stories high; by far the largest number of apartments are in buildings of over ten stories. The ground plans of these structures differ considerably, forming crosses, double crosses, "H"s and "T"s and "Y"s and even pinwheels, but whatever the device, the result of crowding as many apartments as possible around each elevator shaft is to deprive a great number of rooms of either cross or through ventilation, and to deprive many so-called dining foyers not only of ventilation but of light.

The outer walls of these towering masses are of common Hudson River Valley red brick, punctuated with fairly large steel-framed windows. In small buildings, such as those in Sunnyside Gardens, unadorned brick walls are pleasant, but in larger ones, completely devoid of detail or embellishment, the effect is depressing; one wants the color of permanent window boxes, the light and shade of overhanging balconies, the breaks in the flat surfaces that could be created with jutting glassed-in bays—anything to relieve the excessive austerity of these great blank surfaces. In the James Weldon Johnson Houses, the architects have attempted to remedy the monotony of the façades by using glass brick for the outside wall of the staircases, and by a four-story setback at the ends of the buildings, to create a more interesting silhouette. But though it may slightly improve their appearance from a distance, whatever has been done at the top of these buildings does not in any way alter their grimness when seen close to, nor does the sprinkling of six-story buildings among the fourteen-story towers of these projects reduce their inhuman scale or take away from their barrackslike air. Only the most

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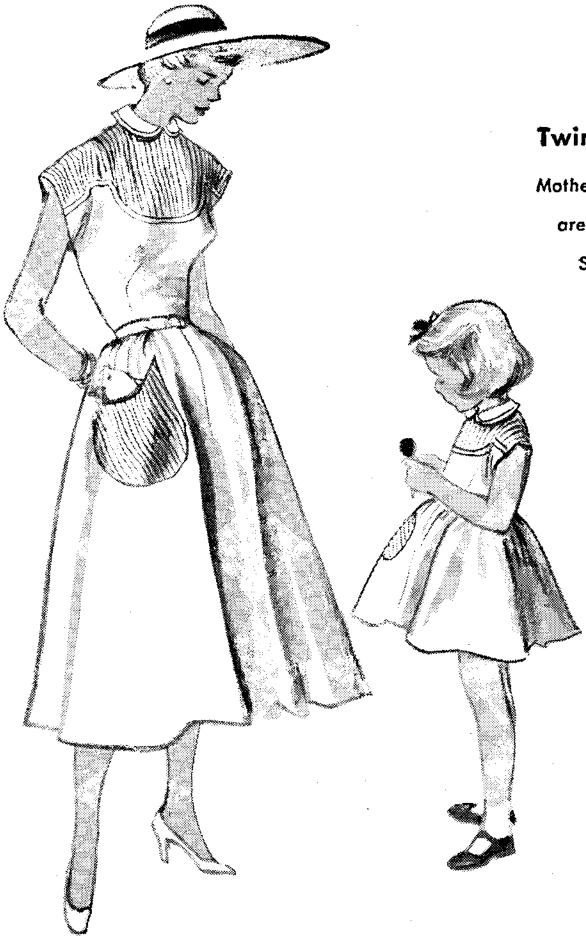
generous planting of trees, bushes, and flower beds, the cleverest use of walks and grass plots and outdoor shelters to provide a background cut to the human measure for the mothers and children who use the open spaces for recreation could even partly redeem these hulking masses. Without these touches, the new housing justifies Herman Melville's epithet for New York: a Babylonish brick kiln.

Such efforts at mitigation, and such expense, might be regarded as coddling the underprivileged citizens who are entitled to become tenants in the municipal projects, and fear of such criticism may account for the fact that the open spaces, overpaved and underplanted, are downright bleak. They lack both a sufficient supply of benches and a sufficient supply of interesting objects near at hand to entertain the eye, and the heat that rises from the paved areas in summer adds to the normal discomforts of hot weather on the lower floors, thus pointing up most emphatically the inadequacy of the interior ventilation. The laudable purpose was economy, but the unlaudable outcome is poor design and living quarters not as comfortable as they could be.

MOST of those who take an unfavorable view of the Housing Authority's projects have used the words "standardization" and "monotony" to describe their faults, but I think that "formalism" comes closer to the mark—the inflexible carrying out of a system that has no regard for the site or the needs of its inhabitants. It is formalism to provide better housing accommodations for the poorest families in fourteen-story elevator apartments without considering whether such tall buildings increase the difficulties of a busy mother faced with the problem of looking after young children and doing her household chores. It is formalism to provide too large a proportion of two- and three-room apartments without recognizing the fact that in late years the size of the American family has been increasing. The new housing provides some good things, such as the play areas for the small fry, with big pipes to crawl through and now and then a concrete boat to "row" in, but in its formalism it provides these advantages only in token quantities, surrounded by token grass plots and token plantings of bushes, bordered by a token number of benches, entirely out of proportion to the swarms of people who want to use them on a hot summer night.

The higher buildings of the Jacob



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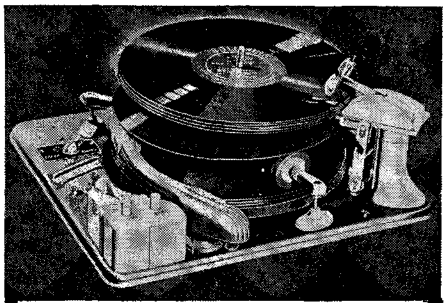

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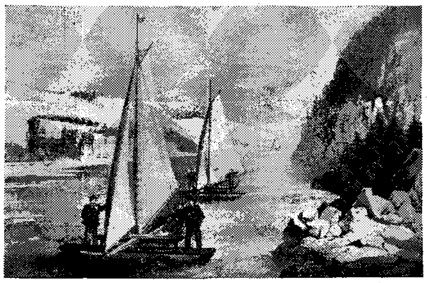

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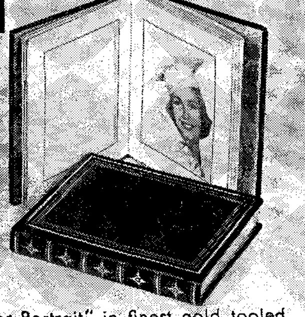

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Riis Houses are in the form of a modified cross, with an extra wing on one side to increase the number of windows opening to the view and the sun. This is praiseworthy, but what possessed the site planner to "balance" the façades that face south with façades whose more numerous windows face north? Sheer formalism is the answer to that—formalism that looks good on a drawing board but disregards the desirability, both for summer and for winter, of a southern exposure. Finally, it is formalism of the most opaque bureaucratic variety to go on with urban housing developments whose density of population averages over three hundred and fifty to the acre, ignoring the effect of such congestion on the transportation systems, the street traffic, the park and playground space, and the neighborhood schools. The core of this concept of housing is not a family, a neighborhood, and a livable city but an elevator shaft. If this new pattern of building becomes more widely imitated, it will create urban disabilities that will be more difficult to remove than the old slums. At the end of a dozen years of zealous construction, the New York City Housing Authority is farther away from a good civic standard for the rebuilding of the greater city than it was when, in 1937, it completed Harlem River Houses. If that is progress, then what is lost motion?

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

MR. TAFT. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that I may present a Senate resolution and have it read, and have immediate consideration of it.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 244), as follows:

> Whereas Robert Frost in his books of poetry has given the American people a long series of stories and lyrics which are enjoyed, repeated, and thought about by people of all ages and callings; and
>
> Whereas these poems have helped to guide American thought with humor and wisdom, setting forth to our minds a reliable representation of ourselves and of all men; and
>
> Whereas his work through the past half century has enhanced for many their understanding of the United States and their love of country; and
>
> Whereas Robert Frost has been accorded a secure place in the history of American letters; and
>
> Whereas on March 26 he will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday: Therefore be it
>
> *Resolved*, That the Senate of the United States extend him felicitations of the Nation which he has served so well.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

MR. TAFT. The clerk did not read the names of those submitting the resolution.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. The clerk will read the names.

THE CHIEF CLERK. A resolution sub-

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mitted by the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Taft] for himself, the Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Tobey], the Senators from Vermont [Mr. Aiken and Mr. Flanders], and the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Saltonstall].

The Vice President. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

Mr. Myers. Mr. President, reserving the right to object, I understand the Senator from Ohio has conferred with the chairman of the Committee on Rules and Administration, the Senator from Arizona [Mr. Hayden], to which committee the resolution ordinarily would be referred, and the chairman of the committee has no objection to the resolution.

Mr. Taft. That is correct.

Mr. Myers. I have no objection.

Mr. Wherry. Mr. President, I suggest that the distinguished Senator from Ohio has conferred not only with the chairman of the Committee on Rules and Administration, but with members of the committee, and we are very receptive to the resolution.

Mr. Taft. The other members of the committee also endorse the resolution.

The Vice President. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There being no objection, the Senate proceeded to consider the resolution.

Mr. Taft. Mr. President, Robert Frost is the leading American poet today.

The Vice President. Speeches are not in order except by unanimous consent. Is there objection to the Senator from Ohio delivering some remarks on the resolution?

Mr. Taft. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the sponsors of the resolution may be permitted to speak briefly.

Mr. Wherry. Does the Presiding Officer mean there is no time available for speeches because of the unanimous-consent agreement for insertions in the *Record*?

The Vice President. No speeches or debate may be indulged in during this period of routine business except by unanimous consent.

Mr. Taft. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that each sponsor of the resolution, if he desires, may speak for not more than 1 minute.

The Vice President. Is there objection? The chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

Mr. Taft. Mr. President, Robert Frost is generally acknowledged to be . . .

—*Congressional Record.*

If you boys don't watch out, he'll be seventy-six.

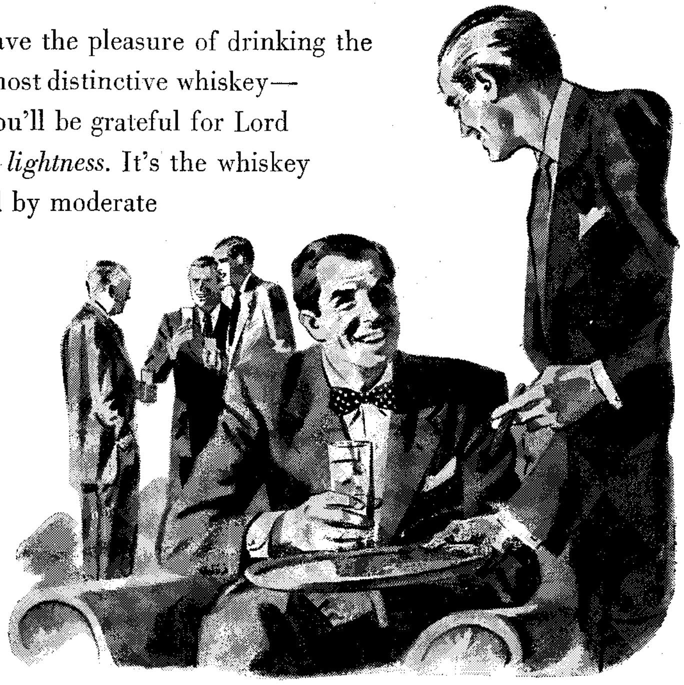
•

WINDOW DRESSER'S AUDIENCE

Mice,
We stand
And contemplate
Sleight of hand
That sets the bait.

Some of us
Can hardly wait.

—Mildred Weston



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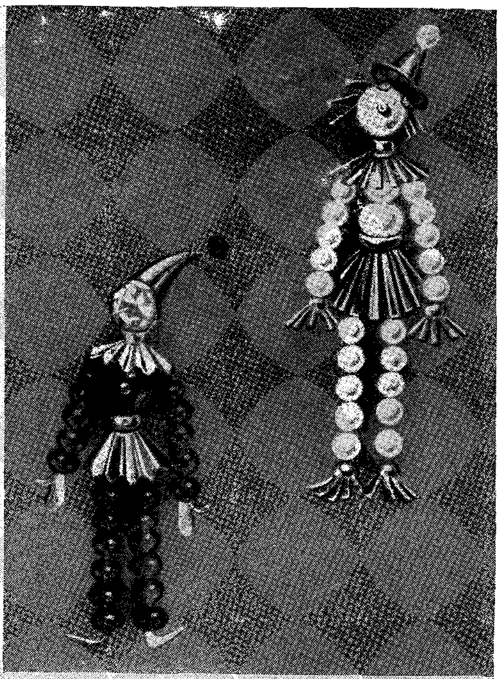

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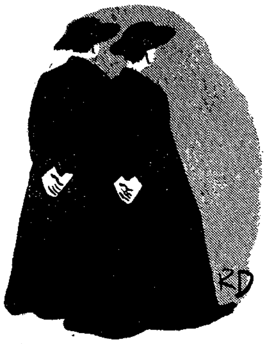
LETTER FROM ROME

APRIL 27

CHILL tramontane winds greeted the opening of the al-fresco azalea show, a Rome fixture that vaguely corresponds to the one held in our own Carolinian Charleston. As usual, it was held in the gardens of the sixteenth-century Aldobrandini villa, whose famous old conifers, steep stairways, marble statuary, and retaining walls suddenly rise, like a privileged eruption from the past, high above the motor traffic of the commercial Via Nazionale, in midtown Rome. Once the visitors caught their breath after the climb, they realized that the azalea show was a fine spectacle. This was especially true of the evening sessions, under the artificial lighting. The lights took in the ancient brick tower next door, in which Nero supposedly fiddled while the town burned; they made halos around the sculptured gods standing on the villa's roof; and they also generously illuminated the parterres of multicolored blossoms, nested below giant cedars and alongside fountains. It was a peculiarly Italian flower show. Lacking those myriad little signs bearing botanical names, nurserymen's advertisements, and other customary floricultural information, it was probably maddening to any real American garden addicts who saw it.

ITALY not being a highly industrialized or even a very literate land, it has no book-of-the-month clubs to put novels on a mass-production basis. The incentives to authors are more elemental, consisting of old-fashioned, very welcome money prizes, awarded while the novels are still in manuscript. The Italian novels that were prize manuscripts last year have now been published, without always making clear—or so Italian critics think—why they won. Among the exceptions is "Scirocco," which won the Hemingway Prize, given not by Ernest Hemingway but by the Milan publisher of his translated works. "Scirocco" is the first novel of a youngish Sicilian schoolteacher, Romualdo Romano, who is reported to have written it in less than a week. It is the story—obviously autobiographical—of a professor, submerged in the torrid currents of Sicilian small-town life, whose summing up of himself occurs one day during a hunt in a forest. "Scirocco" doesn't have the charm, detachment, and literary style of Elio Vittorini's recent "In Sicily," which has already become a sort of classic here, but it is another of those valuable local records that, beginning with the work of the island's master writer, Pirandello, have revealed the specialness of Sicilian life to Italians, as our own North has through books lately learned once again, to its surprise, of the existence of Southerners.



Another conspicuous new Sicilian novel, about the island's social decay, is Vitaliano Brancati's "Il Bell'Antonio." The handsome Antonio, who is from Catania, alternates between his home town and Rome, carrying with him his strange, mixed problem of masculine punctilio and sexual impotence. He is unable to, as the author phrases it, "do honor to the ladies," including his wife, and that phrasing indicates the peculiar, touchy, almost feudal Sicilian attitude toward what is at first his secret and then his open social shame, finally engulfing even his parents. As a case history that has not drawn level with the jargon of psychoanalysis and that still treats sex as a classic matter of fate, the book seems oddly Gothic. A unique psychological novel of Sicilian flavor is the recently published "Menzogna e Sortilegio" ("Untruth and Enchantment"), by Elsa Morante, who is of Sicilian extraction and is the wife of the novelist Alberto Moravia. Her novel is ambitious, detailed, extremely long, and rich. It deals with an orphaned Sicilian girl who has been adopted by a kindly lady of easy virtue. After the woman's death, the girl, in her loneliness, re-creates in memory the lives, loves, and hates of her parents and grandparents. A cat is also an important personage in her reconstruction. The characters are like the rooms of an empty provincial mansion, each chamber, as it is explored, found still to contain its once elegant traditional furnishings, grown shabby through the wear and tear of life. Elsa Morante's style is literary, clear, and admirably suited to her mnemonic theme. Her book is to be published in America next year.

As for the hardboiled young Italian school, the Venice Prize for 1949 went to "I Superflui," by Dante Arfelli, who focusses his Marxism and his talent on Italy's superfluous men; that is, the unemployed. His protagonist, an ex-soldier, falls in with a prostitute, who finally kills herself after an unsuccessful attempt to save up enough money for them to emigrate to South America and have a chance at life. Arfelli's style is blunt, shows what is called the American Influence, and has offended the critics. His book is the most talked-of novel in intelligent circles here.

Strange as is the fact that several Italian prizes are given by cities, it is even stranger that the oldest and most coveted one is awarded by the frivolous, unintellectual bathing-beach town of Viareggio. It was won last year by Ugo Moretti, with his novel "Vento Caldo" ("Hot Wind"). The book is deeper than the actions it relates, because of the author's thesis that human destiny is the result of an endless series of coincidences, which man puts up with out of his necessity to exist. This theme underlies Moretti's bitter, moving story of a young, impoverished ex-Partisan painter in Rome who falls in love with a well-to-do girl. He first sees her in a public garden, and she flirts more with his love than with him, remains out of reach, and, by a series of coincidences, shapes and at the same time mars his life. In the critics' opinion, Moretti's style is ultra-American; that is to say, it is a blend of talented writing and the coarse words that used to be heard but not seen. Like the postwar Italian movies of consequence, the novels have turned to neo-realism, with truth taking the place of a happier ending.

THE middle-of-the-road Demo-Christian government is now trotting halfway through its four-year course, which runs until the 1952 elections. It is already being said that the Demo-Christians, although now firmly in the saddle, will then be overthrown at the polls by the power that elected them in 1948—the Church. Certain elements in the Jesuit order, always the most intellectual, worldly, and militant of the Church brains, are reportedly leading a Vatican Left Wing. It should be noted that the Demos already have three wings—the major Center Wing, led by Alcide de. Gasperi; the minor Left Wing, led by the Chamber of Deputies President Giovanni Gronchi; and what is called the Left Left Wing, a minor group led by Giuseppe Dossetti, a sort of Christian Socialist who, it seems, cannot be a regular Socialist because Socialists are anti-Church, which he definitely is not. Dossetti and his dozen or more followers are both feared

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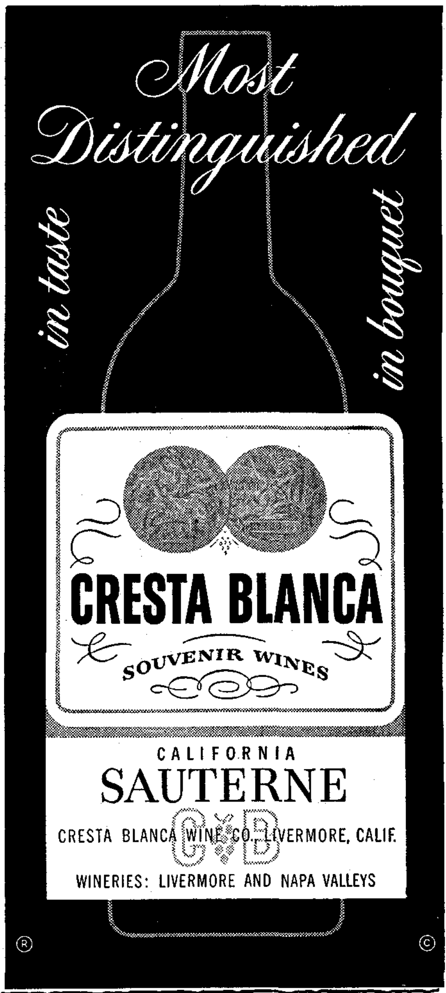
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and respected within the Party as the best prepared in intellect, theory, and social consciousness to face up to the Italian problems of today and tomorrow. It is this Dossetti minority—nicknamed the Conventino, or Little Convent—that the Left Wing Jesuits are said to have made a connection with. The Conventino, apparently with the Jesuit Left Wing nodding thoughtfully behind it, has for two years been heckling its own Party's Center Wing for being too conservative, too loaded with bureaucracy, and too cautious in its good will. Only last week, Dossetti told de Gasperi, as he has told him before, that he was too slow in aiding the poor and finding work for them. Many Italians consider that there is only one important political issue in Italy—the complex matter of agrarian reform—and that de Gasperi has been slow as an ox in doing something about it. Many Italians also increasingly believe that the political struggle includes not merely the Demo-Christians and the Communists but the Vatican. Supposedly, the Jesuit Left Wing group desires to restore the Church to the intellectual, cultural, and social leadership of Europe it lost six hundred years ago. It is thought that through the brilliant, dissenting Conventino group the de Gasperi Demos will be eliminated in the 1952 elections and replaced by purer Church types, developed by an organization called Azione Cattolica, or Catholic Action.

Azione Cattolica is a vast lay organization that millions of Italians belong to, that everybody knows about, but that the newspapers, except for the belligerent Communist press, rarely mention. Its chief is Luigi Gedda, professor of pathology and psychology at the Istituto Maria Santissima Assunta, in Rome. It is modelled on, and subordinate to, the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and its aim is to organize Catholics in such a way that they will live in a Christian manner. Its members include children preparing for catechism, Boy Scouts, and so on, up through men and women of all ages. Most of its leaders are Jesuit-educated. Its system is arterial—from the Vatican to the smallest country hamlet. Its house organs, which include even comic papers for children, are numerous. Its literary weekly, *La Fiera Letteraria*, is perhaps the best literary weekly in Rome, as the pro-Communist *Lettres Françaises* is the best literary weekly in Paris. Azione is interested in the cinema, in art, and even in abstract sculpture. Owing to proscriptions that were laid down by Mussolini's concordat with

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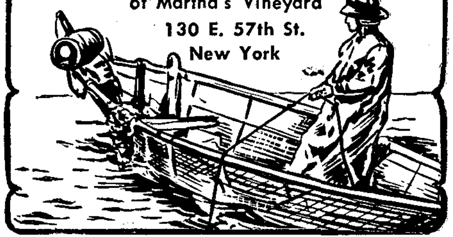

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the Vatican and that are still in force, Azione is strictly apolitical. But simply by being anti-Communist, it nevertheless wields enormous political power. For the past two years, under the Commissione Pontificia d'Assistenza, it has been holding classes throughout Italy, and especially in the impoverished south, where the Communists have been making hay. In these classes, men are taught, among other things, how to read, how to drive tractors, and how to apply the latest agricultural principles. The classes are a significant and practical new touch in the Kremlin-Vatican struggle to satisfy the hopes of the Italian poor. There is a Roman saying that the Church reasons by centuries, never day by day. A basis exists, many Italians think, for supposing that some of the Vatican's ideas for the twentieth century may soon be unfolded here.

THERE have been a lot of big-name art shows lately. The Galleria Obelisco had an exhibition of de Chirico paintings called "Roman Landscapes," which included unappealing, decorative nude self-portraits. Then there was a one-man, one-picture show—a large, beautifully executed, and lyric Cubist abstraction by Sebastian Matta Echaurren. Stanislao Lepri has shown fifteen of those curious, well-painted fantasies that are his evasion of the present—medieval figures caught in sinister, poetic acts. The most astonishing exhibition was of some new, experimental chalk drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. In these he has patiently and penetratingly attempted to portray motion by means of spheroid drawings of human heads, which consist of countless circles that seem to be moving in a centripetal pattern. The effect is certainly not that of portraiture; it is that of an armillary sphere, one of those studio mixtures of science and artistry that so fascinated early Pythagoreans and early mystics—constructions in which the great circles of the heavens were visible as hoops, with the world itself hidden within them. It is difficult for mere bystanders to comprehend such efforts on the part of a serious artist who is bent on a serious investigation of artistic and scientific techniques combined (a problem that has tempted other artists, including da Vinci), especially in their initial statements, which are like blueprints of the imagination.

The most down-to-earth exposition contains paintings of North African subjects by a new artist, Aldo Pagliacci, whose works collectors are already avid for and other painters deplore. He

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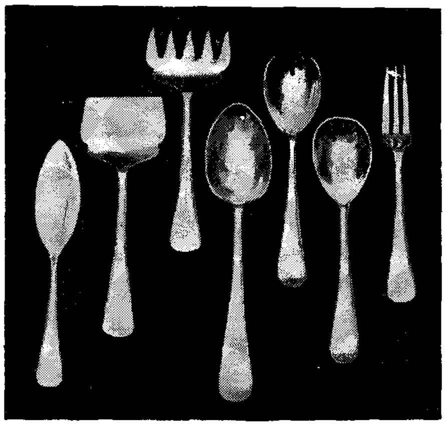

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paints Arabs in white garments, horses rearing, and bulls lunging, in simple but exotic scenes of romantic graphicness, which have inspired some buyers to a momentary rebellion against the fashionable distortions of modern art. Among recent purchasers is the well-known art patroness Countess Anna Laetitia Pecci-Blunt, as well as Anna Magnani, Nelson Rockefeller, Paul Bonner, and Clifton Webb. Pagliacci is in his early thirties, comes from the Adriatic region, and spent twelve years in the North African desert as a pioneer farmer, a soldier, and, finally, a prisoner of war. He has just written his autobiography, "Giorni di Sete" ("Days of Thirst"). Pagliacci is the first prominent painter of North African colonial scenes since Delacroix, whom he in no way resembles, and he has unquestionably stirred the imaginations of art lovers who live safely in cities. —GENÊT

•

Fred Hathaway Bixby Jr. designed the clever costumes which are being made for him and Mrs. Bixby to wear to the Bachelor's Ball Friday night in the Biltmore Bowl, Los Angeles. They will be "Mr. and Mrs. Television." The dinner dance will begin at 9 P.M. and after breakfast is served the party will break up around 5 the next morning.

Mrs. Bixby's costume will have a silver lace strapless top and black crepe skirt. The bodice front will have a white satin midriff, cut to represent a television screen and a boxing match will be handpainted on the screen, as will be three dials. Scattered on the skirt will be white felt letters of local television stations. On the back of her bodice will be a large TV, cut out of felt. A plastic antenna will top her plastic helmet. Long, black gloves will complete her costume.

Mr. Bixby will wear a black gabardine suit. Across his chest will be a television screen, which will change programs from time to time. One will be a wrestling match, another a dance team and another will say "One Minute Please," with the customary black lines across the screen. Station call letters in white felt will be on the trousers. Plastic epaulets will be used on the shoulders. On one shoulder will be the word "vertical" and on the other "horizontal." On the coat back will be the letters TV and his helmet also will have a plastic antenna on it.—*San Diego (Calif.) Tribune-Sun.*

That party isn't going to end at any 5 A.M.

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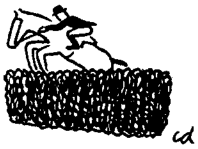
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Three in a Row



FOR foxhunting people, the two greatest horse races in the world are the English Grand National Steeplechase, at Aintree, which was won this year by Mrs. Lurline Brotherton's Freebooter, and the Maryland Hunt Cup, at Glyndon, won last Saturday by Mrs. William J. Clothier's Pine Pep. Trying to explain the difference between these two events is something like comparing the breast stroke and the Australian crawl. At Aintree, the course is just short of four and a half miles, and is dotted with big brush fences. In Maryland, the horses race four miles between flags set up on the honest post-and-rail fences that stretch across Worthington Valley. The English, who have a reputation for composure, become absolutely feverish at Aintree. The crowds are enormous and the betting is heavy. In Maryland, the crowd seldom exceeds twenty thousand, and it is a gay and carefree one, which regards the race as little more than a fine excuse for a pleasant picnic in a beautiful countryside. The bets seldom go beyond the price of a good champagne dinner.

To the riders, both races offer plenty of opportunity for grave contemplation. At Aintree, the pace is terrific, and the chief hazard is not the high brush fences but the large number of entries, many of whom fall before the race is half over, with the result that the course becomes cluttered with riderless horses zigzagging crazily about among the remaining competitors. In Maryland, the pace is necessarily slow, because the horses have to jump those stubborn fences cleanly; striking a top rail with one foot may turn an animal over on its head. English riders, accustomed to brush obstacles, are usually appalled by the solid Maryland fences; they look upon American steeplechasers as mad.

All of which speaks rather well for Mike Smithwick, the tall, black-haired young man who last week won his third successive Maryland Cup, the second in a row with Pine Pep. Of his three victories, this year's was beyond a doubt his most accomplished. Thirteen horses started, and for the first two miles the pace was relatively slow, with all the other riders keeping an alert eye on Smithwick, who was in the lead. Things picked up in the last two miles, and when other horses challenged, Smithwick, with the confidence of a man who knows that his mount has plenty of speed in reserve, let them go ahead for a while. Although Pine Pep is a quiet animal (Mrs. Clothier rides him to hounds), between fences he has all the swiftness of a sprinter. Upon reaching the twenty-first fence, Smithwick clucked to Pine Pep, and they went over the twenty-second, and final, fence exactly even with John Hannum III, aboard Our Hobo, who was leading at the moment. From there on in, it was no contest; Pine Pep moved away easily and won by six lengths. After his victory in 1948, Smithwick, who was only nineteen, was a very excited boy. Last week, he had all the savoir-faire of Arcaro.

Smithwick, an amateur rider, comes from a family that is famous in Maryland horse circles (his father was the late Alfred P. Smithwick, Honorary Huntsman of the Harford County Hounds), and he is a product of a rather unusual race-riding school for amateurs that is conducted by Burling Cocks, a fashionable young steeplechase trainer, at his Hermitage Farm, near Unionville, Pennsylvania. Cocks, who rode over timber himself until an accident at Radnor in 1935 ended his career, led all the steeplechase trainers last year. During the summer, his farm is crowded with young men anxious to pick up the fine points of racing between flags. One of Cocks' newest pupils is young Edward Stettinius III, son of the late Secretary of State.

VALLEY JOTTINGS: The trophy the Clothiers took home this year is a new one. The one they won last year was destroyed in February, when the Clothier home, at Valley Forge, burned down. . . . The roly-poly bucolic, known only as Bumble Bee, who goes through the crowd cutting out paper silhouettes and making a noise like a bee turned up again this year. He pops the coins that people give him into his mouth, without interrupting his odd chant.

—T. O'R.

•

Because Helen has remained employed, Willard caters to her every whim and is trying hard to please her, but I can see he is getting fed up and I don't blame him. He does the biggest part of the housework, takes the laundry to an automat, has the ironing done . . . —*Mary Haworth in the Journal-American.*

Just wait till Horn & Hardart get fed up!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bring On the Girls

OPENING a spring season at the Center Theatre last week, the admirable Ballet Theatre added three works to its repertoire. The first of these, and in many respects the most satisfactory, was "Jeux," set to one of Debussy's loveliest scores. The music was commissioned by Diaghilev for Nijinsky, but the ballet created little stir when it was introduced, in 1913, because it was overshadowed by the first performance of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and it was withdrawn after six performances. Last week's presentation was its first since that time. The present version of the ballet, with choreography by William Dollar, uses the same three characters and tells the same story, but it is said to bear no other resemblance to the Nijinsky version. The scene is a garden adjoining a tennis court, at dusk. A tennis ball bounces across the stage, and a young man comes bounding on in search of it. Two young girls follow. There is some byplay in which the man chooses first one girl for a partner, then the other, and then, finding he has alienated them by his capriciousness, he attempts to win both of them. Then another ball bounces across the garden, and they all leap off in pursuit of it. The immense vitality stored up in this fragile moment, initiated and dispelled by an elusive tennis ball, is perfectly expressed in the music, and so are the impulsiveness and wonderment of youth. Rarely has youth's beautiful shapelessness been so affectingly captured in an art form, and I have certainly never before seen tennis players presented so attractively on a stage. Igor Youskevitch, Nora Kaye, and Norma Vance, clad in summery and practical-looking white sports clothes, were a handsome trio and danced superbly. David Ffolkes' striking, deep-toned backdrop, representing a formal French garden, helped the illusion considerably. The only fault I could find with this delicate, supple ballet was a lack of inventiveness toward the end, when the situation had about exhausted itself and all parties had to wait until Debussy's airborne music settled down, allowing the second ball to be thrown out.

Herbert Ross's "Caprichos," which came along in the middle of the week, proved to be the most popular of the three new works, and extra performances of it have been scheduled at the expense of the others. "Caprichos" consists of four grotesques based upon Goya's commentaries on his "Caprichos" etchings, and although they are often visually stunning and theatrically effective, there is something a bit quaint about them. That is because they derive from the Expressionist school of the theatre—a school that has had its day, it seems to me. In the first episode, two girls clasping wooden stools flit about the stage in an abandoned way. They remain onstage to watch the three following episodes, a pair of silent thrill-seekers. To illustrate Goya's line "No one ever escapes who wants to be caught," Nana Gollner dances on suggestively and eventually is raped by a couple of conspiratorial male dancers. The most successful episode comes next. In it, John Kriza, wearing matador's trousers, is standing near the wings when a woman, Ruth Ann Koesun, is dropped into his arms. There follows a well-executed variation on the hoary vaudeville routine in which the limp form of one comedy dancer is pushed and pulled around the stage by the bewildered partner. The participants have probably never before been quite so handsome as Kriza and Miss Koesun are, and Miss Koesun adds what is for me a new touch to the classic affair by letting her long auburn hair cover her face most of the time as she is tossed about by the dazed-looking Kriza. This dance, "Tantalus," is an illustration of the line "If he were more gallant and less of a bore, she would come to life again." The final scene, which is somewhat heavy-handed, shows a woman being burned at the stake by a band of hooded figures and is supposed to illustrate a passage that contains the line "No one can make her ashamed who has nothing to be ashamed of." All these episodes are done without scenery and on a dim stage, against a large, white backcloth on which changing lights are thrown. The most interesting things about "Caprichos" are that though it is Spanish in mood and locale, it has the Hungarian Béla Bartók's "Contrasts for Piano, Clarinet, and Violin" for a musical accompaniment, and that the Hungarian score, with its emphatic shifting rhythms, happens to suit the piece extraordinarily well. The most appealing aspect of the ballet is the seductiveness of the female dancers, who are imaginatively costumed and who have all been set into enticing motion by the choreographer.

"Designs with Strings," a pretty and innocuous bit of choreography by John Taras, in which four girls and two men run about and fall into pleasing patterns, is the least of the new offerings. Danced to the second movement of Tchaikovsky's Trio in A Minor, arranged for a full string section, it is stylishly costumed by Irene Sharaff. It is the particular conceit of this ballet to have one of the girl dancers break loose from the abstract pattern toward the close and make a tentative gesture in the direction of one of the male dancers, only to be promptly eased back into her place by the five others.

Ballet Theatre returns with all its excellent old numbers still in its repertoire, and I greatly enjoyed seeing again such items as Balanchine's "Theme and Variations," with that splendid pair Nora Kaye and Igor Youskevitch in the leading roles; Eugene Loring's "Billy the Kid," with its rousing score by Aaron Copland; and Antony Tudor's haunting "Jardin aux Lilas." It is a remarkably well-disciplined company, and I thought the orchestra, under Max Goberman's direction, played extremely well. The spacious Center Theatre is, too, a fine and comfortable place, well suited to this form of entertainment.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

I would very much like to have the pros and cons of the new foam rubber mattress. My sister-in-law, who lives in New York, asked me to get the information for her from some one who has this type of mattress. Does the bedding tend to slip out and are the mattresses too soft for comfort?

Do any of the readers know the title and rest of the hymn, two lines which are:

> "Hold me up Thou mighty waters,
> Keep my eyes on things above."

—*Letter in the Washington Star.*

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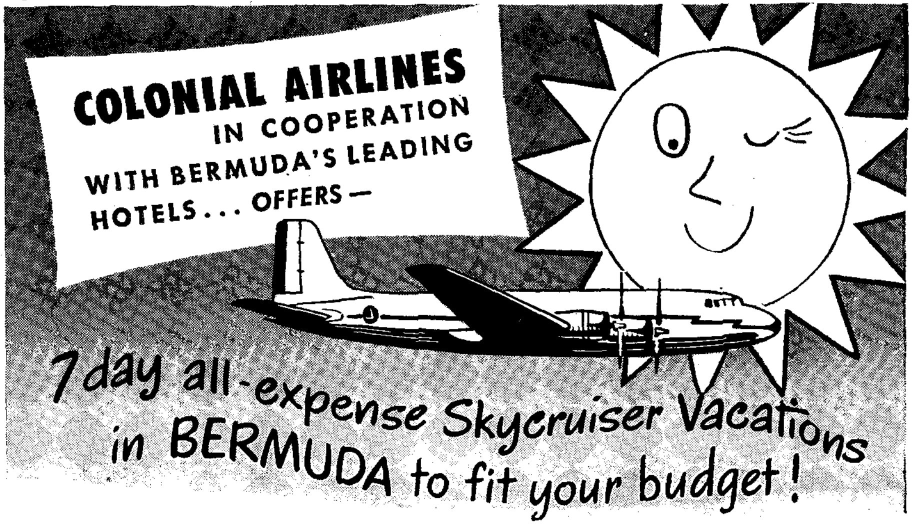

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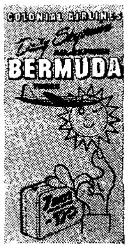


BOOKS

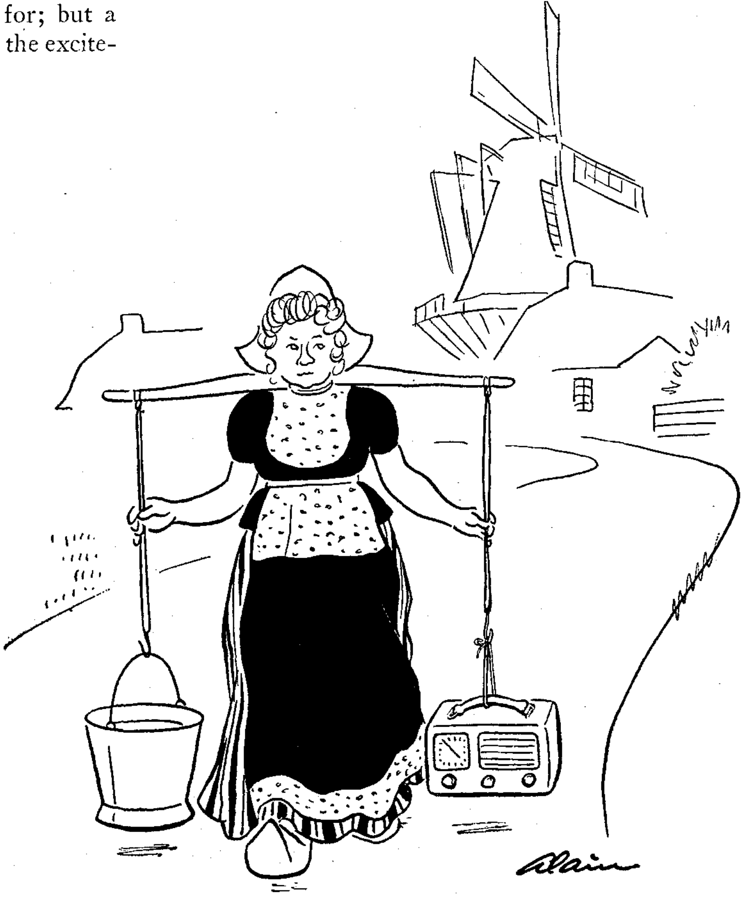
Mencken Through the Wrong End of the Telescope

“The Irreverent Mr. Mencken,” by Edgar Kemler (Little, Brown), is a workmanlike and readable biography, which has been checked for accuracy by Mencken himself. Undertaken on a modest scale, it hardly even attempts literary criticism but concentrates on Mencken as a public figure and tells the story of his political polemics, of his battles with the New York Vice Society and the Boston Watch and Ward, of his vicissitudes as a newspaperman in Baltimore and his role in the Scopes Monkey Trial.

The book makes a curious impression on a reader who got out of college in the second decade of the century, when Mencken was at his best as a journalist and when his first important books were appearing; who witnessed, without quite the same enthusiasm, his apotheosis during the twenties; and who has derived a good deal of pleasure from his subsequent autobiographical writings and from the supplemental volumes of “The American Language.” The main facts about Mencken are here; all the aspects of his career are accounted for; but a big “value” has been omitted: the excitement and the effect of brilliance of the days when the later *Smart Set* (rather than the *American Mercury*) was one of the great stimulants to ferment. One realizes, as one had already done in connection with certain other studies of celebrities of the pre-crash period by writers of a later era, that such writers are looking at the twenties as if through the wrong end of our telescope and see things perhaps more clearly but also much smaller than we do. The veteran may be well aware of the vulgarities and bad thinking of that period, of its pointless prodigality and catastrophic recklessness, and yet find himself taken aback by the apparent obliviousness of the post-depression writers to the creative and liberating spirit that seemed to him so dazzling a phenomenon.

The alumnus of the lean thirties—Mr. Kemler was born in 1916—is not dazzled when he looks back at Mencken. He does not find at all infectious the audacity and verve of the *Smart Set*, a magazine which Mr. Kemler describes as a product of the “interaction between Nathan’s aesthetic snobbery and Mencken’s resurgent clownishness.” He is not much amused by their jokes, and you feel that he is rather relieved when they move in among the shaded lights and the Oriental rugs of the Knopf office and are made to “understand that in such decorous surroundings their buffooneries would no longer be tolerated.” Not that it is not a good thing to have Mencken written about in a different style from that of Benjamin De Casseres. Not that one would have Mr. Kemler give us a romantic biography in the vein of Gene Fowler. If the twenties were always a little drunk, this book has the merit of sobriety. It is instructive to learn that the *Smart Set* was a dubious publishing venture that had at first to be kept alive by frankly trashy magazines such as *Parisienne* and *Snappy Stories*, that it was only for six years self-sustaining, and that it was going broke in 1922, when its editors were at the height of their vogue. Yet, after all, if Mr. Fowler had not written “Good Night, Sweet Prince,” the folklore and the fumes of John Barrymore’s life would never have been bottled in book form. And, though the glamour and murk of the twenties have certainly obscured what went on then, one discovers, when these have been cleared away, that something vital has been left out of the picture.

Mr. Kemler gives a reliable account of what he calls “the Battle of the Books” of the years just after World War I, in which the issue was drawn between the movement led by Mencken and the forces of the genteel-academic culture that had done so much to discourage original American writing from about 1880 on, and he suggests some interesting reflections to the veteran of that battle when he shows how the “shock troops,” as he calls them, of the movement for liberation made it a point of honor not to associate themselves with academic institutions or with anything that was official or accepted. The writers who matured in the depression years, when both journalism and money were ebbing low, were often glad to get jobs as professors, and some of the intransigents of the twenties have since allowed themselves to be elected to the American Institute of Arts and Letters. But not Mencken—and it is a piquant incident, which has come too late for Mr. Kemler’s book, that the Institute should lately have announced that it was going to award a medal to the merciless mutineer who ridiculed his friend James Huneker, when the latter, in 1918, accepted his election to the Institute and made a habit of wearing its purple rosette. Mr. Kemler sees also that the whole perspective of literature in the United States was changed after Mencken had made himself heard. But his way of putting this is insidious. He seems to imply (a) that George



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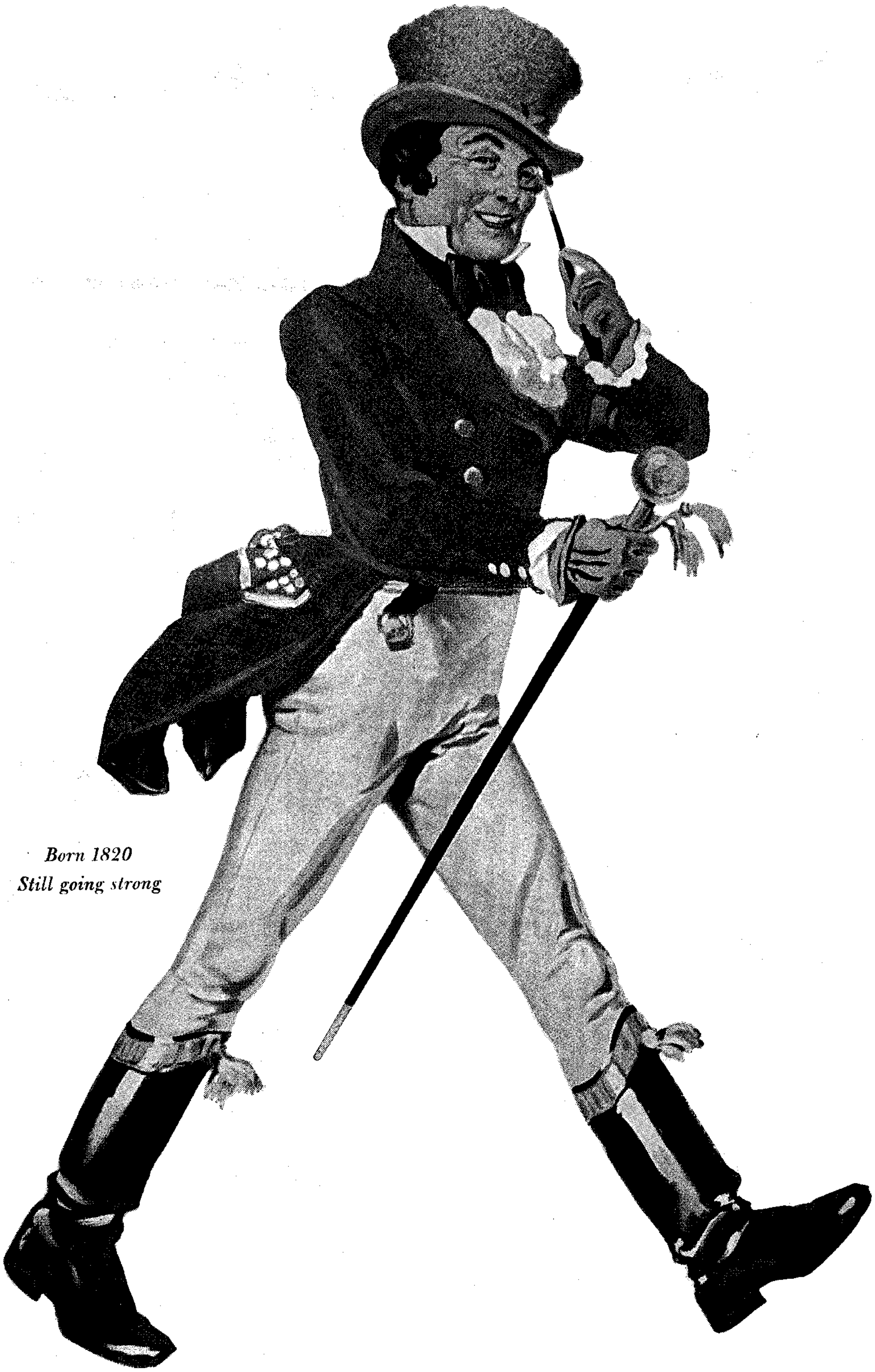

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Santayana and Van Wyck Brooks could have accomplished this feat more respectably if they had only been "more assertive" and (b) that Mencken did not "give them a chance." It is, of course, true that Brooks, in his early books, played a very important role in our reappraisal of the past, as Ezra Pound did in the improvement of our poetic taste. But Mencken was not merely assertive—he was equipped by his gifts for this work. He is without question, since Poe, our greatest practicing literary journalist.

Mr. Kemler makes a serious error when he declares that William Dean Howells had "laid it down that such realists [as Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, and Mark Twain] had no place in the American scheme of things." On the contrary, the excellent Howells, who regarded himself as a realist, did everything in his power to encourage these non-genteel writers. In his eloquent book on Mark Twain he described him as "the Lincoln of our literature," and he went around personally to the bookstores with copies of Stephen Crane's "Maggie" in an effort to induce them to stock it. But he was not able to do very much—even for Mark Twain, who was not generally, in Howells' time, taken as seriously as Howells took him. The people he admired, in many cases, were the same that interested Mencken, including H. B. Fuller and George Ade. But Howells' literary journalism was strangely insipid and impotent. He was somehow rendered inaudible by those feminine magazines against whose standards he sometimes protested but which he edited and for which he wrote—those periodicals whose unexceptionable editors seem invariably to have worn like white shirt fronts impressive-sounding triple names (with a family name in the middle) that were almost guarantees of mediocrity. There were Richard Watson Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson—and there was William Dean Howells. It took an ex-newspaperman, who wrote his name with simple initials and did not shrink from the inferior paper of a raffish magazine, to denounce the false reputations that the public had been induced to believe in during the nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds—the Henry van Dykes, the James Lane Allens, the Thomas Nelson Pages, and the F. Hopkinson Smiths (they mostly had these middle names, too, which had become almost as indispensable as Russian patronymics, and some of the women had four: there was a Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews)—and to bring forward the solid and serious work that was then being done in the United States.

It took, also, very special talent—an imaginative polemical style, to which Mr. Kemler does not do justice. In his rather inept foreword, he says that, "except for 'The American Language,' the 'Days' books, and a few selections" from his other books, Mencken "has produced no works likely to endure." If this were all, it would be a good deal, but the recent collection, in "A Mencken Chrestomathy," of his miscellaneous writings showed that they, too, hold up well—not as doctrine (Mencken is not much of a thinker) but for a personal rhythm and color that have their dignity as well as their humor. Mencken can be brutal, obtuse; he almost always oversimplifies; but these articles and essays and squibs are somehow literature.

One feels, in fact, in Mr. Kemler's handling of Mencken's whole career, a certain ungenerosity. It is interesting to know the lengths to which Mencken's pro-Germanism went before our entrances into the two World Wars—readers of the Baltimore *Sun*, in which Mencken was expressing himself on the subject of our foreign policy, were much more aware of this than his admirers in other parts of the country. But why choose to end the book with an account of Mencken's visit to Ezra Pound in his Washington sanitarium and the remark that "but for the grace of God, he, too, might have ended in some such hideous predicament"? The biographer's horror, in all this connection, of his subject's unquestionable Prussianism has led him to appreciate insufficiently the sound qualities of his German heritage and the value of what he owes to the German literary tradition. I do not see how our literary colonialism could possibly have been blown up at that moment by a man of Anglo-Saxon stock. If the rivalry of Germany with England led Mencken to be unfair to Roosevelt and to show a certain tenderness for the Nazis, it also counted for something in the boldness with which he met head-on the self-conscious Anglophile culture represented by a Barrett Wendell.

Yet "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken" is, by reason of its subject, inspiriting. Since the story is conscientiously and clearly told, the personality of Mencken cannot but come through. It is a gauge of the rapid decline, during the last twenty years or so, of signed journalism in this country that it should already seem astonishing that one inde-

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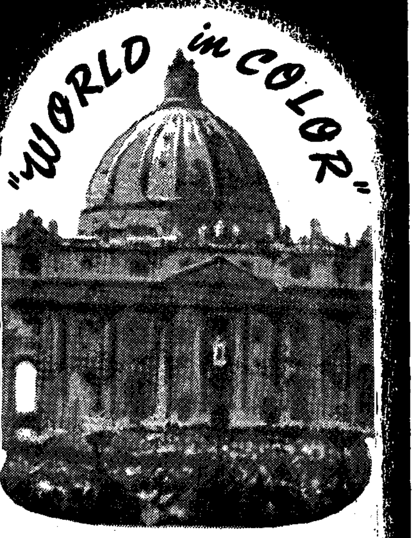

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pendent critic, writing mainly in newspapers and magazines, should have fought so many successful fights and grown to be so powerful a figure. It makes one rather ashamed—in this era of government propaganda, of religious and political pressure groups, and of anonymous processed reporting—to be reminded of all the things that Mencken, who had his own difficulties with timorous editors and owners, with the censors who interfered with the circulation of his magazine, the federal agents who trailed him around Baltimore, and the enraged Tennessee fundamentalists who threatened to run him out of town, had the courage and found the means to say. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SHORT CUT, by Ennio Flaiano (Pellegrini & Cudahy). Another sharp contender in the impressive lineup of novels that have come out of postwar Italy. Mr. Flaiano's hero, a wartime Italian Army officer who is at the same time one of the most monumental and one of the most sympathetic heels of recent literature, gets himself swiftly and terrifyingly bogged in the guilt that results from his killing an East African girl, and in the oppressive atmosphere of her country. The author exploits fully the multiple personal ironies that the officer brings upon himself and the impersonal ones of war and geography. Fortunately, the morass into which Mr. Flaiano takes the man is illuminated by both moral sense and clarity of expression.

SHADOW OF A MAN, by May Sarton (Rinehart). Francis Chabrier, a twenty-six-year-old Bostonian, is beset with a number of troubles. His mother's recent death has upset him very much, he is divided in heart by the fact that he is half French and half American, and he is perturbed by his apparent inability to fall in love. A visit to Paris, where he has a love affair, solves his problems, at least to his own and his family's satisfaction. The reader, however, is apt to feel that this affair, which begins so auspiciously, is dropped too suddenly and much too easily by the author, whose smooth, intelligent writing is somewhat spoiled by her impatience, or reluctance, when it comes to dealing with a climax.

BUT A LITTLE MOMENT, by James Ballard (Dutton). In the course of

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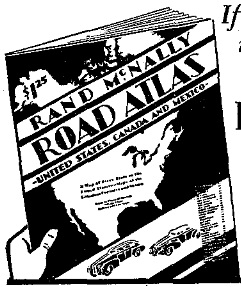

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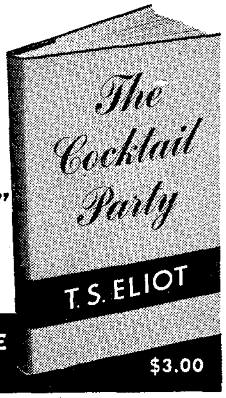

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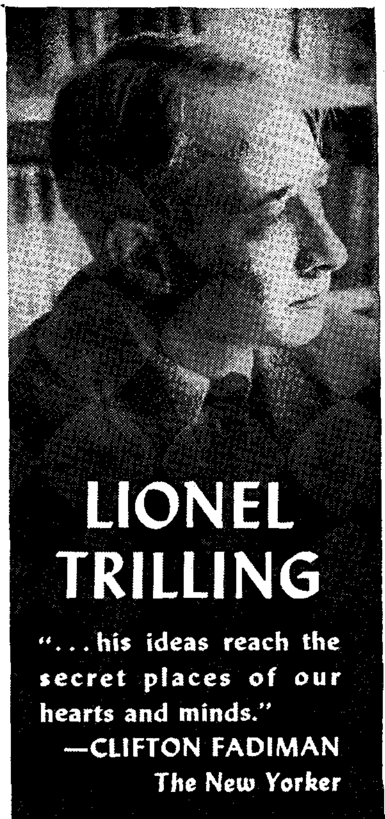
five hundred teeming and often quasi-lyrical pages, a seemingly quite literate young man named Jason Allen laboriously makes the discovery that people tend to be dependent on one another. Things might have been a lot easier for him if he had picked up this truth from one of the numerous high-brow writers he enjoys quoting—John Donne, for instance—but from the reader's point of view the account of his long grapple with maturity contains many convincing scenes, among them incidents in the career of his father, a bridge-construction engineer, and during a period Jason spent in a C.C.C. camp. No one since the late Thomas Wolfe has worked harder than Jason does at making a way of life out of being lost; the difference is that Wolfe, in his way, had a sense of humor.

THE EASTER FLEET, by Roger Vercel (Random House). A more than normally perilous year in the life of a family of Breton fisherfolk, described in a hard-grained prose that has probably suffered the usual number of dents while being translated from the French. Besides an epochal storm at sea and the blighting of some profitable oyster beds, the family's trials include the defection of a son and a daughter—he to become an auto mechanic, she a lady of pleasure. This pair's weaknesses are completely atoned for by the fortitude of their mother and father, in whom M. Vercel has created a pair of refreshingly plain people, untroubled and untouched by modern gadgetry, psychology, or politics.

THE DOG STAR, by Donald Windham (Doubleday). The case history of a hopeless and thoroughly unlikable juvenile delinquent in a Southern city that strongly resembles Atlanta. The youth, having unceremoniously left reform school after the suicide of a friend there, is so wrapped up in his adulation of the dead boy and in his own intractability that he, too, decides to kill himself. Before getting around to it, though, he mixes a tepid love affair with minor hoodlumisms and quarrels with his family—all of which is so unrewarding that it makes his final decision seem highly plausible. The uniform pettiness of Mr. Windham's characters scarcely justifies his spare, intense style.

YOUNG HEARTS, by David Maletz (Schocken). A story about the tensions of living in one of the communal settlements of modern Israel. The marriage of Hannah and Menahem,



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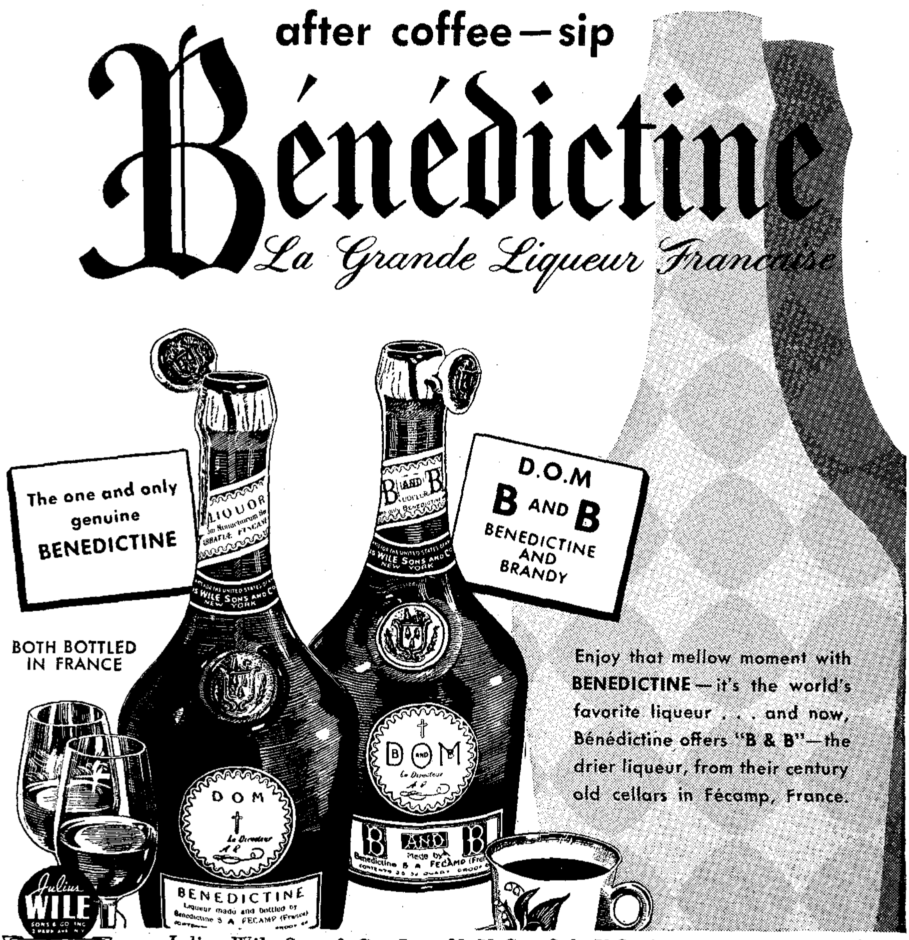

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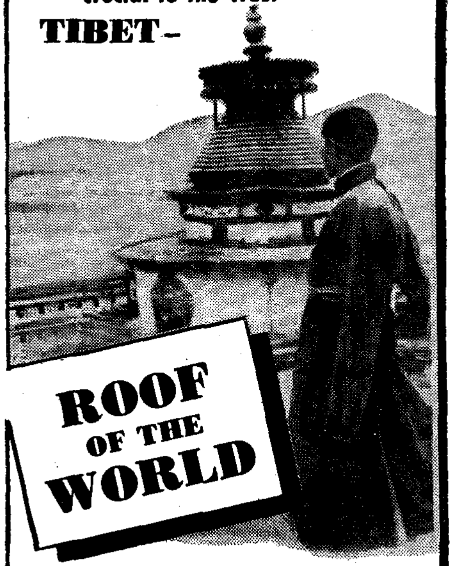

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a young couple of the settlement, is the glass through which we view the difficulties and pleasures that arise when a number of enthusiasts live and work together very closely. Mr. Maletz has a fine, human way of writing about things. To be sure, his complete lack of sentimentality sometimes freezes into a merely clinical point of view, but not often enough to do any real damage to his storytelling.

The Embroidered City, by Lewis Gelfan (Little, Brown). A novel highlighting the plight of well-intentioned Americans confronted by entrenched Chinese Nationalist officialdom. In an effort, perhaps, to be as fair as possible to everyone concerned, Mr. Gelfan has selected a fairly sorry lot of Americans to make his point—an Unrra official who is gulled as easily as a three-year-old by the corrupt potentates of Tai-lun, the inland city to which he's been instructed to deliver a relief shipment of flour; his assistant, a young lady endowed with far more idealism than brains; and a local vice-consul whose smugness about knowing the ropes is fully as exasperating as his compatriots' fuzzy-mindedness. The vice-consul's ultimate conversion to the Unrra way of seeing things, and his consequent decision to deliver the flour into the hands of the townspeople who need it, is one of the least credible features of this on the whole excellently constructed piece of work.

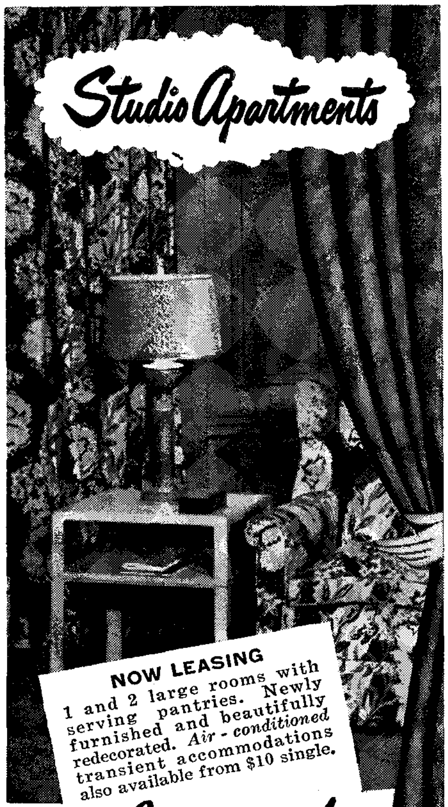
The Breast of the Dove, by Herbert Gorman (Rinehart). An account of the Mexican adventure of the unfortunate Maximilian of Austria and his wife, Carlota. To fatten up the story, Mr. Gorman has introduced an entirely new character, a French officer named Balzane. Balzane is very busy, first having a wild love affair with the wife of a prominent Mexican and later developing and enjoying an altogether circumspect devotion to Carlota. There are also many glimpses of Mexicans at work, at play, and at war, and some descriptions of the courts of Europe, and, of course, Maximilian and Carlota are always present, guarding the scene like beautiful twin gateposts, quite unmoved by what they see.

The Wager and Other Stories, by Daniel Corkery (Devin-Adair). Sixteen tales of the city and county of Cork, related in an Irish voice that is sometimes extremely direct and personal and sometimes merely wheedling. The stories all have the comfortable green moss of reminiscence upon them. One gets the impression of listening, or half listening, to a string of scandals and sorrows so old that passion and bitterness have faded from them, leaving nothing that might trouble the reader into more than a minute's pleasant sadness over the poetic hopelessness of it all.

GENERAL

War or Peace, by John Foster Dulles (Macmillan). The author, who has become a consultant to the Secretary of State since this book was written, is pretty critical of the way we are going about holding our own in the cold war. His book covers a lot of ground, poses a great many important questions, and answers some of them. In answer to the question suggested by his title, Mr. Dulles says that war is probable but not inevitable, and that we must be very careful not to be panicked into opening hostilities. He believes that our system of laws and the structure of our Constitution make us poorly equipped to fight a cold war, for we are accustomed to regard a country as being either at war or at peace and we do not recognize the shadings in between those two extremes. Bipartisanship, he feels, is necessary to provide us with a single instrument for dealing with the Soviet. American ideas must be exported to countries under the domination of the Kremlin, Mr. Dulles goes on; as it is, he sees us spending billions on ordnance for all-out war but little on the implements for a war of ideas, with the result that we are suffering ideological reverses that cannot be made up for by military power. Mr. Dulles shows himself here to be a realistic, tough-minded diplomat who is certain to be listened to, even if his slogan "Let us mobilize for peace" and the detailed proposals he makes for accomplishing that end sound at times uncomfortably like an invitation to embrace an authoritarianism that is alien to this country.

Escape to Adventure, by Fitzroy Maclean (Little, Brown). The experiences of a youngish British diplomat and soldier in Russia, Central Asia, China, the Western Desert during the fighting with Rommel, and the Balkans. Brigadier Maclean was an attaché in Moscow in the late thirties, and while there he attended the daily sessions of the last of the



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great purge trials—of Bukharin and his alleged cohorts. His description of that curious and deadly legal vaudeville show is one of the most vivid and clarifying yet printed. (When the trial was over, a veteran English newspaperman, asked what he thought of the astonishing confessions, said, "I believe everything. Everything except the facts.") After describing some more or less unauthorized travels within the Soviet Union and his soldiering in North Africa, the author comes to the pièce de résistance of the book—the story of his parachute mission to the Balkans, as Winston Churchill's personal representative, to determine whether the mysterious Tito was "a man, a woman, or a committee." This is excellent adventure writing, twentieth-century style, and may bring back memories of R. H. Bruce Lockhart, another Scot who was a high-class British agent, and of his career in the First World War.

IF YOU WERE BORN IN RUSSIA, by Arthur Goodfriend (Farrar, Straus). An attempt to bring home to the American reader through picture and text the reality of everyday life in the U.S.S.R. The author presents an imaginary Russian family; in a sort of documentary film that unfolds page by page, he shows its members going through the motions of existence in the Soviet—from a Communist birth to a Communist burial. The photographs include scenes in the home, the trade school, the factory, the theatre, and the circus, and on the farm; there are Russian bobby-soxers in action, reproductions of Soviet advertisements, a Peoples' Court in session, and so on. No shots of the M.V.D. going about its duties or of home life among the slave laborers are offered, but the author does not gloss over that side of the matter in his comment. If one allows for the fact that most of the photographs are from Russian sources, and therefore show the façade of Soviet life that the government wants the world to see, the book would appear to be an objective and praiseworthy piece of work.

PROUST: PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS, by André Maurois (Harper). M. Maurois, a cicerone of unfailing charm and competence, leads us through the labyrinthine hothouse of Proust's life and work, pointing out with composure the flowers of good and the flowers of evil and giving a just appraisal of both. Sick, secretive, effemi-

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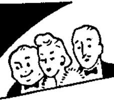

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nate, and hard-working, Proust—known to his friends as "our little Marcel of the Ritz"—is about the most dazzling subject in contemporary letters, and while this is not a dazzling book, it is the best of primers for new Proustians. It is also required reading for experts, because M. Maurois has been permitted to draw heavily on a number of unpublished letters to and from Proust, and on his unpublished notebooks.

THE COUNTER-RENAISSANCE, by Hiram Haydn (Scribner). In the era called the Renaissance, which this author chooses—justifiably, it would seem—to define as the period between the crowning of the poet Petrarch with the laurel in Rome, in 1341, and the death of Francis Bacon, in 1626, there were strong undercurrents of thought that ran counter to the humanistic and classical principles generally associated with the epoch. This intellectual rebellion is Mr. Haydn's "Counter-Renaissance." Among its leaders were Machiavelli, Rabelais, Calvin, Luther, and Montaigne, and while they never founded a concerted movement, they had a powerful impact on the men of their time, and particularly on the Elizabethans. They were anti-intellectual, pragmatic, cynical, anti-authoritarian; they believed that first-hand experience was not merely a great teacher but the only one; and they directed a raking fire at most of the cherished concepts, dogmas, and ideals of their day. Mr. Haydn has exhaustively investigated the works of these thinkers and their influence upon such men as Shakespeare, Donne, and Bacon, and has thoroughly documented his book, but his writing, happily, has the light touch.

THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, by W. A. Darlington (Crowell). A guided tour of the domain of the Savoyards, conducted by a learned and enthusiastic votary. Mr. Darlington, who has been drama critic of the London *Daily Telegraph* for the past thirty years, first brushes in a character sketch of William S. Gilbert, a stuffy man with a sharp eye for stuffiness in others, and analyzes his gift for comedy—the presentation of "an absurd state of affairs arrived at by logical argument." He then takes up twelve of the operas, one after another, telling how they came to be written in Gilbert's uneasy collaboration with Arthur S. Sullivan and explaining the topical satire in each one. The author also clears up some of the obscurities—local allusions, private jokes, and so on—that Gilbert sneaked into his librettos. Full of information, and pleasant to read. Photographs.

HAPPIER DAYS, by Sir Ernest Benn (Putnam). An English publisher who describes himself overmodestly as a "diehard individualist" reflects nostalgically on an era—mostly the period just before the First World War—when the virtues of piety, self-imposed frugality, teetotalism, and the desire to work eighteen hours a day were rampant, if not in all of England, at least in a surprisingly large segment of it. The enfranchisement of women, the imposition of the income tax, and similar blows to individualism haven't soured Sir Ernest's kindly disposition, however. His commentary is, on the whole, good-natured, and notable for the consistency of its outlook; he is convinced, for example, that Samuel Insull (they first met nearly thirty years ago), who neither smoked, drank, nor lay slug-abed, was a much maligned victim of a yellow press, and that the appearance of Jack the Ripper on an otherwise utopian Victorian scene can be explained by the theory that the fellow must have been "a social worker of a devilishly practical turn of mind." A mildly diverting museum piece.

A SUMMER IN ITALY, by Seán O'Faoláin (Devin-Adair). Although Mr. O'Faoláin classifies himself as a casual traveller rather than a systematic one, and remarks that the observations made by the former must inevitably be somewhat superficial, this record of a recent summer's ramble through most of Italy contradicts his contention at almost every point. There is certainly nothing superficial about his knowledge of cathedral architecture, for instance, which enables him to comment at some length and with considerable charm on the relative merits of the campanile of the cathedral in Siena and the one in Florence designed by Giotto. He also converses, both with himself and with chance acquaintances, about the difference between the Celtic temperament and the Italian, between modern religious art (which he considers execrable) and the Renaissance masterpieces, between Italian food and Irish food, and so on, almost ad infinitum. In short, his original resolution—not to think while in

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Italy—has been pretty well tossed to the winds, with highly agreeable results. Photographs.

MOVIES: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY, by Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites (Free Press). An examination of American daydreams as adumbrated by Hollywood. The authors, having sampled a clutch of American films, and some French and British pictures as well, come up with all kinds of notions about our approach to love, children, death, and laughter. Although sporadically witty and interesting, the book becomes a bit wearing as it analyzes one movie plot after another, and the authors seem unaware that vicissitudes of casting and financing frequently alter Hollywood cases. Also on the negative side is the presumption that the West Coast operators know precisely what their fellow-men are thinking about—certainly a dubious proposition. However, the work is a lot saner than some previous excursions into the field. According to the publisher, Miss Wolfenstein prepared herself for this study by dipping into "philosophical aesthetics and the literary tastes of children and of the insane," and Mr. Leites has been active in political psychology.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY, by Helen McCloy (Random House). What can be the matter with Faustina Crayle? She's been dismissed from the faculties of two reputable schools here in the East with no explanation except that pupils and teachers alike think she's a witch, and she's begun to believe it herself. Dr. Basil Willing, the eminent psychiatrist, is called in to investigate the perplexing circumstance that, according to reliable witnesses, she has been seen on a number of occasions in two different places at once, never especially happy in either. Faustina, who, it develops, is the daughter of a famous nineteenth-century courtesan named Rosa Diamond, is in the end literally frightened to death by the sight of a character who isn't present. Altogether, a lively problem, perhaps a little too ingenious for its own good.

FIRE AT WILL, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday). Hampton County (Connecticut) Detective Jim O'Neill is rather more than embarrassed when he is asked to look into the death of an elderly widow who has been shot, apparently accidentally, during a military funeral at which he

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happened to be one of those called on to fire a final volley over the bier. The lady, it seems, had a sister-in-law who drowned herself for love, taking a strongbox containing ninety thousand dollars in bonds with her, and the lady's granddaughters have an errant mother who comes back on occasion to murmur messages of hope and comfort to them through the hot-air register. The whole thing winds up in a rock garden cultivated by one of the granddaughters. An active piece, but somewhat disorganized, and certainly a disappointment coming from Miss Disney, who has previously done some very tidy jobs.

MURDER AT ARROWAYS, by Helen Reilly (Random House). Damien Carey inherits a large and forbidding house called Arroways, in Connecticut, and, when she goes to take possession, finds the occupants, though polite enough, not particularly crazy about her. Her first night there, a murder takes place, and two or three days later there is another one, seemingly unrelated, which further dims her enthusiasm. In fact, she's about ready to go back to New York when our old friend Inspector McKee is called in on the case, and even he is barely in time to prevent her from being fatally chilled in a deep freeze after she finds a bunch of valuable rings cleverly hidden in a slot machine. Smoothly and pleasantly written, but singularly devoid of thrills.

THREE DOORS TO DEATH, by Rex Stout (Viking). In this trio of previously published stories, Nero Wolfe, with Archie Goodwin to do his leg work, successfully tackles murder in the metropolitan area. In one, a charming young designer in a wholesale house is his client; another concerns a stabbing done with a boning knife, of which an ex-chef, manager of a chain of restaurants, is accused; in the third, an orchid grower's fiancée is the victim of fumigation. All three are handled with ease and are quite informative as well as entertaining.

•

Effervescent Gail Perkins, 13-year-old Robert E. Lee grammer school student, spelled "braggadocio" plus other real jawbreakers like "juxtaposition," "metamorphis" and "leprechaum." Thus she nosed out capable Sara Kendrick, of Coweta county, for the district title.—*Atlanta Journal.*

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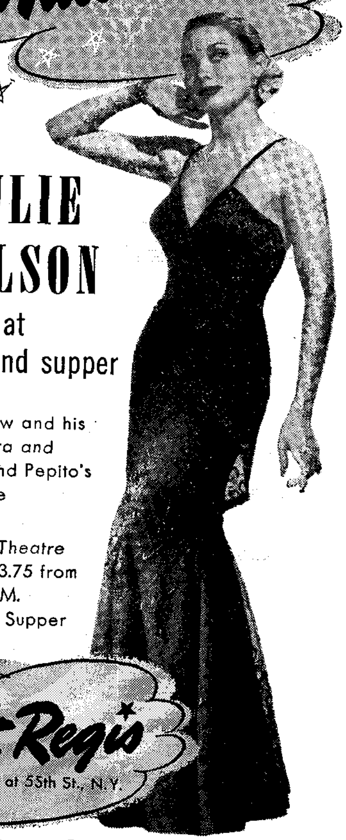

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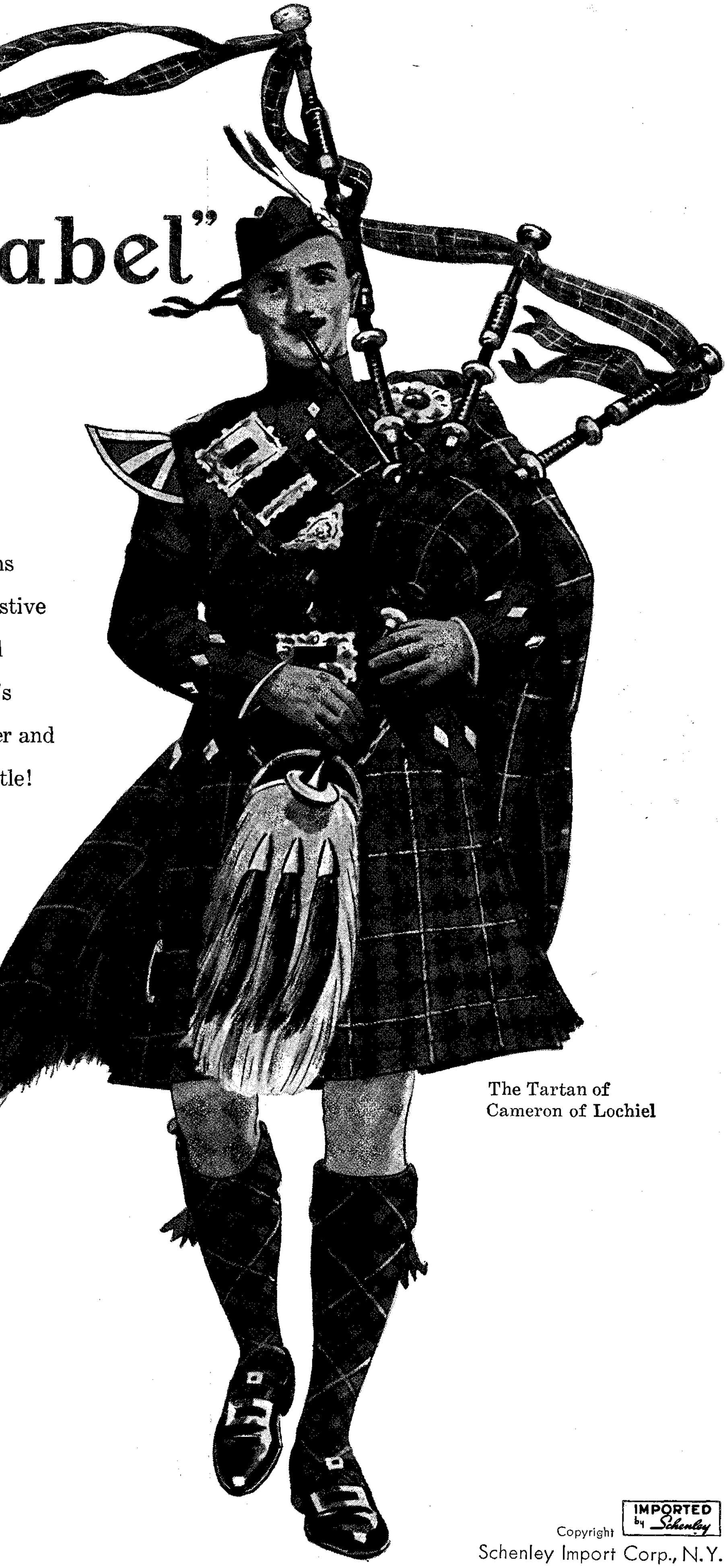
and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal **SCOTCH** *of the World*

Famed the world over are the Tartans of the Clans, still proudly worn on festive days by every true Scot. There you'll likely find another tradition—Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!



The Tartan of
Cameron of Lochiel

for distinguished service

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"
–Liqueur Scotch

"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dewar & Sons Ld
DISTILLERS
PERTH
86.8° PROOF
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
Specially Selected and Blended
BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH,
SCOTLAND.
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

IMPORTED by Schenley

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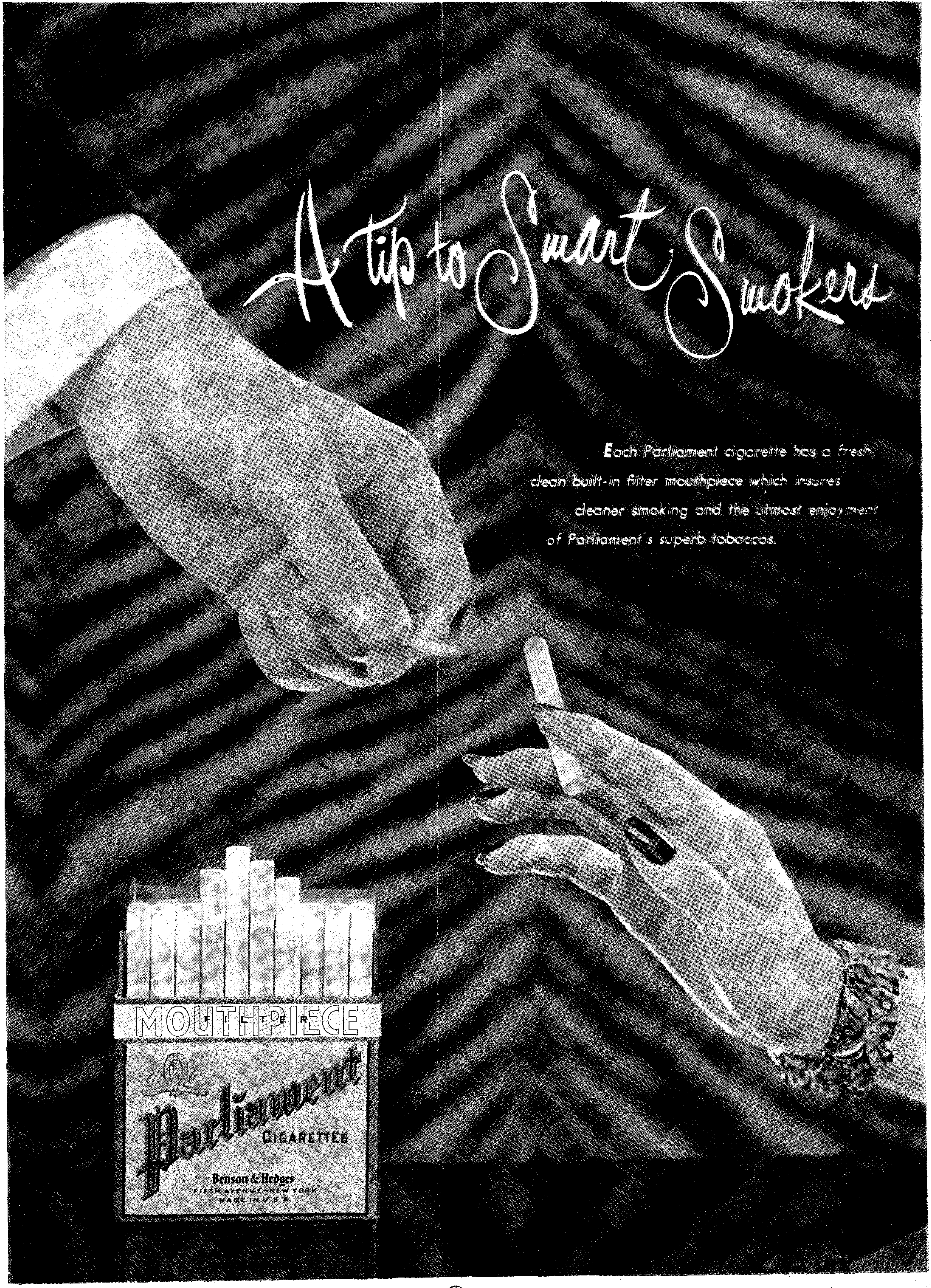
A tip to Smart Smokers
FILTER
MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.

Each Parliament cigarette has a fresh clean built-in filter mouthpiece which insures cleaner smoking and the utmost enjoyment of Parliament's superb tobaccos.

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY A PRODUCT OF **Benson & Hedges** —FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK